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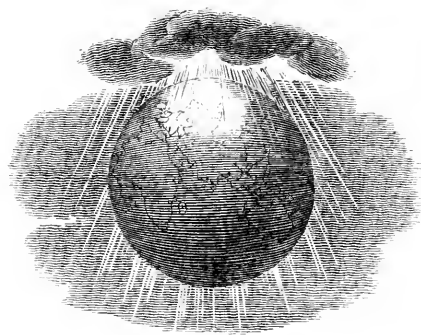




A  
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL  
*Antiquarian*  
AND  
PICTURESQUE TOUR  
IN  
FRANCE AND GERMANY.

BY THE REV.  
THO. FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.R.S. S.A.

VOLUME I.



DEI OMNIA PLENA.

**LONDON:**

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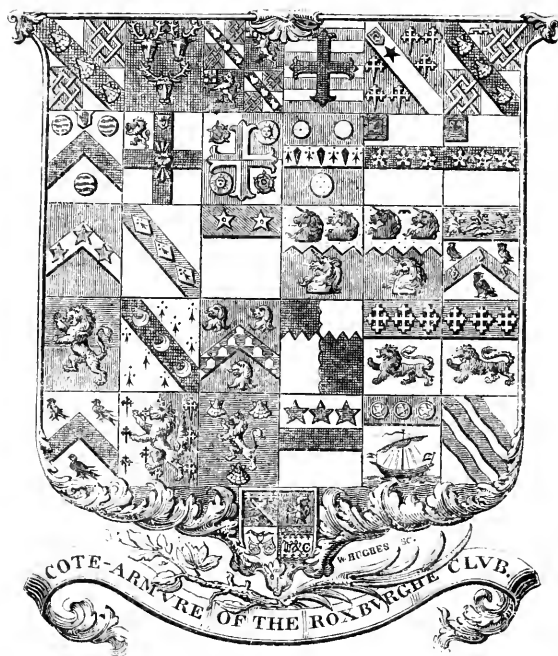
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1821.

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SOLD AT PARIS, BY MESSRS. TREUTTEL AND WURTZ,  
N<sup>o</sup> 17, RUE DE BOURBON.

TO THE  
PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS  
OF THE  
**Roxburghe Club,**



THESE VOLUMES  
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.



# CONTENTS.





# CONTENTS.

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## VOLUME I.

### LETTER I.

*Passage to Dieppe,* - - - - - p. 1

### LETTER II.

*DIEPPE. Fisheries. Streets. Churches of St. Jacques and St. Remi. Divine Worship. Military Mass,* 9

### LETTER III.

*Village and Castle of Arques. Sabbath Amusements. Manners and Customs. Boulevards,* - - - 26

### LETTER IV.

*ROUEN. Approach. Boulevards. Population. Street-Scenery,* - - - - - 36

### LETTER V.

*Ecclesiastical Architecture. The Cathedral. Monuments. Religious Ceremonies. The Abbey of St. Ouen. The Churches of St. Maclou, St. Vincent, St. Vivian, St. Gervais, and St. Paul,* - - - 47

### LETTER VI.

*Halles de Commerce. Place de la Pucelle d'Orleans. (Jeanne d'Arc). Basso-Relievo of the Champ de Drap d'Or. Palace and Courts of Justice,* 89

## LETTER VII.

ROUEN. <i>The Quays. Bridge of Boats. Rue du Bac.</i> <i>Rue de Robec. Eaux de Robec et d'Aubette. Mont</i> <i>Ste. Catherine. Hospices—Générale et d'Humanité,</i>	108
---	-----

## LETTER VIII.

<i>Early Typography at Rouen. Modern printed Chap</i> <i>Books. Booksellers. Book Collectors, -</i>	123
--	-----

## LETTER IX.

<i>The Public Library. Account of some of the more</i> <i>curious and rare MSS. and Printed Books,</i>	161
---	-----

## LETTER X.

<i>Departure from Rouen. St. Georges de Bocherville.</i> <i>Duclair. Marivaux. The Abbey of Jumieges. Ar-</i> <i>ival at Caudebec, - - -</i>	185
--	-----

## LETTER XI.

<i>Caudebec. Lillebonne. Bolbec. Tankarville. Mont-</i> <i>morenci Castle. Havre de Grace, -</i>	208
---	-----

## LETTER XII.

<i>Havre de Grace. Honfleur. Journey to Caen,</i>	242
---	-----

## LETTER XIII.

CAEN. <i>Soil. Society. Education. A duel. Old</i> <i>houses. The Abbey of St. Stephen. Church of St.</i> <i>Pierre de Darnetal. Abbaye de la Sainte Trinité.</i> <i>Other Public Edifices, - -</i>	261
--	-----

## LETTER XIV.

CAEN. <i>Literary Society. Abbé de la Rue. Messrs. Pierre Aimé Lair and Lamouroux. Medal of Malherbe. Booksellers. The Public Library. Memoir of the late M. Moysant, public Librarian. Manuscripts and printed Books. Protestant Place of Worship. Courts of Justice,</i>	-	-	308
--	---	---	-----

## LETTER XV.

BAYEUX. <i>Cathedral. Ordination of Priests and Deacons. Crypt of the Cathedral. A Mysterious Interview,</i>	-	-	-	345
--	---	---	---	-----

## LETTER XVI.

BAYEUX. <i>Visit near St. Loup. M. Pluquet, Apothecary and Book Vendor. Visit to the Bishop. The Chapter Library. Description of the Bayeux Tapestry, with Fac-similes. Trade and Manufactures,</i>				359
---	--	--	--	-----

## LETTER XVII.

Bayeux to Coutances. St. Lo. <i>Adventure at St. Gilles. COUTANCES. The Cathedral. Environs. Aqueduct. Market-day. Public Library. Establishment for the Clergy,</i>	-	-	-	392
--	---	---	---	-----

## LETTER XVIII.

Journey to Granville. Granville. <i>Ville Dieu. St. Sever. Town and Castle of VIRE,</i>	-			415
---	---	--	--	-----

## LETTER XIX.

VIRE. <i>Bibliography. Monsieur Adam. Monsieur de la Renaudiere. Olivier Basselin. M. Séguin. The Public Library,</i>	-	-	-	428
---	---	---	---	-----

## VOLUME II.

## LETTER XX.

*Departure from Vire. Condé. Pont Ouilly. Arrival at FALAISE. Hotel of the Grand Turc. The Castle of Falaise. Bibliomaniacal Interview, - p. 1*

## LETTER XXI.

*Mons. Mouton. Church of Ste. Trinité. Comte de la Fresnaye. Guibray Church: Supposed head of William the Conqueror. M. Langevin, Historian of Falaise. Printing Offices, - - 21*

## LETTER XXII.

*A Sabbath at Falaise. Departure. Journey to Paris. Dreux. Houdan. Versailles. Entrance into Paris, 58*

## LETTER XXIII.

*PARIS. The Boulevards. Public Buildings. Street-Scenery. Churches, &c. Musée des Monumens François. Fountains, - - - 76*

## LETTER XXIV.

*General Description of the Bibliothèque du Roi. The Librarians, - - - 122*

## LETTER XXV.

*Account of Illuminated MSS. in the Royal Library, 155*

## LETTER XXVI.

*The same subject continued, - - 204*

## LETTER XXVII.

PARIS. <i>Account of some of the early printed and rare Books, in the Royal Library,</i>	-	-	246
--	---	---	-----

## LETTER XXVIII.

<i>Conclusion of the Account of the Royal Library. The Library of the Arsenal,</i>	-	-	300
--	---	---	-----

## LETTER XXIX.

<i>Library of Ste. Genevieve. The Abbé Mercier St. Leger. Library of the Mazarine College, or Institute. Private Library of the King. Mons. Barbier, Librarian,</i>	-	-	-	342
---	---	---	---	-----

## LETTER XXX.

<i>Some Account of the late Abbé Rive. Booksellers. Printers. Book Binders,</i>	-	-	381
---	---	---	-----

## LETTER XXXI.

<i>Men of Letters. Dom Brial. The Abbé Bétencourt. Messrs. Gail, Millin, and Langlès. A Roxburghe Banquet,</i>	-	-	-	-	423
--	---	---	---	---	-----

## LETTER XXXII.

<i>The Collections of Mons. Denon, M. Quintin Craufurd, and the Marquis de Sommariva,</i>	-	453
---	---	-----

## LETTER XXXIII.

<i>Notice of M. Willemin's Monumens Français inédits. Miscellaneous Antiquities. Present State of the Fine Arts. General Observations on the National Character,</i>	-	-	-	-	491
--	---	---	---	---	-----

## LETTER XXXIV.

<i>Journey from Paris to Strasbourg. Nancy,</i>	521
---	-----

## VOLUME III.

## LETTER XXXV.

STRASBOURG. *Establishment of the Protestant Religion.*  
*The Cathedral. Other Ecclesiastical Buildings. The*  
*Public Library,* - - - p. 1

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Society. Environs of Strasbourg. Domestic Archi-*  
*tecture. Manners and Customs. Free Masonry.*  
*Literature. Language,* - - 74

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Strasbourg to Stuttgart. Baden. The Elder Schweig-*  
*hæuser. STUTTGART. The Faustus of Goethe,* 101

## LETTER XXXVIII.

STUTTGART. *The Public Library. The Royal Library,*  
 131

## LETTER XXXIX.

*The Royal Palace. A Bibliographical Negotiation.*  
*Dannecker the Sculptor. Environs of Stuttgart,*  
 166

## LETTER XL.

*Departure from Stuttgart. ULM. AUGSBOURG. The*  
*Picture Gallery at Augsburg,* - - 180

## LETTER XLI.

AUGSBOURG. *Civil and Ecclesiastical Architecture.*  
*Population. Trade. The Public Library,* 218

## LETTER XLII.

MUNICH. Churches. Royal Palace. Picture Gallery.	
The Public Library,	238

## LETTER XLIII.

Further Book-Acquisitions. Society. The Arts.	
Lithography,	299

## LETTER XLIV.

Freysing. Landshut. Altötting. Salzburg. The Mo-	
nastery of St. Peter,	322

## LETTER XLV.

Salzburg to Chremsminster. The Lake Gmunden.	
The Monastery of Chremsminster. Lintz,	360

## LETTER XLVI.

The Monasteries of St. Florian, Mölk, and Göttwic,	
	385

## LETTER XLVII.

VIENNA. The Imperial Library. Account of Illumi-	
nated MSS. and early printed Books,	446

## LETTER XLVIII.\*

Population. Streets and Fountains. Churches. Con-	
vents. Palaces. Theatres. The Prater. The Em-	
peror's Private Library. Collection of Duke Al-	
bert. The Ramparts. Suburbs. Monastery of	
Closterneuburg. Capuchin Monastery in the Sub-	
urbs. Departure from Vienna,	535

## SUPPLEMENT.

Ratisbon, Nuremberg, Manheim	i—lxii
------------------------------	--------

\* This is numbered, erroneously, XLIX.





# PLATES WITHOUT TEXT.

## VOL. I.

	To face page
Crucifix at Dieppe	7
Fille de Chambre, Dieppe	32
South transept of Rouen Cathedral	50
Rue du Bac, Rouen	112
View of Rouen, on the road to Havre	188
Candebeec, from the Heights	208
Montmorenci Castle, Tancarville	234
Fille de Chambre, Caen	268
View of the Abbey of St. Stephen, Ditto	282
Church of St. Pierre de Darnetal, Ditto	297
Portrait of Harold, from the Bayeux Tapestry	378
Aqueduct and Cathedral of Coutances	409
Market-Place and Fountain, Vire	421

## VOL. II.

Falaise Castle, Normandy	10
Boulevards Italiens, Paris	77
John, King of France from a coeval painting	140
Figure from an ancient Ivory Diptych of the VIth Century (No. 1.)	146
Figure of Christ, on ancient Brass Bookbinding (No. 2.)	146
Soldiers sleeping near the Sepulchre of, from the same (No. 3.)	146
Charles the Bald, from a Latin Bible of the IXth Century	162
The Emperor Lotharius, from a MS. of the Gospels of the same period	164
Louisa of Savoy, Mother of Francis I. from a coeval MS.	187
Ann of Brittany, from a similar MS.	190
Louis the Twelfth, from a similar MS.	215
John, Duke of Brittany, from a similar MS.	225
Figure of Christ, (folded) from the Prayer Book of Charlemagne	373
Portrait of A. A. Barbier	376

# LIST OF PLATES.

	To face	page
Portrait of Mons. Chardin, Bookseller	-	400
Portrait of Dom Brial	-	428
Pisani, the Medallist	-	458
The Knife and Case of Diane de Poitiers	-	493
Faience Plate, from B. Palessi	-	494
Statues in the grand Porch of the Cathedral at Chartres	-	494
Wood Cut of St. Bernardinus	-	515
Portrait of the late A. B. Millin	-	524
Old Gate, Nancy	(No. 1)	538
New Gate, Nancy	(No. 2)	538

## VOL. III.

Front View of Strasbourg Cathedral	-	12
Suburbs of Strasbourg	-	83
Portrait of J. Schweighæuser, Sen.	-	110
Crucifix at Stuttgart	-	118
Hotel de Ville and Market-Place at Stuttgart	-	136
Representation of the Trinity, from an illuminated MS. of the XIIth Century, in the King's private library at Stuttgart		159
Ulm Cathedral	-	191
Folded Cut of four Female Figures, from an ancient wooden block at Augsburg	-	234-5
Gaspard Ritter, a Bookbinder of the sixteenth century	-	274
Wood Cut of St. Christopher, at Munich	-	277
Fac-simile of a Dead Christ, copper-plate of, of the date of 1462		278
Fac-simile of a copper-plate Engraving of a Salvator Mundi, with the Initials E. S. as the Engraver	-	<i>ibid.</i>
Wood Cut from an old Dance of Death	-	279
Wood Cut of the Resurrection	-	284
Wood Cut,—from the Life of St. Meinart	-	285
Another—from ditto	-	<i>ibid.</i>
Pillars in the Crypt at Freysing	-	326
Citadel, Salzburg	-	347
Monastery at Molk, in Austria	-	408
Berthold Dietmayr, Restorer of the Monastery at Ditto	-	415
Halt of Pilgrims in the road to Göttwic Monastery	-	422
Portrait of J. Adam de Bartsch	-	448
Interior of the Imperial Library at Vienna	-	454

# LIST OF PLATES.

	To face	page
Fac-simile, from the purple MS. of the Pentateuch, Sec. IV., in		
the same library	-	459
St. Jerom, from an Ivory Diptych in Ditto	-	460
The Emperor Wenceslaus and his Queen, from a coeval MS. Bible		462
Fac-simile from the same	-	463
Saint Catherine	-	469
Saint Agnes	-	<i>ibid.</i>
Saint Margaret	-	<i>ibid.</i>
Leopold de Sempach	-	475
Song, from an old MS. of Sir Tristan	-	476
Fac-simile from the Breviaire d'Amour MS. of the XIIIth Century		479
Fac-simile of the Autograph of Tasso's Gerusalemme Conquistata		482
The Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, Vienna	-	548
Master and Apprentice, Architects of the same	-	554

## SUPPLEMENT.

Specimens of the Interior of the Monastery of St. James, Ra-		
tisbon	-	xiii
Portrait of Dr. Charles Arbuthnot, the late President of the same		xiv
Portraits of De Murr and Panzer	-	xviii
Interior of the Church of St. Mary, Nuremberg	-	xxi
Interior of the Church of St. James, Ditto	-	xxii
Albert Durer's Street and House	-	xxviii
Fac-similes of the Paintings and Engravings of I. A. Klein,		
of Nuremberg	-	xxxviii
Fille de Chambre, Nuremberg	-	xliv
Heidelberg Palace, or Castle	-	xlvi
Unknown Portrait, from the Collection of M. Artaria, at		
Manheim	-	liv

# PLATES WITH TEXT.

## VOL. I.

Beach at Brighton	-	-	-	-	-	1
Fish Market at Dieppe	-	-	-	-	-	17
Ecce Homo, and attendant Group, at Dieppe	-	-	-	-	-	20
Market Women at Dieppe	-	-	-	-	-	25
Castle and Village of Arques	-	-	-	-	-	29
Boulevards, Rouen	-	-	-	-	-	44
Monumental Figure of Charity, in the Cathedral of Rouen	-	-	-	-	-	57
Ditto, of the Seneschal Brezé, in ditto	-	-	-	-	-	61
Confession in the Abbey of St. Ouen	-	-	-	-	-	73
Basso-Relievo at Rouen	-	-	-	-	-	101
Lemonadier and Halle de Commerce at ditto	-	-	-	-	-	109
Castellated Remains	-	-	-	-	-	154
Rocks, and view of the Seine, Tancarville	-	-	-	-	-	234
Packet Boat, from Havre to Honfleur	-	-	-	-	-	252
Group of Women, Caen	-	-	-	-	-	268
Old Houses at ditto	-	-	-	-	-	277
House of Malherbe, ditto	-	-	-	-	-	278
Confession, in the Abbey-Church, at Caen	-	-	-	-	-	283
Medal of Malherbe	-	-	-	-	-	312
Tapestry-roll, Bayeux	-	-	-	-	-	377
Charlatan, at St. Lo	-	-	-	-	-	394
Remains of Vire Castle	-	-	-	-	-	425

## VOL. II.

Ancient appearance of Falaise Castle	-	-	-	-	11
Capital of an Ancient Pillar in the Interior of	-	-	-	-	12
Christ bearing his Cross at Guibray	-	-	-	-	28
Supposed Head of William the Conqueror, Falaise	-	-	-	-	34
Portrait of M. Langevin, the Historian of Falaise	-	-	-	-	44
Remains of the Castle at Houdan	-	-	-	-	70
Ancient Games of the Circus, Ivory Diptych	-	-	-	-	147
Adoration of the Magi, from the Breviary of John Duke of Bedford	-	-	-	-	178
Chess Play, from an illuminated MS.	-	-	-	-	210
Portrait of the Abbé Mercier St. Leger	-	-	-	-	361

## LIST OF PLATES.

Portrait of Goujet, the French Bibliographer	-	-	379
Portrait of the late Abbé Rive, ditto	-	-	384
Portrait of the Baron Denon	-	-	459
Book-binding pattern	-	-	495
Bust of Francis I.	-	-	496
—— Diane de Poitiers	-	-	497
Blanchisseuses, Rue St. Jacques	-	-	499

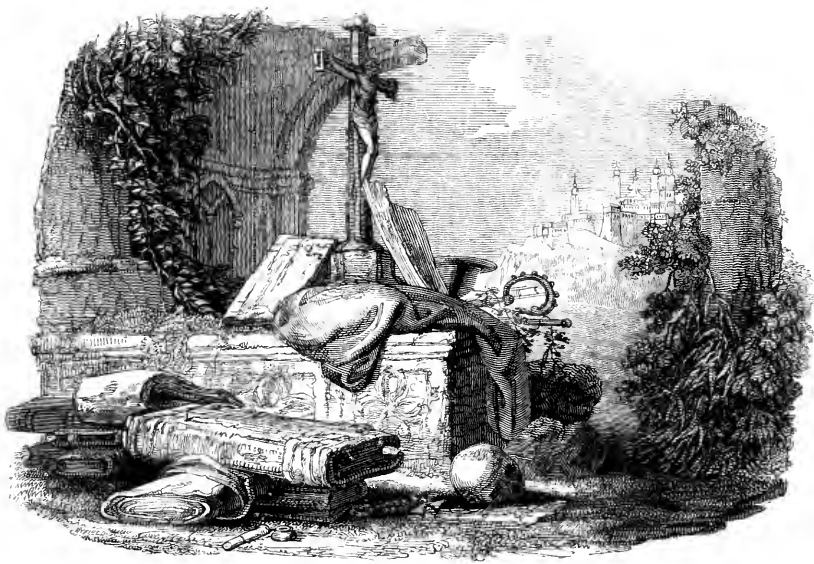
## VOL. III.

Old Convent, at Strasbourg	-	-	4
Figure of Clovis, on the exterior of the Cathedral at ditto	-	-	16
Group at Prayers—Interior of ditto	-	-	32
Old Houses—in the Town of ditto	-	-	82
Portrait of Melancthon, in the Picture Gallery at Augsbourg	-	-	216
Vision of Peregrinus, (whole length figure irradiated)	-	-	222
Illyricus, Pope and Martyr	-	-	223
Market Women at Munich	-	-	255
Portrait of John Mielich, the painter	-	-	275
Capital of a Pillar in the Crypt at Freysing	-	-	326
View from the Window of the Public Library at Landshut	-	-	333
Figure of Michael Neander, the Friend of Budæus	-	-	353
Pilgrimage to the Monastery at Cöttwic	-	-	433
Esau returning from Hunting, from a MS. of the Pentateuch of the IVth Century,	-	-	458
The Emperor Wenceslaus, and his Bathing Girls, from a MS. Bible	-	-	463
Figures in a Boat, with Music, from an illuminated MS.	-	-	468
Mary Magdalene, from an illuminated MS.	-	-	469
Group of Females at Prayers, in the Cathedral of Vienna	-	-	551
Portrait of Charles the Bold, from an Illuminated MS. in the Emperor of Austria's private Library	-	-	591

## SUPPLEMENT.

Portions of the Exterior of the Porch in the Monastery of St. James, at Ratisbon	-	-	x
Portion of the Castle Walls of Nuremberg,	-	-	xvi
Portrait of a Female at Nuremberg	-	-	xvii
A Horse, from an original design by M. Klein of Nuremberg	-	-	xxxix
The Palace of Heidelberg,	-	-	xlvi





N appearing before the Public for the first time in the character of a *Traveller*, I am naturally desirous, like most candidates for fame in a similar situation, of throwing myself upon the liberality of those whom I address.

Since the establishment of peace upon the Continent, the English have eagerly yielded to their well-known ardour and curiosity, in visiting those countries, from which, by a long and apparently interminable state of warfare, they had been previously excluded. In consequence, the wealth of Great Britain has been plentifully scattered upon

the soils of Italy, France, and Germany ; and we have been favoured, in return, with many valuable publications, in which the character, antiquities, or peculiarities, of the countries visited, have been described with ability and truth.

But, while one Traveller has confined his attention exclusively to *Antiquities* ; and another, with the same exclusive attention, to the produce and properties of *soil* ; while a third has travelled for the purposes of *political economy*—a fourth as a *statistical*, and a fifth as a *picturesque*, tourist ; there have been few or none who have favoured us with an account of the TREASURES OF THE LIBRARIES, or of the general literary character, of those people with whom they have associated. For the first time, therefore, the Public will here find some attempt to gratify them in this important branch of information.

Not that I can boast of having done much, beyond exciting the curiosity of the more enterprising to make further researches, and to impart more valuable information : yet I would fain believe that, in a Tour which professes to be “ BIBLIOGRAPHICAL,” as well as “ ANTIQUARIAN and PICTURESQUE,” there have been *some* successful attempts to inform the lovers of literature,



and the collectors of books, of the various and almost inexhaustible sources of information which the Libraries of foreign countries contain. And perhaps it may be here worth remarking, that there are few pursuits, more gratifying to foreigners, or more likely to lead to useful results, than those connected with the object *first* specified in the title-page of this work. In the furtherance of such object, I am willing to hope that, as, on the one hand, I have always found the friendliest disposition to assist my researches, so, on the other, there has been no backwardness in a grateful acknowledgment of favours conferred. Where so many have contributed their kind offices, it would be invidious to mention some names in exclusion of others; and a register of the *whole* would occupy too large a portion of these prefatory remarks. But it is here the less necessary, as the names and the services of the persons alluded to will be found recorded in the body of the work.

It will therefore be for the reader to determine in what manner I have done justice to the “rich and rare” volumes, in manuscript and print, which have been unreservedly submitted to my inspection. My object has been to select, and bear away, many of the curious, splendid, and interest-

ing specimens of ART, of the “olden time,” contained in these volumes ; and which, till their present appearance, were probably scarcely known—even to their possessors. If, by means of the beautiful embellishments selected from such volumes—and especially from those in the royal libraries of PARIS and VIENNA\*—I may be said to have thrown a few flowers upon the otherwise unalluring path of *Bibliography*, I shall never consider my time mis-spent, nor the expenses, attendant on my labours, misapplied. I am, however, abundantly persuaded that very much, of the same character, yet remains to be accomplished ; which, should the present attempt be crowned with success, may possibly stimulate other travellers to more prosperous undertakings. For myself, the present is both a *first* and *final* effort.

\* The reader will be pleased to examine the pages, in the second and third volumes, under the above running titles ; in which he will discover, together with several ORIGINAL PORTRAITS, (here published for the first time) a great many beautiful specimens of art which have been hid for centuries from general knowledge. The series of wood cuts, illustrative of the *block-books* preserved at MUNICH, form striking contrasts to the more delicate “specimens of art” just alluded to. But such rude representations are not without their use—even if they be considered only as a supplement to Heineken’s *Idée Générale d’une Collection Complétte des Estampes*.

Annexed to this pursuit, has been the desire of possessing the manuals of Instruction, or of Amusement, common to the lower orders of the people where I have resided. These manuals are in verse and in prose ; and I have endeavoured both to diversify and enliven the following pages, by the introduction of specimens or extracts from them—especially throughout the account of the tour in NORMANDY. Whether in the unpremeditated *Ballad*, or the systematic *Catechism*,\* it will be observed that the genius and character of the people are yet the same. There will be frequently found, in either composition, the same peculiarity of custom, the same naïveté of expression, and the same felicity of reply. Whether the manual be moral or religious—and whether the song treat of chivalry or of love—it generally partakes of that spirit and raciness which defies transference into a different language. In the notes, will be found accounts of, and extracts from, rare and curious pieces, which may reward the toil of diligent perusal.

So much in explanation of the *bibliographical* objects in this Tour. The second object, as the

\* See Vol. i. pp. 133—6: 138—146 : 224 : 316—321 : 435—444 : Vol. ii. pp. 3 : 23 : 48—52 : 54 : &c.

title-page announces, is ANTIQUARIAN; or connected with the Antiquities of the several places visited. These antiquities have been principally *architectural*, with the exception of such as are indicated chiefly in the second volume.\* Of those, which are distinctly architectural, the views of the *Cathedral* and the *Rue du Bac*, at ROUEN; of the *Church of St. Pierre* and of the *Abbey of St. Stephen*, at CAEN; of the Cathedrals of *Coutances*, *Strasbourg*, *Ulm*, and *Vienna*; of the churches of *St. Mary* and *St. James*, at Nuremberg—together with the *monasteries of Mölk and Göttwic*, and portions of the crypt at *Freysing*, and the church of the *Monastery of St. James*, at *Ratisbon*—as well as the old *Palace* or *Castle* at *Heidelberg*—may alone be considered sufficient to establish the propriety of the *second* epithet in the title-page of this work. But there are other decorations, smaller in size, yet not less brilliant in execution, which may be equally classed in the same department.†

It remains to notice the portion of the work

\* This exception refers more particularly to the Plates from page 491 to p. 500.

† Of these *smaller* antiquarian decorations, the *Castle of Arques*, near DIEPPE; the *remains of the old castle walls*, the basso-relievo of the *Champ de Drap d'Or*, and the figures upon the monuments of *Cardinal Amboise*, and the *Seneschal de Brezé*, at ROUEN; the

which is denominated PICTURESQUE; and of which some of the embellishments necessarily partake of the antiquarian character. The *View of Rouen*, on the road to Havre; of *Caudebec*; of *Montmorenci Castle*, at *Tancarville*; of *Falaise Castle*; of the *Boulevards* at *Paris*; of the *Old Gateway* and *New Gateway*, at *Nancy*; of the *Market Place* and *Hôtel de Ville* at *Stuttgart*; of the *Citadel* of *Salzburg*; of *Albert Durer's Street*, at *Nuremberg*; and the *Halt of Pilgrims to Göttwic Monastery*;—to say nothing of minor views, of the same character,—may fairly entitle me to this popular epithet; even at a time when almost every bookseller's shop is teeming with publications professing to be similar views of countries abroad and at home. I will not enter upon the invidious task of comparing *these*, with *others* which are just now claiming the attention of the public; but it is equally my duty and inclination to affirm, that the *beauty*

*old houses* at *CAEN*; the fac-similes of the *Bayeux Tapestry*, (of which the larger plate is perfectly unrivalled,) at *BAYEUX*; the *Castle* at *VIRE*; the *Castle* and supposed head of *William the Conqueror*, at *FALAISE*; the *old buildings*, and *cathedral ornaments*, at *STRASBOURG*—together with the illustrations, of a similar kind, at *RATISBON* and *NUREMBERG*, are among the principal . . which claim the peculiar attention of the reader.

of the views in this work, is at least equalled by their *fidelity*.

It is therefore but a necessary consequence of the foregoing premises, to introduce the name of the ARTIST, to whom, after all, these pages are probably indebted for their chief source of attraction. Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, who accompanied me, has here given such proofs of a varied and happy talent, that I hardly know ( “ *absit invidia* ” ) where to look for a *union* of such attainments in any other living Artist. When I say this, I am not unmindful of the superior claims of merit, in a knowledge of architectural perspective and antiquities, which distinguish the efforts of CONEY, MACKENZIE, BLORE, NASH, WILD, and COTMAN\*—names, which are equally a glory to the

\* Of the above artists, two only have ventured to exercise their pencils upon the shores of Normandy. Mr. Cotman is first in the order of time. His work will be found occasionally referred to, in the first volume of these pages. They are entitled *ANGLO-NORMAN ANTIQUITIES*; of which four parts (in folio) have already appeared. This publication consists entirely of architectural and antiquarian views, with a slender portion of text, without literary pretensions; and these views are both drawn and engraved by the author. They are thoroughly artist-like; without minute finish or marking of the parts, or much breadth of shadow: and they reflect very great credit upon the talents of their author. Something in the shape of a rival publication has recently appeared in France, under the title of *Monumens Normands*, by JOLIMENS: ac-

arts and to the age. But the reader will cast his eye upon the views included in the ANTIQUARIAN department of this work, and he will perceive that Mr. Lewis is nearly as powerful in the delineation of Gothic remains, as of picturesque appearances of nature, and of national character in groups of the common people. It was due to talents of this description, and more especially was it due to a liberal public, that the *copies* from such a pencil should be worthy of the *originals*; and I am willing to hope that, as no expense has been spared, and no pains and exertions have been withheld, the ENGRAVINGS in these volumes may, upon the whole, be considered a splendid and permanent monument of the progress of BRITISH ART.

accompanied by letter-press, in folio. The plates are lithographical — but they are what artists call “woolly and feeble.” Nevertheless, they occasionally exhibit architectural relics which are dear to the curious eye of an Antiquary. The performances of Mr. MACKENZIE are of a class quite different to either of the foregoing. They are minute, elaborate, and highly finished drawings, chiefly of the CATHEDRAL ANTIQUITIES of France — with the figures supplied by the pencil of a very able native artist, M. LANGLOIS. It is hardly possible to say too much in commendation of these exquisite, and really matchless, productions; and when the public learn that they will be made acquainted with them through the burins of the two LE KEUXS . . . they will have only to look forward to a gratification, which, of its kind, cannot possibly be exceeded.

Reverting to the *Text*—and being desirous of detaining the reader as short a time as possible—it may be necessary, in the first place, to state, that these LETTERS must be understood as having been written abroad; and that the *Notes* are necessarily the result of subsequent intelligence, since the author's return to England. In the second place, it may be permitted me to remark, that, of the countries here described, NORMANDY (although in France) may be considered a distinct and peculiar country; and in a great measure new to British readers. Since the appearance of Ducarel's very pompous but very imperfect work upon *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*,\* there has been, with some few recent exceptions,† scarcely any thing deserving of the careful perusal

\* It was published in 1768, in a thin folio volume, with a good number of plates; which latter are remarkable only for . . . their general infidelity, and want of the most ordinary artist-like talent.

† *some few recent exceptions,*] The principal of these “exceptions,” is the work of my friend Mr. DAWSON TURNER, under the title of *Some Account of a Tour in Normandy*, &c. published by J. and A. Arch, in 1820, in two octavo volumes, in a manner equally creditable to the author, the artists, and the printer. I hardly know so elegant a specimen of a PROVINCIAL PRESS. But this is only a secondary merit; the style is that of a lettered gentleman, and the researches and opinions, which the work develops, are those of a sober and sensible antiquary. The copper-plate embellishments



of an English antiquary . . respecting a country, from which our Kings, and a great portion of our Nobility, have sprung—and in which many of the churches and castles are supposed to have been erected either by English money or by English hands. Nor is the fertility of its soil, and beauty of its landscape, (which latter harmonises so perfectly with its objects of art) less deserving of the admiration of the traveller:

are entirely by female hands . . the *dearest* to the author which could have been employed . . and if they are sometimes slight, or sometimes incomplete, they are generally delicate and faithful, and rarely fail to arrest attention and receive applause. Mr. Turner was earlier in the Norman field than myself; but it has been gratifying to me to observe, that, without any previous or subsequent communication, we have formed many similar opinions respecting the same objects of art and antiquity. We have, also, without the least previous knowledge, devoted pretty nearly the same number of pages to the same countries described. In our respective performances, however, some places will be found to have been *visited* by *one* traveller, which the other *omitted to see*: and vice versa. Upon the whole, Mr. Turner's performance is a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge respecting the architectural ANTIQUITIES of NORMANDY. A yet more recent publication upon Normandy is that of Mrs. STOTHARD, under the title of "*Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other Parts of France, in the year 1818*"; published by Messrs. Longman and Co. in 1820, 4to. This work appears to treat more fully of Brittany than of Normandy; but I have as yet had no opportunity of examining its contents. The *plates*, for the sake of the name and reputation of Mr. STOTHARD, should have been *elsewhere*.

while, in the costume of the common people,\* we frequently observe those characteristics of a style of art, with which our antiquarian eyes have been familiar in the illuminated pages of the fifteenth century.

The first volume of this work, together with a small portion of the second, is exclusively devoted to Normandy. The treasures of the PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF PARIS furnish the chief materials of the second volume ; and a portion of the third still belongs to FRANCE. In consequence, the account of GERMANY is confined within narrower limits than was originally intended : yet I am willing to hope that it will appear that the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL and ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF

\* *the costume of the common people.*—The smaller plates (engraved with so much talent by the several artists whose names are attached to them) will fully justify the truth of the above remark. These plates abound more frequently in the first volume ; as in the groups at *Dieppe, Rouen, Caen, and St. Lo*,—NORMANDY being a country fertile in the exhibition of ancient and curious costume. But they are also seen at *Paris*, (vol. ii. p. 499.) *Strasbourg*, (vol. iii. p. 32.) and *Munich* (vol. iii. p. 255.) In respect to the larger subjects—such as the *Fille de Chambre* at Dieppe, at Caen, and at Nuremberg—it should be observed that these are represented with great attention to truth ; and perfectly divested of that theatrical and artificial air given to similar subjects by French Artists. They also serve to prove, that the high caps and stiff garments, which have delighted the curious Antiquary in ancient illuminations, are yet far from being ideal ornaments.

that highly interesting country have not been neglected. In the *former* department, the libraries of MUNICH and VIENNA afford inexhaustible subjects of selection and admiration; and to have seen the celebrated purple MS. of a portion of the *Book of Genesis*\*—adorned with the art of the fourth century—has, alone, almost requited the toil and pains of a journey of no very ordinary extent. In the department of *architectural antiquities*, the cities of RATISBON and NUREMBERG are, of themselves, sufficient to supply the most curious and interesting details for a work of at least half the extent of the present.

One word more, and I have done. Whatever may have been the objects of *other* travellers, or the feelings with which those objects have been viewed by them — whether as connected with

\* *purple MS. of a portion of the book of Genesis.*] This MS. I apprehend to be the oldest extant. It has been before described (on the exclusive authority of Lambecius) in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. xliii.—iv. Once, for all, let me be here allowed to say, that, whenever that work and the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* have been quoted, in the following pages, it has been only when they were conceived to afford the best information, within the author's knowledge, upon the subject treated of. I would cheerfully wave the right, which every man possesses, of doing what he pleases with his own property, if I thought the imputation of *egotism* could be justly said to apply to such self-reference.

*art* or with *society*—I have never ceased to bear in mind, that an attachment to the laws and liberties of one's *own* country, could never be increased by a systematic disparagement of those of *others*: that civilities and kindnesses conferred, called for grateful returns; and that the sentiments which possessed me, at an early period of my continental visit,\* have never ceased to operate till the moment of my return. This confession implies neither unqualified praise, nor unqualified censure, of the manners and customs of the countries visited. It neither checks freedom of thought, nor truth of observation—but least of all does it betray a fixed and malign disposition to disown the soil of one's birth, to forget the country which has yielded protection to our persons and properties, and to traduce those laws which have long rendered her the envy and admiration of the world. If, on the one hand, I may say with a writer,† when speaking of the character of FRANCE—“Gens, humanitate in exteris, benevolentia in eruditos, et facili in omnes comitate, PRÆ ALIIS INSIGNIS”—I trust, on the other hand, that I may be

\* See vol. i. 183, 4.

† BUCKLEY; in his dedication of the edition of *De Thou's Historia sui Temporis* to Dr. Mead.

permitted to conclude, in the words of a much higher authority,\*—"I suppose that, wherever mention is made of countries, manners, or men, the ENGLISH PEOPLE, among the first that shall be praised, may deserve to be accounted a right pious, right honest, and right hardy nation."

THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN.

P.S. I had forgotten to state, that the references, in some of the notes, to the *ÆDES ALTHORPIANÆ* must, till the publication of that work—towards the close of the year—be considered as premature. When these volumes were put to press, it was imagined that they would have been *preceded* by the work in question. The unavoidable cause of the *delay* of that work, is sufficiently known to the public.

\* MILTON:—*Works*, vol. i. p. 217: *fol. edit.* 1698





## LETTER I.

### PASSAGE TO DIEPPE.

*Dieppe, April 20, 1818.*

AT length then, my dear Friend, the long projected “Voyage bibliographique, antiquaire, et pittoresque,” has begun to be carried into execution; and the “Voyageur” is safely landed upon the shores of Normandy. When I think upon those pleasant strolls which we used occasionally to enjoy together upon the Downs, or on the Cliff, at *Brighton*—when I call to mind how you used to excite my curiosity, and inflame my love of enterprise, by pointing to every accidental white sail which glimmered in the offing of that dreary expanse of sea;—how you told me that the outward-bound vessel was carrying some adventurous bibliographer to run away with all the book-treasures along the shores of the Mediterranean, and that the inward-bound was freighted with such volumes as Maittaire had never dreamt of, nor Panzer had seen—and when you chided me for my scrupu-

lous delays, because I was unwilling to break away from **DECAMERONIC** engagements, till the “**TEN DAYS PLEASANT DISCOURSE**” were fully and fairly before the public:—when, I say, “I do remember me of these things,” and look back upon that said ocean which I have crossed, and upon the strange and grotesque objects by which I am here surrounded, I cannot but experience a combination of feelings and of thoughts which it were difficult to have anticipated, and which it is still more difficult to describe. Without further preface or prologue, therefore, I shall rush at once upon the subject-matter of discussion. In other words, I shall transmit to you (as you have earnestly requested me to do) such periodical accounts of my “travels and adventures” as may be most likely to interest yourself and family. Grant me all your indulgent patience, and all your unqualified candour.

“*Vous voilà donc, Messieurs, à Dieppe!*”—exclaimed the landlord (De La Rue) of the Grand Hôtel d’Angleterre—as we made our way through a vociferating crowd of old and young, of both sexes, with cards of addresses in their hands, entreating us to take up our abode at their respective hotels . . . . . But I know your love of method, and of minuteness of detail, and that you will be angry with me if I do not “begin at the beginning.” Be it so then: and yet, what can you possibly expect in the description of that, which thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands, have done and said before me?

It was surely on one of the finest of all fine days that I left my home, on the 14th of this present month, for the land of castles, churches, and ancient chivalry. The



wind from the south-east was blowing pretty smartly at the time; but the sky was without a cloud, and I could not but look upon the brilliancy of every external object as a favourable omen of the progress and termination of my tour. The word of departure being given—in one minute not a particle of my little brick dwelling was to be seen: when, commending its precious inhabitants to the especial care of Heaven till my return, I sank quietly backwards upon my seat, and essayed to hold discourse with my companions. Those companions, as you well know, were Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, and my Son. The former, an artist of singular merit and amiable manners, was selected to accompany me throughout the whole of my journey for the purpose of taking views, or of making copies, of what might be deemed curious and precious in art.

Adverse winds, or the indolence or unwillingness of the Captain, detained us at Brighton two whole days—instead of sailing, as we were led to expect, on the day following our arrival there. We were to form the first ship's company which had visited France this season. The passengers becoming clamorous as well as numerous, it was resolved that we should sail on the Friday: when, the wind still blowing stiffly, with lowering clouds from the south-east—and the Captain still thinking his passengers out of their wits to desire to sail with such an almost directly adverse wind—we were launched upon the ocean in the jolly boat; and approaching our gallant little packet, the *Nancy*,\* commanded by Captain BLABER, the anchor

\* This smart little vessel, considered to be the fastest sailing packet from Dieppe, of about 70 tons burden, scarcely survived our voyage

was weighed, and hoisting sail, we stood out to sea. The day began to improve upon us. The gloomy appearances of the morning gradually brightened up. A host of black clouds rolled heavily away. The sun at length shone in his full meridian splendour, and the ocean sparkled as we cut through its emerald waves . .

Vela dabant læti, et spumas salis ære ruebant.

As we were approaching the period of a full moon, about four o'clock that chaste orb became faintly visible in the opposite horizon; and for some two or three hours our spirits continued buoyant, chiefly from the extraordinary beauty of the day. What moments were these for the indulgence of gay hope, and ardent expectation! It was to be my débüt upon a foreign

eighteen months. Her end had nearly proved fatal to every soul on board. In a dark night, in the month of September, when bound for Dieppe, she was struck by a heavy London brig. The crew were with difficulty saved—and the vessel went down within about twenty-five minutes after she had been struck.

In former times, it should seem that the voyage was usually undertaken from *Rye*. In the *Memoirs of Sir Hugh Cholmley, Knt. and Bart.* 1687, Part II. p. xxi. 4to. there is an interesting account of a passage from '*Rye to Deep*,' (in which Sir Hugh was a passenger), upon a very stormy night—in which above eighty sail 'were lost between the entrance of the river at Rye, and the mouth of the Thames.' Sir Hugh was driven back; but in a week afterwards tried the same passage with success. He concludes by describing the sailors at Dieppe as "a sort of very troublesome and exacting seamen, and with the stink of the worst tobacco in the world, added such suffering to those who being subject to sea-sickness, had endured enough a-board a bad vessel, and small cabin, that this addition became almost intolerable. Indeed it was scarce to be endured by such who used not to complain of evils at sea!"

land; and as I supposed we neared the French coast, I strained my eyes to obtain an early glimpse of something in the shape of cliff or jettie. But the wind continued more determinedly in the south-east: the waves rose in larger masses; and our little vessel threw up a heavy shower of foam as we entered upon the various tacks. Then it was that the pallid cheek, and heavy eye, and dejected visage, became manifest: while, to add to our wretchedness, the Captain told us that, on tacking from Beechey Head, it would be advisable for every one to go below—for that the wind would be blowing “rather fresh.” These “rathers,” my good friend, sound gently enough from the mouth; but are, in themselves, sometimes words of terrific import. In another sense, we were to prepare for a strong breeze, or something like a stiff gale—although, wonderful to say! the atmosphere continued cloudless.

It is a grand sight—that vast, and apparently interminable ocean!

..... maria undique et undique cœlum!

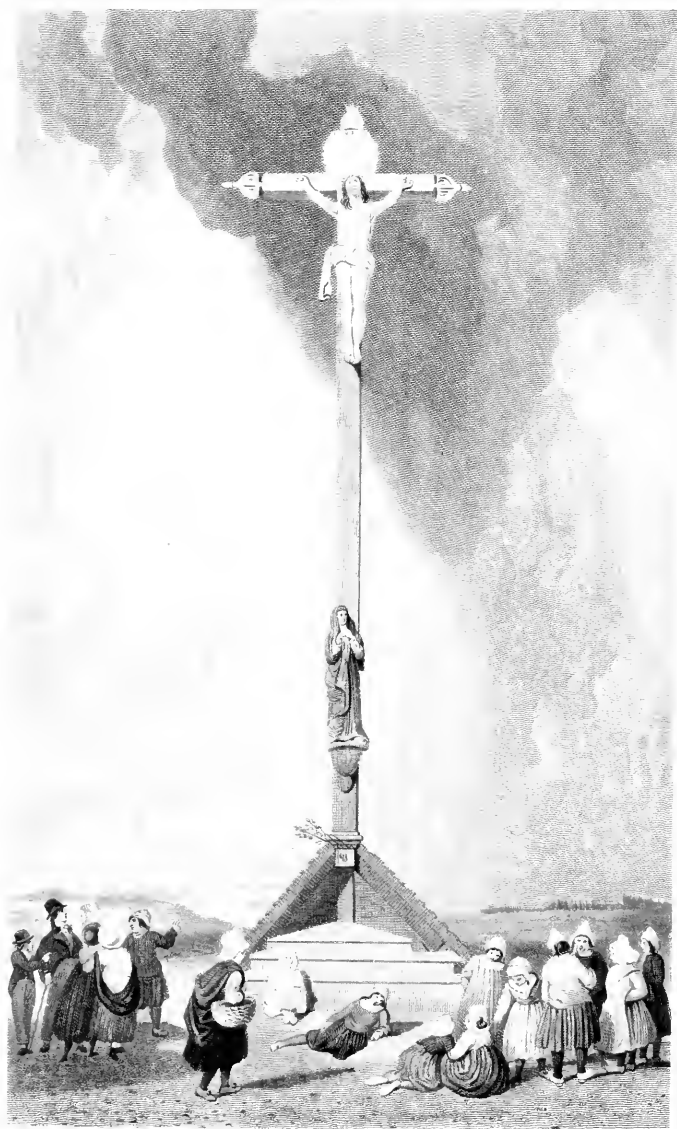
We now darted from Beechy Head upon a long tack for the French coast; and as the sun declined, we found it most prudent to put our Captain's advice into execution. Then commenced all the miseries of the voyage! The moon had begun to assert her ascendancy, when, racked with torture and pain in our respective berths, a tremendous surge washed completely over the deck, sky-light, and binnacle: and down came in consequence, drenched with the ‘briny wave,’ the hardiest of our crew, who had, till then, ventured to linger upon deck. That crew was various; and not without a few of the natives of those shores which we were

about to visit. Their gaiety however continued undisturbed, in spite of frequent and violent indisposition.

Dr. Johnson, I believe, preferred a prison to a ship—chiefly from the dread of fire. There are other causes from which a preference may be given. These I will not enumerate. But to cut short my ship-narrative, suffice it only further to say, that, towards midnight, we heard our Captain exclaim that he saw “the lights of Dieppe!”—a joyful sound to us miserable wretches below. There, however, we continued to lie, tossing at anchor: it being impossible to enter the harbour till towards seven in the morning, owing to a want of sufficient water. But it was good news to find that we were safe, and beyond the reach of further overwhelming surges. I well remember, at this moment, looking up towards the deck with a cheerless eye, and perceiving the light of the moon still lingering upon the main-sail,—but I shall never forget how much more powerfully my sensations were excited, when, as the dawn of day made objects visible, I looked up, and saw an old wrinkle-visaged sailor, with a red night cap on, begirt with large blue, puckered, short petticoats, in possession of the helm—about to steer the vessel into harbour! \* “Here is the true weather-beaten French mariner,” thought I to myself;—and Mr. Lewis would have given his last English piece of money to have sketched the face and figure of this picturesque old pilot. But extreme indisposition confined him in his berth, among the most helpless of the passengers.

\* The English are not permitted to bring their own vessels into harbour—for obvious reasons.





About seven we were all upon deck. The sea was yet swollen and agitated, and of a dingy colour; while

... heavily with clouds came on the day,

as we slowly approached the outward harbour of **DIEPPE**. A grey morning, with drizzling rain, is not the best accompaniment of a first visit to a foreign shore. Nevertheless, every thing was new, and strange, and striking; and the huge crucifix to the right, (of which a representation is conveyed in this despatch) did not fail to make a very forcible impression. It is, however, sufficiently tasteless; having the negative merit only of being the largest in France. As we approached the inner harbour, the shipping and the buildings more distinctly presented themselves. What a scene (said I to my companion) for our **CALCOTT**! The harbour is large, and the vessels are entirely mercantile, with a plentiful sprinkling of fishing smacks—but the manner in which the latter harmonised with the tint and structure of the houses—the bustle upon shore—the casks, deal planks, ropes, and goods of every description upon the quays,—all formed a most animated and interesting scene. The population seemed countless, and chiefly females; whose high caps and enormous ear-rings, with the rest of their paraphernalia, half persuaded us that, instead of being some few twenty-five leagues only from our own white cliffs, we had in fact dropt upon the Antipodes! It was a full hour before we got upon terra firma—saluted, and even assailed on all sides, with entreaties to come to certain hôtels. “Mais, Monsieur, Monsieur, par ici, par ici,—c’est ici où vous serez charmé de votre réception—vous serez

à votre aise chez”—“C’est l’Hotel d’Angleterre que nous cherchons (replied I.)”—“A la bonne heure, (exclaimed a lively young man)—suivez, Monsieur, je vous prie;” when, upon entering the coffee-room of the inn, the worthy De La Rue, the landlord, exclaimed (as I think I before told you) “ Vous voilà donc, Messieurs, à Dieppe—soyez le bien venu ! ” We declared ourselves well satisfied : and willing to forget the miseries of the voyage, sat down to eggs and coffee, resolving to be in good humour with every thing around us.



## LETTER II.

DIEPPE. FISHERIES. STREETS. CHURCHES OF ST. JACQUES AND ST. REMY. DIVINE WORSHIP. MILITARY MASS.

THE town of Dieppe\* contains a population of about twenty-thousand souls. Of these, by much the greater

\* *town of Dieppe.*] DIEPPE owes its origin to the accidental association of a few adventurous fishermen. The rapid strides by which it rose from insignificance to importance, are not marked in the annals of the historian : nor does its present population arise from those causes which have rendered *Brighton* and *Hastings* so prosperous. No Frenchman thinks of settling at Dieppe without having *commercial* objects in view ; whereas, in the places just mentioned, some hundreds of families yearly resort for the benefit of sea-air and sea-bathing. Hence, the crescent, the colonnade, and other stately architectural appendages, are erected, to invite residence and cause the diffusion of money. At Dieppe a very different order of things prevails. I shall translate an interesting passage from a French work published in 1795, which gives a pretty good outline of the origin and ancient fisheries of Dieppe: “ In its origin, this town was only a miserable collection of huts of fishermen, who, for the convenience of carrying on their trade, united themselves at the embouchure of the Arques, at the foot of the western cliff. At that time Dieppe was only a small bay, to which vessels resorted by favour of the tide : the whole of the ground, in which the present port is excavated, exhibiting nothing but a swamp inundated twice a day. By degrees Dieppe reared its head, and the fishery, which may be called *the agriculture of the sea*, was the first foundation of its future grandeur.

“ As this town owed its origin to some obscure fishermen, so has it owed its prosperity to the same useful class of men. The deeds and

stationary part are females; arising from one-third at least of the males being constantly engaged in the fisheries. As these fisheries form the main support of the

charters of the time make mention of a great number of different sorts of fish which every day arrived at the port,—of which the principal species was *the herring*, and of which species the antiquity reaches to the year 1030 ; there was also the *mackarel*, mentioned in a number of title-deeds of the xii<sup>th</sup> century : to which must be added the *cod*, the *whiting*, the *congre-eel*, more abundant formerly than at present ; le *colletan*, a fish which has now entirely forsaken our rivers ; the *thorn-back*, *tumbe*, *sole*, *haddock*, *anon*, *salmon*, *turbot*, *roach*, *porpoise*, *sturgeon*, &c. But of all these species, the herring was infinitely the most useful and important in every respect ; and not only were they sought in the Channel, but our vessels went in search of them to the northern seas, to *Yarmouth* even on the English coasts, and upon those of *Schonen in Sweden* : they even brought away the herring from *Escone*, of which there is often mention made in the ordinances of the time. Afterwards they exported this fish, salted, to all the ports of the Mediterranean ; and, for this purpose, made use of their own vessels, which were called *druggers* ; because, in return, they brought home from the sea-ports in the Levant, *spices* and *drugs*, such as wax, oil, honey, pepper, saffron, ginger, cinnamon, rosin, alum, woad, &c. and all the provisions of which mention is made in the tariffs of entry, by sea, at Dieppe, in the xiii<sup>th</sup> and xiv<sup>th</sup> centuries." p. 105.

Consult the "*Premier Essai sur le Département de la Seine Inférieure, contenant les districts de Gournay, Neufchatel, Dieppe et Cany. Ouvrage topographique, historique et pittoresque, &c. par S. B. J. NOËL, Rédacteur du Journal de Rouen,*" 1795, an iii. 8vo. ; a scarce work at the present moment. But the author would have shewn more judgment if he had spared a few imbecile flings at his opposite neighbours. My predecessor, DOCTOR DUCAREL, in his *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, 1767, folio, p. 6, devotes about sixteen widely-spaced lines only, to his account of Dieppe ; subjoining, however, in a note, a copy of the original letters-patent of King Richard I. who granted the town to Walter, Archbishop of Rouen, in exchange for *Andely*, which he annexed to the duchy of Normandy.

inhabitants, it is right that you should know something about them—and the recent appearance of *Goube's* work upon Normandy, will better enable me to send you a tolerably correct account. “That which chiefly gives occupation to the Dieppe vessels, is the different fisheries of the place—and especially the salted herring, mackarel, and cod. The *herring* fishery takes place twice a year: in August and October. The August fishery is carried on along the shores of England and the North. From sixty to eighty vessels, of from twenty-five to thirty ton burthen each, with about fifteen men in each vessel, are usually employed. They are freighted with salt and empty barrels, for seasoning and stowing the fish, and they return about the end of October. The herrings caught in August are considerably preferable to those caught in October. The October fishery is carried on with smaller vessels, along the coast of France from Boulogne to Havre. From one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty vessels are engaged in this later navigation; and the fish, which is smaller, and of inferior flavour to that caught upon the English coasts, is sent almost entirely to the Provinces and to Paris, where it is eaten fresh.” So much for the herring.

“The *mackarel* fishery usually commences towards the month of July, along the coast of Picardy; because, being a sort of fish of passage, it gets into the channel in the month of April. It then moves towards the straits of Dover, as summer approaches. For this fishery they make use of large-decked vessels, from twenty to fifty tons burden, manned with from twelve to twenty men. There are however Dieppe boats employed in this fishery which go as far as the Scilly

Islands and Ushant, towards the middle of April. They carry with them the salt requisite to season the fish, which are afterwards sent to Paris, and to the provinces in the interior of France. The *cod fishery* is divided into the fresh and dried fish. The former continues from the beginning of February to the end of April—and the vessels employed, which go as far as Newfoundland, are two deckers, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons burden—although, in fact, they rarely carry more than fifteen tons for fear of spoiling the fish. The dried-cod fishery is carried on in vessels of all sizes; but it is essential that they be of a certain depth, because the fish is more cumbersome than weighty. The vessels however usually set sail about the month of March or April, in order that they may have the advantage of the summer season, to dry the fish. There are vessels which go to Newfoundland laden with brandy, flour, beans, treacle, linen and woollen cloths, which they dispose of to the inhabitants of the French colonies in exchange for dried cod. This latter species of commerce may be carried on in the summer months—as late as July.” The author thus concludes with some animation: “Ces pêches occupent un grand nombre de marins : elles vivifient le commerce de Dieppe : elles occupent tous les ateliers —les chantiers pour la construction des bâtimens, la confection des filets pour la pêche, celle des hameçons, des cordages, des voiles, des barils; ensuite vient la préparation des poissons, et leur expéditions journalières, ainsi que celle du poisson frais, qui se renouvelle, pour ainsi dire, à chaque marée.”\* Vol. iii. p. 170.

\* *Histoire du Duché de Normandie*, par J. J. C. Goube, 1815, 8vo.

In the common markets, for retail trade, they are not very nice in the quality or condition of their fish ; and enormous congre eels, which would be instantly rejected by the middling, or even lower classes in England, are, at Dieppe, bought with avidity and relished with glee. A few francs will procure a dish of fish large enough for a dozen people. The quays are constantly crowded, but there seems to be more of bustle than of business. The town is certainly picturesque, notwithstanding the houses are very little more than a century old;† and the streets are formal

3 vols. In the sequel, this work will be more particularly noticed. The author of the *Itinéraire de Rouen* (1816, 12mo.) has given a more dramatic effect to his colouring of the same picture : “ Alors tout est en mouvement, et l’observateur peut juger à son aise de leur industrie, remarquer les différents effets de la joie, de la crainte, quelquefois même de la tristesse, à la moindre nouvelle alarmante. L’alternative du plaisir, de l’inquiétude se peint sur la physionomie des femmes et des filles des marins, si le vent furieux et des nuages, pré-curseurs de la tempête, viennent soulever les flots écumants.” p. 203.

† *little more than a century old.*] The town of Dieppe has suffered often and severely. During the time of the Normans it was almost demolished. It was sharply attacked by Lord Talbot (called the English Cæsar) in 1442, whose army seems to have been encamped near *Banquemont*, about a league from Dieppe, and to have occupied the strong position vulgarly called Cæsar’s Camp ; (see Ducarel, p. 5, and Noel, p. 87-8) but it rose again with strength and beauty, till the middle of the sixteenth century, when, in consequence of a most sanguinary sea-fight between the Flemish and *Dieppois*, (in which the famous Coligny commanded the latter) it experienced a very heavy calamity in the loss of many vessels, and the destruction of a portion of the town by fire. But a heavier calamity awaited it in the memorable bombardment of the town by the English in 1694. Every thing seemed demolished but the old churches. “ Within the

and comparatively wide: but this picturesqueness arises from the materials of the buildings being of stone and brick, now gray-tinted—from the sharp pointed roofs—from the bold projections of the architecture, and the large dimensions of the windows. Indeed it should seem that the houses were built expressly for Noblemen and Gentlemen, although they are inhabited by tradesmen, mechanics, and artizans in apparently very indifferent circumstances. There is a great waste of brick, stone, and mortar, and some of the largest buildings are situated in the gloomiest courts. We saw scarcely six private houses which could be called

short space of thirty hours (says Noel), the English threw in 3000 shells and 4000 balls, and made use of a machine charged with all manner of combustible materials and bars of iron, in the view of setting fire to the two wooden jetties, in which attempt, however, they were foiled." p. 116. An ordonnance of Louis XIV., carried into effect by the patriotic spirit of the people, caused the town of Dieppe to rise out of its ashes, as we now behold it. The streets are well planned and well paved; and the Dieppoise would feign compare their High-street to the rue de Richlieu, at Paris. I suspect that it is sheer poverty which causes so great a number of their upper windows to remain unglazed. A Tour in France, published in 1701, thus notices the town of Dieppe shortly after the memorable bombardment just mentioned. "These preparatory steps being over, we had our dinner, and afterwards walked into the town; which, being bombarded last war (1694) by the English, is hardly yet rebuilt. What houses are up are lofty, so that the town is almost new, and will be a fine one, when finished, though not large; we saw the ruins of many houses; for the bombardment was so violent and successful that few were left standing entire. The great Church and Castle suffered in some parts, and other churches were quite demolished. The streets are large and straight, and the buildings uniform, generally of the same height, and all of a sort of white brick," &c.—*Gent. Magazine*, March 1819, p. 207, vol. LXXXIX.

elegant, and not a gentleman's carriage has been yet noticed by us in the streets. But if the *Dieppois* are not rich, they seem happy, and are in a constant state of occupation. A woman sells her wares in an open shop, or in an insulated booth, and sits without her bonnet—as indeed do all the tradesmen's wives—and works or sings as humour sways her. A man sells gingerbread in an open shed, and in the intervals of his customers coming, reads some popular history or romance. Most of the upper windows are wholly destitute of glass; but are smothered with clothes, rags, and wall flowers. The fragrance emitted from these flowers affords no unpleasing antidote to odors of a very different description:—and here we begin to have a too convincing proof of the general character of the country in regard to the want of cleanliness. A little good sense, or rather a better-regulated police, would speedily get rid of such nuisances. The great crying evil throughout France, in respect to *out-door* inconveniences, arises from suffering the filth, of whatever description, to accumulate in the streets: and when the office of purification is put in force, it is so slovenly executed, that a portion is always left behind in order to show where future deposits are to be made. The want of public sewers is another great and grievous cause of smells of every description: but the French are used to these things—and will quietly sit with a collection of dirt beneath their noses, which would cause a notable spinster or housewife, on our side the water, to start back with disgust. At Dieppe there are fountains in abundance; and if some of the limpid streams, which issue therefrom, were directed to cleansing the streets,

(which are excellently well paved) the effect would be both more salubrious and pleasant—especially to the sensitive organs of Englishmen !

We had hardly concluded our breakfasts, on landing, when we saw a funeral go by: the priests and boys, with their black caps, white surplices, and umbrellas over their heads, (as it was raining) chaunting both loud and lustily—unconcerned at the busy and bawling scenes through which the procession must necessarily pass. What a novel object was this to gaze at! Anon, a loud and clattering sound was heard; and down came, in a heavy trot, with sundry ear-piercing crackings of the whip, the thundering *Diligence*: large, lofty, and of most unwieldy dimensions: of a structure, too, strong enough to carry a half score of elephants. The postilion is an animal perfectly *sui generis*: gay, alert, and living upon the best possible terms with himself. He wears the royal livery, red and blue; with a plate of the fleur de lis upon his left arm. His hair is tied behind in a thick, short, tightly fastened queue: with powder and pomatum sufficient to weather a whole winter's storm and tempest. As he never rises in his stirrups, I leave you to judge of the merciless effects of this ever-beating club upon the texture of his jacket. He is however fond of his horses: is well known by them; and there is all flourish and noise, and no sort of cruelty, in his treatment of them. His spurs are of tremendous dimensions; such as we see sticking to the heels of knights in illuminated Mss. of the xvth century. He has nothing to do with the ponderous machine behind him. He sits upon the near of the two wheel horses, with three horses before him.



His turnings are all adroitly and correctly made; and, upon the whole, he is a clever fellow in the exercise of his office.

We had not spent half of the Saturday at Dieppe, before Mr. Lewis brought us a sketch, of which the enclosed is a faithful and spiritedly-finished drawing; and so correctly are the characters identified, that the *fille de chambre*, at our hotel, instantly recognized the old woman, or the stout figure, to the right—as the person who usually brought fish for the consumption of their table. In this group, in fact, you have an EPITOME OF THE WHOLE FISH-MARKET.



I shall probably send you, in some future despatch, a more sober and near view of the far-famed *cauchoise*. You ought to know, that, formerly, this town was greatly celebrated for its manufactures in *Ivory* ;\* but the present aspect of the ivory-market affords but a faint notion of what it might have been in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I purchased a few subordinate articles (chiefly of a religious character) and which I shall preserve rather as a matter of evidence than of admiration. There is yet however a considerable manufacture of *thread lace* ; and between three and four thousand females are supposed to earn a comfortable livelihood by it.

\* *manufactures in Ivory.*] It was possibly under the bold excursion of such distinguished navigators and captains as PARMENTIER, DUSMESNIL, and the great merchant ANGO, (in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) that the ivory trade had attained its highest pitch of prosperity. The establishments of the Dieppois in Guinea necessarily facilitated the means of improving this branch of commerce. Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. iii. p. 262, makes honorable mention of LE MARCHAND, a native of Dieppe, who worked very successfully for several years in London. Mr. West was in possession of that Artist's own head, cut by himself ; and Lord Oxford had his head of Lord Somers. Evelyn, who visited Dieppe in the year 1644, observes that it then “ abounded with workmen who made and sold curiosities of *ivory* and *tortoise-shell*, and whatever the East Indies afforded of cabinets and purcelan ; and that natural and exotic rarities were there to be had with abundant choice.” *Life and Writings of Evelyn*, vol. i. p. 51, edit. 1818, 4to. In short, it appears to have been just at the time of Evelyn's visit, that Dieppe was in the height of its opulence and population ; for in one of Zeiller's views of it, (in his *Topographia Galliæ*, 1650) there are special designations of the establishments of *Minimes*, *Capucins*, *Carmelites*, *Jesuits*, *Ursulins* and the *Halles*, &c. The river *Arques* seems also to have been very wide, particularly at its embouchure in the harbour.

My love of ecclesiastical architecture quickly induced me to visit the CHURCHES ; and we all three set out to pay our respects to the principal church, called ST. JACQUES. As we entered it, a general gloom prevailed, and a sort of premature evening came on ; while the clatter of the sabots was sufficiently audible along the aisles. In making the circuit of the side chapels, an unusual light proceeded from a sort of grated door way. We approached, and witnessed a sight which could not fail to rivet our attention. In what seemed to be an excavated interior, were several figures, cut in stone, and coloured after life—of which they were the size—representing the *three Maries, St. John, and Joseph of Arimathea* . . in the act of entombing Christ : the figure of our Saviour being half sunk into the tomb. The whole was partially illuminated by some two dozen of shabby and nearly consumed tallow candles ; affording a striking contrast to the increasing darkness of the nave and the side-aisles. We retired, more and more struck with the novelty of every object around us, to our supper and beds, which were both excellent ; and a good night's rest made us forget the miseries of the preceding evening.

The next morning, being Sunday, we betook ourselves in good time to the service at ST. JACQUES\* : not however before Mr. Lewis, who had risen between six and seven o'clock, had brought home a sketch of what had taken place in the front of the church in the market place. This sketch represents a waxen figure

\* *the service at St. Jacques*.]—The stone with which this church is built, is said to have been brought from England ; but I should rather apprehend it to have been obtained from *Caen*, which, as the reader will see in the sequel, has been long and

of Christ (what is called "Ecce Homo") enclosed within a box, of which the doors are opened. The figure and box are the property of the man who plays the violin, and who is selling little mass books, supposed to be rendered more sacred by having been passed across the feet and hands of the waxen Christ. Such a mongrel occupation, and such a motley group, must strike you with astonishment—as a Sunday morning's recreation! You receive it here, after its having been submitted to the finishing process of light and shade.



By half past ten the congregation had assembled in good earnest; and every side-chapel (I think about twelve in number) began to be filled by the penitent flocks: each bringing, or hiring, a rush-bottomed chair; with which the churches are pretty liberally furnished, and of which the *Tarif* (or terms of hire) is pasted upon the walls. There were, I am quite sure, full eighteen women to one man; which may in part be accounted for (as I before observed) by the almost uniform absence of a third of the male population occupied in the fisheries. I think there could not have been fewer than two thousand souls present. I contrived to get upon the steps which separate the choir from the nave, and witnessed from thence a sort of ocean of white caps—as the women sat or knelt. But what struck me as the most ludicrously solemn thing I had ever beheld, was, a huge tall figure, dressed like a drum-major, with a large cocked hat and three white plumes, (the only covered

justly distinguished for the superior qualities of its stone. Here also, as well as at Rouen, they will have it that the *English* built the churches! Noel says that the entombing of Christ, as above described, is done after the original at Jerusalem, and that it was executed in 1612, at the expense of a pious traveller, who returned from Palestine. The fine sculptured culs-de-lampes, in silver, which used to hang about the chapel of the Virgin, and which excited the admiration of Cardinal Barberini, together with sundry other delicate and precious embellishments, were destroyed during the bombardment mentioned at p. 13 ante. And I may add that ornaments, of a more solid character, such as interior and exterior fret-works, porches, ballustrades, &c. were dreadfully defaced during the Revolution—which, has left frightful marks of its ravages in Normandy!

male figure in the congregation), a broad white sash upon a complete suit of red, including red stockings; —representing what in our country is called a *Beadle*! He was a sturdy, baboon-visaged gentleman—bearing an halberd in his right hand, which he wielded with a sort of pompous swing, infusing terror into the young, and commanding the admiration of the old. In the procession of the priests, where the voices are raised to a higher pitch, and where the service seems to demand a more pious expression, the zeal of the congregation was unequivocally manifested by very general and sonorous responses: and I must say that, in *some* particulars connected with the fulfilment of church duties, it were well if we took a lesson from our continental neighbours. But so little sense of out-door public decency prevails, that, during service, we were constantly annoyed by the sounds of the drum and fife, calling the national guard together for military mass at St. Remy. I must not, however, omit to inform you, that half the service was scarcely performed when the preacher mounted a pulpit, with a black cap on, and read a short sermon from a printed-book—a method, by the bye which some apologists for intellectual and manual labour might think worthy of imitation in our own country! I shall never forget the figure and attitude of the *Verger* who attended the preacher: he followed him to the pulpit, fastened the door, became stationary, and reposed his left arm over the railings of the stairs. Anon, he took out his snuff box with his right hand, and regaled himself with a pinch of snuff in the most joyous and comfortably-ab-

stracted manner imaginable. There he remained till the conclusion of a thirteen minutes discourse; not one word of which seemed to afford him half the satisfaction as did the contents of his snuff-box! You know that you have absolutely commanded me to be "minute in all things," and you see with what trifles I have in consequence ventured to entertain you.

*Military Mass* was performed about an hour after at the church of St. REMY. Both Mr. Lewis and my Son saw this extraordinary spectacle, but I had had "sufficient for one dose." Yet I strolled quietly to that same church, to witness the devotion of the congregation previous to the entry of the soldiers; and I will not dissemble that I was much struck and gratified by what I saw. There was more simplicity: a smaller congregation: softer music: a lower-toned organ: less rush of people; and in very many of the flock the most intense and unfeigned expression of piety. At the elevation of the host, from the end of the choir, (near which was suspended a white flag, with the portrait of the present King thereupon) a bell was rung from the tower of the church: the sound, below, was soft and silver-toned—accompanied by rather a quick movement of the organ, upon the diapason stop; which, united with the silence and prostration of the congregation, might have commanded the reverence of the most profane. I became motionless, save a slight and fixed inclination of the head—in which attitude I could not refrain from offering up a prayer for the preservation of those left behind!—and which prayer, although not borrowed from the Romish ritual, might possibly be not the less availing on that account. There is nothing, my

dear friend, more refreshing, in a foreign land, than this general appearance of earnestness of devotion, upon a sabbath day ; especially within the House of God. Out of doors a very different order of things prevails : But I quickly heard the clangor of the trumpet, the beat of drums, the measured tramp of human feet, and in marched two or three troops of the national guard to perform military mass. I retired precipitately to the Inn. My companions, who staid behind, told me that this military mass consisted of certain manœuvres of the soldiers, with their *caps on*, within the choir—accompanied by loud and stunning music. It seemed a frightful contrast to all that had preceded it.

I must not conclude this epistle, while upon the subject of churches, without informing you that, of the two, I consider that of *St. Remy*, or rather of *some portions* of it, to be the more ancient ; but *St. Jacques*, upon the whole, is not only the largest, but the most elaborately sculptured, edifice. I should think the latter end of the XIVth century, a date quite antiquated enough for the completion of its building. The Revolution has not failed to leave marks of its horrible devastations upon portions of the exteriors of these churches ; but modern manners have not yet produced a revolution of a *different* and *more desirable* character—that of paying attention to the *affiches* stuck upon the outer walls—in which all “ ordure et immondices ” are strictly forbidden to be deposited. Thus, to forbid is one thing ; and to pay attention to the prohibition is another. The filth that sometimes pervades these churches is equally gross, noxious, and revolting. They certainly do “ order these things better in”—



England. Forgive this *new* reading : but I cannot help, in spite of all the marvels by which I am surrounded, putting in a good word now and then for my own country. So God bless you.

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P. S. Mr. Lewis has just brought me another spirited drawing, of what may be considered equally characteristic of the MARKET WOMEN, look at it attentively ; for I can assure you that the fidelity is equal to the spirit, of the performance.



## LETTER III.

VILLAGE AND CASTLE OF ARQUES. SABBATH AMUSEMENTS. MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. BOULEVARDS.

As I had received especial injunctions from our friend N \* \* \* not to leave Dieppe without paying a visit to the famous *Chateau d'Arques*,\* in its neighbourhood, I resolved to seize the opportunity of a tolerably fair, or rather gray-looking day, to go and pay due homage to these venerable remains of antiquity ; and accordingly, on the same Sunday, between one and two, Mr. L. and myself set out upon this congenial enterprise. You go up the principal street, continue to the left, and pass under the gate or outlet to Rouen, where

\* *the famous CHATEAU D'ARQUES.*—The French Antiquaries have pushed the antiquity of this castle to the 8th century, supposing it to have been built by *William d'Arques*, Count of Tallon, son of the second marriage of Richard Duke of Normandy. I make no doubt, that, whenever built, the sea almost washed the base of it ; for it is known to have occupied the whole of what is called the *Valley of Arques*, running as far as *Bouteilles*. Its position, in reference to the art of war, must have been almost impregnable. Other hypotheses assign its origin, perhaps with more truth, to the ninth or tenth century ; as a bulwark against the invasion of the Normans. Whenever built, its history has been fertile in sieges. In 1144, it was commanded by a Flemish Monk, who preferred the spear to the crosier, but who perished by an arrow in the contest. Of its history, up to the sixteenth century, I am not able to give any details ; but in the wars of Henry IV. with the League, 1589, it was taken by surprise by sol-

the noble road to Paris, on a fine ascent, faces you upon quitting the town. You leave this to the right, turn down a bye-road, which runs beneath a high bank or small hanging wood, and continue straight forward about two English miles ; when you catch the first glimpse of the castle to the right. The road thither is completely rural : apple-trees, just beginning to burst their blossoms, hamlets, small farm-houses, (many of which were skilfully covered with blue slate) a profusion of rich herbage of various kinds, delighted and regaled us as we pursued our tranquil walk. The country is of a gently-undulating character : but the flats or meadows, between the parallel ranges of hills, are subject to constant inundation from the sea ; and in an agricultural point of view are consequently of little use, except for summer grazing of the cattle.

It was drawing on to *vespers* as we approached the *Village of Arques* : a young countryman, neatly dressed, but bare-headed, having undertaken to conduct us thither by a nearer road. The old castle had frequently peeped out upon us from its elevated situation ; but we were resolved to see “ all that could be seen,”—and a French village, for the first time, was not to be over-

diers in the disguise of sailors : who, stabbing the centinels, quickly made themselves masters of the place. Henry caused it afterwards to be dismantled. In the first half of the eighteenth century it received very severe treatment from pillage, for the purpose of erecting public and private buildings at Dieppe. The Revolution added to these ravages : “ Aujourd’hui ses tours, ses remparts, ce donjon qui retentirent pendant plusieurs siècles des cris des combattans et de la victoire, livrés maintenant au plus morne silence, sont devenus le séjour des hiboux et des oiseaux nocturnes :” such is the solemn description of this venerable ruin by the author of the *Itinéraire de Rouen* ; 1816, p. 199.

looked. Accordingly we made a complete détour ; and passing through the principal, or high street, approached the church. The bell was ringing for prayers and we entered with the congregation. For a village church, I hardly know a finer one than that of Arques : it having much in common with portions of the cathedral of Lincoln. The upper part of the outer walls, with the tower and roof of the nave, are however comparatively modern ; but the interior, which is light and airy, may be of the latter end of the xiiith century.\* This interior is rather capacious, and may vie with any similar building, attached to a village, which the province of Normandy (rich in ecclesiastical edifices) can boast of. We had no time to wait the commencement of the service, and indeed you will say we had already had a sufficient portion ; but, on quitting the church, to ascend the hill on which the castle stands, we passed a well-dressed young lady, with a servant behind her, who was hastening to prayers, and who entered the church with the clergyman, whom she overtook on the way. We had reason to be well satisfied with this excellent lady ; for we found that, to preserve the old castle from utter destruction, she had purchased it of government for about seven thousand francs ; and by causing locks and other fastenings to be applied to the principal gates, she had secured it from the constant pillage

\* The *Itinéraire de Rouen*, 1816, p. 200, says, absurdly, that this church is of the xiiith century. It possessed formerly a bust of Henry IV., which is supposed to have been placed there after the famous battle of Arques gained by Henry over the Duke of Mayenne in 1589. The church was dedicated, according to the same authority, and with more truth, in 1257.

which used to be carried on within—for no one thought of building, without demolishing a certain portion of the castle for materials. To the best of my recollection, this lady's name is BARROIS. She has certainly, in one of its very best senses, “deserved well of her country.”

The scite of the castle is admirable. Our approach was to the western extremity; which, as you look down, brings the village and church of Arques in the back-ground. Mr. Lewis, inspired I suppose by the chaunt of the vespers, which we heard from our elevated station—took out his pencil, and made the following spirited little design.



If the eye were to be considered as a correct judge, this venerable pile, composed of hard flint-stone, intermixed with brick, (but not in layers, after the Roman fashion of uniting these two materials) would perhaps claim precedence, on the score of antiquity, over every other relic of the middle ages. A deep moat, now dry pasture land, with a bold acclivity before you, should seem to bid defiance, even in times of old, to the foot and the spear of the invader. There are circular towers (as the view shews) at the extremities, and a square citadel or donjon within. Its area is also very extensive, and perhaps yet retains its pristine limits as in the time of William the Conqueror. The wars of Henry the Fourth with the League helped to add to the previous devastations; but, although one of the most ancient and decayed-looking places of fortification imaginable—and although, from the crumbling and broken outlines, and the shelving of the banks rising from the moat, you might expect it to yield within some few twenty years to the ravages of time—yet I question if it be not tough enough to outlive all the great great grand-children of the present beholders of it! To the north, a good deal of earth has been recently thrown against the bases of the wall. The day harmonised admirably with the venerable object before us. The sunshine lasted but for a minute: when afterwards a gloom prevailed, and not a single catch of radiant light gilded any portion of the building. All was gray, and quiet, and of a sombre aspect,—and what *you*, in your admiration of art, would call in perfectly “fine keeping.” Perhaps there is no object which more powerfully excites meditation, and calls forth the finer feelings connected with thoughts

upon the past, than that of an ancient, decayed, and magnificently-situated CASTLE. But all is here hushed ; within and without.—Nor the harp of the minstrel, nor the clang of armour, nor the echoes of the horn, nor the uproar of the banquet—no, nor the invading nor the repelling foe—are now heard or distinguished ! . . but—

It is time to wake out of this trance, and to pursue our journey homeward. We descended the hill, bade a long adieu to this venerable relic of the hardihood of other times, and quickened our pace towards Dieppe. As we gained upon the town, we began to discern groups of rustics, as well as of bourgeois, assembling and mingling in the dance. The women never think of wearing bonnets ; and you have little idea how brilliantly the red and blue\* (the very colours of Raffaele's Madonnas !) glanced backwards and forwards, amidst the trunks of the fruit trees, to the sound of the spirit-stirring violin. The high, stiff, starched cauchoise, with its broad flappers, gave the finishing stroke to the novelty and singularity of the scene ; and to their credit be it spoken, the women were much more tidily dressed than the men. We soon became spectators at more than one place of festivity. The couples are frequently female, for want of a sufficient number of beaus ; but, whether correctly or incorrectly coupled, they dance with earnestness, if not with agility. No foolish tricks, or wanton mischief, ever disturbs the harmony of the scene. It was a picture à la Teniers, without its occasional grossness. "This then," said I to my companion, "is what I have so often heard of the sabbath-gambols of the French—and long may they enjoy them ! . . . for

\* The blue gown and red petticoat ; or vice versa.

they are surely better than the brutal orgies of a pot-house, or the fanatical ravings of the tabernacle." You will please to remember, my dear friend, that amidst these groups, we discovered some score faces which we had noticed the same morning in the cathedral; and as you cannot convince a Frenchman, or a Frenchwoman, that the evening of the sabbath may be better devoted to a quiet stroll abroad, or to the perusal of religious and instructive books at home, the mass of people had better be *so* occupied than . . . do worse!

A late plain dinner, with our favourite vin ordinaire, recruited our strength and kept us in perfectly good humour with Dieppe. My companion, in the evening, made a sketch of the FILLE DE CHAMBRE,—an important personage in my collection of costume—as you will observe from the representation of her, here enclosed.\* She chose to put on "her best bib and tucker" upon the occasion—it being Sunday evening: so that you behold her to every possible advantage. I have reason to think that this costume, with very few and slight variations, has continued for several centuries.† The following and last day, spent at Dieppe, was as beautiful as that of our voyage thither. Mr. Lewis began at times with his pencil. He took a small bird's-eye view of the harbour, and would have made another drawing of a very picturesque character—were it not for the fishing boats which continued to crowd into

\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. The original thought it "un peu trop agée."

† The dress of the *sailors* is the same as in the xivth century; and so probably is that of the women. The illuminations in Froissard and Monstrelet clearly give us the Norman cauchoise.





FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

DIEPPE.



the bason, and, by their extended sails, to shut out the view. He was also equally unfortunate in his attempt at a sketch of the castle just above the town,\* to the north-west, but from another cause. On commencing it, a centinel advanced, and brutally tore the leaf out of his book—telling him it was ‘défendu.’ He was surely a boor of a centinel, and had never danced on a Sunday evening! To prohibit the drawing of an *unfortified* place is quite a piece of absurdity; and a word to the Commandant would doubtless have equally led to the chastisement of the centinel, and the gratification of the artist’s wishes . . . but “ça ne vaut pas la peine!” and I essayed to comfort Mr. L. upon his misfortune.

Upon the whole the French are rather jealous of the pencil of a British artist: for, on beginning the sketch of the harbour, I was obliged to muster up all the eloquence and logic I was master of, to persuade a custom-house officer and a corps of *gens-d’armes* that it was “tout-à-fait une affaire pittoresque, et qui n’avoit aucun rapport à la guerre.” A surly “*bon!*” was the only reply to my remonstrance; but “*bon*” was certainly preferable to another “défendu!”

The deportment of the *Dieppois* towards the English, is, upon the whole, rather gracious than otherwise; because the town profits by the liberality and love of expense of the latter. Yet the young ones, as soon as

\* It is built upon the scite of an old castle which was demolished at the end of the xii<sup>th</sup> century; and the townsmen, fearing that it might be rendered an important position to the Leaguers, in the xv<sup>th</sup> century, proceeded to dismantle it. It was also materially injured in the following century.

they can lisp, are put in training for pronouncing the *G—d—*; and a few horribly-deformed and importunate beggars are for ever assailing the doors of the hotels. But beggary is nothing like so frightful an evil as I had anticipated. The general aspect of the town seems to indicate the poverty of the inhabitants; their houses being too vast to be entirely occupied. The *Boulevards*, facing the new bason, left unfinished by Napoleon, or rather facing the range of meadows that run towards the village of Arques, might be advantageously occupied with houses; but there is no speculation, and no love of picturesque, among the French. I should not be surprised, were the peace to continue a dozen years, (and God send it may, three times three dozen of years!) if a few adventurous English caused some more houses to be built, to be tenanted on easy terms, as a summer watering-place for those of their countrymen who can only muster up courage sufficient just to *put their feet* upon GALLIC GROUND. The immediate neighbourhood of Dieppe, and its proximity to Rouen and Paris, are inducements of no ordinary kind.

Bonaparte seems to have been very anxious about the strengthening of the harbour; the navigation into which is somewhat difficult and intricate. The sides of the walls, as you enter, are lofty, steep, and strong; and raised batteries would render any hostile approach extremely hazardous to the assailants.

There is no ship-building at this moment going on: the ribs of about half a dozen, half rotting, small merchant-craft being all that is discernible. But much is projected, and much is hoped from such projects. Dieppe has questionless many local advantages both by

land and by sea ; yet it will require a long course of years to infuse confidence and beget a love of enterprise. In spite of all the *naval zeal*, it is here exhibited chiefly as affording means of subsistence from the fisheries. The *army* will always be the favourite, even at a sea-port. A regiment marched into the town on Monday evening. The men were intoxicated—and the officers not only partook of the general inebriety, but paraded the streets arm in arm with the common men. This is equally a decoy and a disgrace—and dared not have been shewn at Versailles, or at Paris. I must not however conclude my Dieppe journal without telling you that I hunted far and near for a good bookseller and some old books—but found nothing worth the search, except a well-printed old *Rouen Missal*, and a *Terence* by *Badius Ascensius*. The booksellers are supplied with books chiefly from Rouen ; the local press being too contemptible to mention. In respect to ‘**book rarities**’ my countrymen had been beforehand with me ; and I was told strange anecdotes of their lucky *trouvailles*, and of their unlimited generosity. May this ever attend them !

## LETTER IV.

ROUEN. APPROACH. BOULEVARDS. POPULATION.  
STREET SCENERY.

HERE I am, my excellent good friend, in the most extraordinary city in the world. One rubs one's eyes, and fancies one is dreaming, upon being carried through the streets of this old-fashioned place: or that, by some secret talismanic touch, we are absolutely mingling with human beings, and objects of art, at the commencement of the xvth century: so very curious, and out of the common routine of things, is almost every object connected with Rouen. But before I commence my observations upon the *town*, I must give you a brief sketch of my *journey* thither.

Previously to leaving Dieppe, we had obtained our regular circumstantial passports. No recruit was ever more exactly measured than were Mr. L. and myself; and Linnæus could not have written down the characteristics of a plant with more scrupulous accuracy than did the municipal officer survey and describe "Messieurs les Anglois." You should know, in few words, that there is a *printed* list of the features; so that the scribe has only to add the epithet in *writing* to each particular feature.

We had bespoke our places in the cabriolet of the Diligence, which just holds three, tolerably comfortable; provided there be a disposition to accommodate

each other. This cabriolet, as you have been often told, is a sort of a buggy, or phaeton seat, with a covering of leather, in the front of the coach. It is fortified with a stiff leathern apron, upon the top of which is a piece of iron, covered with the leather, to fasten firmly by means of a hook on the perpendicular supporter of the head. There are stiffish leathern curtains on each side, to be drawn, if necessary, as a protection against the rain, &c. You lean upon the bar, or top of this leathern apron, which is no very uncomfortable resting-place. And thus we took leave of Dieppe, on the 4th day after our arrival there. As we were seated in the cabriolet, we could scarcely refrain from loud laughter at the novelty of our situation, and the grotesqueness of the conveyance. Our postilion was a rare specimen of his species, and a perfectly *unique copy*. He fancied himself, I suppose, rather getting "into the vale of years," and had contrived to tinge his cheeks with a plentiful portion of rouge. His platted and powdered hair was surmounted with a battered black hat, tricked off with faded ribband: his jacket was dark blue velvet, with the insignia of his order upon his left arm. What struck us as not a little singular, his countenance was no very faint resemblance of that of *Voltaire*, when he might have been verging towards his sixtieth year. Most assuredly he resembled him in his elongated chin, and the sarcastic expression of his mouth. We rolled merrily along—the horses sometimes spreading, and sometimes closing, according to the size of the streets through which we were compelled to pass. Nothing apparently can be more bungling than the management of the conveyance, in going down hill. There is no such

thing as a *drag-chain*; and at times the whole weight of the machine seems to press upon the haunches of the wheel-horses,—who, without breeching, go staggering along, sometimes at right angles, sometimes almost in one continued strait line with each other, turning face to face. The reins and harness are of *cord*; which, however, keep together pretty well. The postilion endeavours to break the rapidity of the descent by conducting the wheels over piles of gravel or rubbish, which are laid at the sides of the road, near the ditch; so that, to those sitting in the cabriolet, and overlooking the whole process, the effect, with weak nerves, is absolutely terrific. They stop little in changing horses, and the Diligence is certainly well managed; and in general no accidents occur. We carried with us about fifty thousand francs of government money, and a cavalry soldier (one of the *gens-d'armes*) accompanied us, in consequence, all the way to Rouen.

The road from Dieppe to Rouen is wide, hard, and in excellent condition. There are few or no hedges, but rows of apple-trees afford a sufficient line of demarkation. The country is open, and gently undulating; with scarcely any glimpses of what is called forest-scenery, till you get towards the conclusion of the first stage. There are several sharp ascents and descents; yet the conducteur does not request the passengers to get down and walk. Nothing particularly strikes you till you approach *Malaunai*, within about half a dozen miles of Rouen, and of course after the last change of horses. The environs of this beautiful village repay you for every species of disappointment, if any should have been experienced. The rising banks of a brisk



serpentine trout stream are studded with white houses, in which are cotton manufactories that appear to be carried on with spirit and success. Above these houses are hanging woods; and though the early spring would scarcely have coated the branches with green in our own country, yet *here* there was a general freshness of verdure, intermingled with the ruddy blossom of the apple—together rejoicing the eye and delighting the heart. Occasionally there were delicious spots, which the taste and wealth of an Englishman would have embellished to every possible degree of advantage. But wealth, for the gratification of picturesque taste, is a superfluity that will not fall to the lot of the French. The Revolution seems to have drained their purses, as well as daunted their love of enterprise, and thinned their population. Along the road-side there were some few houses of entertainment; and we observed the emptied cabriolet and stationary voiture, by the side of the gardens, where Monsieur and Madame, with their families, tripped lightly along the vistas, and smirked as John Bull saluted them! Moving vehicles, and numerous riding and walking groups, increased upon us, and every thing announced that we were approaching a *great and populous city*. Let me tell you, however, that we had accomplished the last eight miles within an hour; but during the preceding stages we had not exceeded five miles in the hour.

The approach to Rouen is indeed magnificent. I speak of the immediate approach; after you reach the top of a considerable rise, and are stopped by the barriers. You then look down a strait, broad, and strongly paved road, lined with a treble row of trees on each side.

As the foliage was not thickly set, we could discern, through the delicately-clothed branches, the tapering spire of the *Cathedral*, and the more massive tower of the *Abbaye de St. Ouen*—with hanging gardens, and white houses, to the left—covering a richly cultivated ridge of hills, which sink, as it were into the *Boulevards*; and which is called the FAUBOURG CAUCHOISE. Perhaps the Cathedral and St. Ouen are rather more in front; yet, with the town, they incline somewhat to the left: the whole being built upon a slope. To the right, through the trees, you see the river SEINE (here of no despicable depth or breadth) covered with boats and vessels in motion: the voice of commerce, and the stir of industry, cheering and animating you as you approach the town. We were told that almost every vessel which we saw (some of them of two hundred, and even of three hundred tons burden) was filled with brandy and wine. The lamps are suspended from the centre of long ropes, across the road; and the whole scene is of a truly novel and imposing character. But how shall I convey to you an idea of what I experienced, as, turning to the left, and leaving the broader streets which flank the quay, we began to enter the *penetralia* of this truly antiquated town. What narrow streets, what overhanging houses, what bizarre,\* capricious

\* The French themselves acknowledge that the houses and streets are absolutely "*frightful*." I strove frequently to defend them on principles of picturesque taste, and from the association of ideas arising from antiquity—but I should hope the defects of my speech, rather than the weakness of my arguments, failed to produce the desired effect. In *Zeiller's European Topography*, 1655, &c. folio, there is a bird's-eye view of Rouen, of the date of 1620, [ROTHOMAGVS, ROVAN.] about two feet two inches in length, by ten inches in width. It shows

ornaments—what a mixture of modern with ancient art—what fragments or rather ruins, of old delicately-

the old stone bridge (now destroyed) with two of the central arches broken down—and therefore impassable. The walls and ramparts are entire, and the view appears to be taken from the south-east point. The hills surrounding it are thickly wooded. It exhibits but indifferent art, yet is a pleasing print. There is another plate immediately following it, of the date of 1655, where the *bridge of boats* appears to the east of the old stone bridge, nearly one-half of which latter is destroyed. This view is a ground plan : the walls, &c. are entire ; and the gardens, to the left of the western fauxbourgs, appear rich and endless.

When I was at Paris, I examined, as the Abbé De la Rue advised me, the three volumes of *Drawings and Prints relating to Normandy*, which once belonged to De Boze, and are now to be found in the *Bibl. du Roy*. Of their general merit this is not the place to say a word ; but as connected with the preceding, and for the sake of juxtaposition, it may be as well to notice a few more *old prints* of ROUEN. There are three pretty etchings of the ruins of the old stone bridge by *Israel Silvestre*. A bird's-eye view of the town, pretty much in the style of that first above mentioned, after a painting by *Georgius Hoefnagle*. A man and woman are in the foreground. It is an oblong clever print. There is a duplicate of it. There is a large ground plan of Rouen, with a small view in the corner : likewise an oblong view in profile, as it were, by *Silvestre* : well engraved. Also a large bird's-eye view, from a position, nearer than the two preceding,—sold by *H. Juillot*—*proche les grands Augustins au bout du pont neuf avec priu*, &c. : a black and badly-engraved print. Several similar views not worth describing. There is an immense print, six feet, nine inches, by two feet in width, of Rouen and its ramparts, published by *Jansen* at Amsterdam in 1631, with letter-press beneath. The inscription above is in large white capital letters upon a black ground. It is useful for the detail ; but the effect is bad.

There has been recently (1817) published a *Carte Topographique de la Ville et des Fauxbourgs de Rouen* ; being a ground plan of the whole. It is a large and handsome map, but perhaps too delicately executed

built Gothic churches—what signs of former and of modern devastation!—what fountains, gutters, groups of never-ceasing men, women, and children, all gay, all occupied, and all apparently happy! The *Rue de la Grosse Horloge* (so called from a huge, clumsy, antiquated clock which goes across the street) struck us as not among the least singular streets of Rouen. Amazed, and half-bewildered, we turned floundering from street to street, with the eyes of the gazing multitude upon us,—“voilà des Anglois!” On reaching the office of the Diligence, we prepared to put our baggage in motion for the *Hotel-Vatel*, the favourite inn of the English. Porters appeared, with their *hottes* upon their backs; and a burden of at least two hundred and fifty pounds was placed upon one of those machines, and marched away with, in all the triumph of conscious skill and strength. The *hotte* is well contrived, causing the principal weight of the burden to fall horizontally across the shoulders, in an upright position, which is infinitely preferable to the perpendicular pressure, from the English *knot*, upon the nape of the neck and shoulders. In five minutes we were in the court-yard of the hotel, in the centre of which was a large newly-constructed public vehicle called a *velocifère*. The springs are enormous, but there is much good sense in the planning of the whole—and I thought that it savoured of *British* ingenuity, before I was told of the springs being actually modelled after those of our own vehicles.

for its size, and the variety of objects which it embraces. It is nevertheless very useful, and has materially assisted me in designating with accuracy the several places above mentioned.

I commenced settling our plans by securing rooms, and bespeaking board and lodging “according to art.” The landlady, a civil little woman, soon convinced us that she was perfect mistress of her occupation, by anticipating many of our wants, and answering all our queries in a very good-humoured and satisfactory manner. The relics of a *table d’hôte*, hashed up in the French style, was not the most agreeable dinner we could have desired for our first meal—especially when five francs were charged for one re-boiled fowl enfiladed by sores sauce! However, here we are; here we have been these two days; and here we purpose staying till my particular objects of research shall have been accomplished. In spite of their national antipathies, the French cannot but admit that in general “les Anglois sont bien bons et très propres.” On the evening of our arrival, we were soon saluted by a *laquais de place*—the leech-like hanger-on of every hotel—who begged to know if we would walk upon the Boulevards. We consented; turned to the right; and, gradually rising, gained a considerable eminence. Again we turned to the right, walking upon a raised promenade; while the blossoms of the pear and apple trees, within a hundred walled gardens, perfumed the air with their delicious fragrance. As we continued our route along the *Boulevard Beauvoisine*, we gained one of the most interesting and commanding views imaginable of the city of Rouen—just at that moment lighted up by the golden rays of a glorious setting sun—which gave a broader and mellower tone to the shadows upon the *Cathedral* and the *Abbey of St. Ouen*. The locality of Rouen renders it necessarily

picturesque, view it from what station you will. 'To convince you of this, examine the following sketch, made but yesterday—from nearly the same spot, only a little more elevated—by the indefatigable graphic companion of my tour.

*E. Firden. S.*

The population of Rouen should seem to be after the Chinese fashion : in other words, of an enormous extent. It is supposed to amount to full one hundred thousand souls. In truth, there is no end to the succession of human beings. They swarm like bees, and like bees are busy in bringing home the produce of their industry. You have all the bustle and agitation of Cheapside and Cornhill ; only that the ever-moving scene is carried on within limits one-half as broad. Conceive Bucklersbury, Cannon-street, and Thames-street,—and yet you cannot conceive the narrow streets of Rouen—filled with the flaunting cauchoise, and echoing to the eternal tramp of the sabot. Here they are ; men, women, and children, all abroad in the very centre of the streets—alternately encountering the splashing of the gutter, and the jostling of their townsmen—while the swift cabriolet, or slow-paced cart, or thundering diligence, severs them, and scatters them abroad, only that they may seem to be yet more condensely united. Mr. L. with the natural enthusiasm of his profession, becomes daily more in ecstasies with all around him . . . for myself, it is with difficulty I am persuaded that I am not living in the times of our Henry VIII. and of their Francis I. ; and am half disposed to inquire after the residence of *George Tailleux* the printer—the associate, or foreign agent, of your favourite *Pyynson*.\* You will call this epistle a rare rhapsody : but let it pass. To-morrow, and a few following days,

. . . . to fresh fields and pastures new .

For “fields” you must read churches ; and for “pastures”

\* See the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 137, 8.

the public library, booksellers' shops, and printers' offices. A thousand times farewell.

P. S. I cannot refrain from adding a postscript. Notwithstanding all those *tonneaus d'eau de vie* and *du vin ordinaire*, of which I spoke in the body of this letter, we have been here upwards of forty-eight hours, and have not yet encountered a drunken person. Their brandy-shops (here, as well as at Dieppe) are however as numerous as our pot-houses.



## LETTER V.

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. THE CATHEDRAL.  
 MONUMENTS. RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES. THE ABBEY  
 OF ST. OÜEN. THE CHURCHES OF ST. MACLOU, ST.  
 VINCENT, ST. VIVIEN, ST. GERVAIS, AND ST. PAUL.

I HAVE NOW made myself pretty well acquainted with the *locale* of Rouen. How shall I convey to you a summary, and yet a satisfactory, description of it? It cannot be done. Let me prose away, then, as I list—and forgive all the minuteness, and even tautology, of detail which you may encounter. You love old churches, old books, and relics of ancient art. These be my themes, therefore: so fancy yourself either strolling leisurely with me arm in arm, in the streets, or sitting at my elbow, conning over the marvellous things that this city contains. First for THE CATHEDRAL:—for what traveller of taste does not doff his bonnet to the mother church of the town through which he happens to be travelling—or in which he takes up a temporary abode? You may remember that I gave you a glimpse of this Cathedral in my last letter, as we descended from the barriers down the *pavé*, towards the city. At that time only its two end towers, and central spire-crowned tower, were visible. Now let us approach it in good earnest. The west-front,\* always the *forte* of the architect's skill, strikes

\* A view of this west front will be found in Mr. *Cotman's Norman Antiquities*.

you as you go down, or come up, the principal street ; or *La Rue des Carmes*, which seems to bisect the town into equal parts. A small open space, (which however has been miserably encroached upon by petty shops) called the *Flower-garden*, is before this western front—so that it has some little breathing room in which to expand its beauties to the wondering eye of the beholder. In my poor judgment, this western front has very few elevations comparable with it\*—even including those of *Lincoln* and *York*. It may possibly want the severe, simple, breadth of the former ; but it unites vastness of outline with minuteness of detail in a very extraordinary manner. The ornaments, especially upon the three porches, between the two towers, are numerous, rich, and for the greater part even yet entire :—in spite of the Calvinists†, the French revolution, and time. Among the lower and smaller basso relievos upon these porches, is the subject of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod. She is manœuvring on her hands, her feet being up-

\* *few elevations comparable with it.*] It is about 180 English feet in width, by about 250 in the highest part of its elevation. The plates which I saw at Mr. Frere's, bookseller, upon the Quai de Paris, from the drawings of Langlois, were very inadequate representations of the originals.

† *in spite of the Calvinists*] The ravages committed by the Calvinists throughout nearly the whole of the towns in Normandy, and especially in the cathedrals, towards the year 1560, afford melancholy proofs of the effects of religious animosities—however real, or imaginary, might have been the provocations experienced. But the Calvinists were always a bitter and ferocious sect. Pommeraye, in his quarto volume, *Histoire de l'Eglise Cathedrale de Rouen*, 1686, has devoted nearly one hundred pages to an account of Calvinistic depredations : p. 86-157. Farin is necessarily brief.

wards. To the right, the decapitation of St. John is taking place.

Of the two towers, at the western extremity, on looking at the cathedral, that to the left, or the *northern tower*, is very much the older—perhaps of the early part of the xii<sup>th</sup> century, if not of the latter part of the xii<sup>th</sup>.\* It wants, however, the elegance of the opposite, or southern tower, which I imagine to be of the xiv<sup>th</sup> century; but of which the upper part is clearly of the sixteenth.

Before I take you into the cathedral, you must just step on each side to obtain a view of the transept doors. They are both extremely elaborate in their sculpture, but the exterior approach to the northern is narrow and confined—little frequented—and half choked with every species of revolting nuisance. The southern transept makes amends for the defects of its opposite neighbour. The space before it is devoted to a sort of vegetable market: curious old houses flank this space: and the ascent to the door, but more especially the curiously sculptured porch itself, with the open spaces in the upper part—light, fanciful, and striking to a degree—produce an effect as pleasing as it is extraordinary. Add to this, the ever-restless feet of suppliants, going in and coming out—the worn pavement, and the frittered ornaments, in consequence—seem to

\* The author of the *Description Historique de Notre Dame de Rouen*, 1816, 8vo. p. 12, 13, (judiciously compiled from the larger works of *Pommeraye* and *Farin*) assigns the year 1100 as that of the commencement of the building of this tower. He seems to think it probable that it was built upon the site of the ancient tower erected by St. Romanus, about the year 633. The upper part of the tower is however of the end of the xv<sup>th</sup>. century.

convince you that the ardour and activity of devotion are almost equal to that of business. It was in front of this south transept, for five successive days, sitting within the chamber of a miserable *entre-sol*, (over what in England we should call a liquor-shop) that Mr. Lewis made the enchanting drawing which accompanies this dispatch.\*

As you enter the cathedral, at the centre door, by descending two steps, you are struck with the length and loftiness of the nave, and at the lightness of the gallery which runs along the upper part of it. By a gallery, I mean a sort of open work, or passage left between the upper ornamental arches and the solid walls: This continues throughout the choir also. Perhaps the nave is too narrow for its length. The lantern of the central large tower is beautifully light and striking. It is supported by four massive clustered pillars, about forty feet in circumference; but on casting your eye downwards, you are shocked at the tasteless division of the choir from the nave by what is called a *Gre-cian screen*: and the interior of the transepts has undergone a like preposterous restoration. The rose windows of the transepts, and that at the west end of the nave, merit your attention and commendation. I know you will be anxious to have an account of *monuments, stained glass*, and of all the *et ceteras* of cathedral accompaniments. But remember, I am not only not an architectural antiquary, but, in order to satisfy your wishes on this head, you must absolutely read professional treatises—till the enterprising and well-directed taste

\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. M. Cotman intends publishing a portion of the same subject; upon a larger scale, as an etching.

of Mr. BRITTON send some British artist over to do justice to the manifold beauties of this venerable building. Yet the drawings and etchings of M. COTMAN, of which I heard much from the inhabitants, may possibly render the enterprise of Mr. Britton useless. I could not avoid noticing, to the right, upon entrance, perhaps the oldest side chapel in the cathedral ; of a date little less ancient than that of the northern tower, before mentioned. It contains by much the finest specimens of stained glass—of the early part of the xvth century. The capitals of the pillars are of a twelfth century aspect—for I dread the chastisement of our friend N\*\*\*\*\* if I carry them only into the last ten years of the eleventh ! There is also some beautiful stained glass on each side of the Chapel of the Virgin,\* behind the choir ; but although very ancient, it is the less interesting, as not being composed of groups, or of historical subjects. Yet, in this, as in almost all the churches which I have seen, frightful devastations have been made among the stained-glass windows by the fury of the Revolutionists.

Respecting the MONUMENTS, I have no time, and less inclination, to be copiously minute : never having possessed that patient spirit of tomb-stone chronicling which is painfully evident even in the pages of some of

\* This chapel is about ninety-five English feet in length, by thirty in width, and sixty in height. The sprawling painting by Philippe de Champagne, at the end of it, has no other merit than that of covering so many square feet of wall. The architecture of this chapel is of the xivth century : the stained glass windows are of the latter end of the xvth. On going the circuit of the cathedral, one is surprised to count not fewer than *twenty-five* chapels.

our best antiquaries. Yet you ought to know that the famous ROLLO\* lies in one of the side-chapels, further

\* *the famous ROLLO.*] M. Gilbert, the author of the *Description*, &c. (mentioned at page 49, ante) says that both Rollo and his son William were buried in the south side of the cathedral, and that their remains were discovered about the year 1200, on building the present choir—and that it was Rollo who built the ancient cathedral—"according to Ordericus Vitalis and other contemporaneous historians," p. 56. But it must be observed that Vitalis, (as may be seen in Duchesne's *Hist. Normann. Script.* p. 459) says not a word about it: and from the pages of the *Neustria Pia*, (9,300-1) it should seem that Rollo was rather partial to the Abbey of St. Ouen. He died in 917. On the opposite side-chapel is the tomb of his son William Longespée, who was taken off treacherously in 944, and his remains carried for interment to the cathedral. The monumental inscriptions of these are as follow: Pommeraye (p. 68) having given the more ancient ones.

ROLLO.

Hic positus est  
Rollo  
Normanii ast territi Vastatæ  
Restitutæ  
Primus Dux Conditor Pater  
A Francone Archiep. Rotom.  
Baptizatus Anno DCCCXIII.  
Obiit Anno DCCCXVII.  
Ossa ipsius in veteri Sanctuario  
Nunc capite Navis Primum  
Condita,  
Translato Altari, Collocata  
Sunt à B. Maurilio Archiep. Rotom.  
AN. MLXIII.

But towards the end of the choir, at the back of the high altar, are monumental inscriptions yet more interesting to Englishmen. The brother of Richard I. Richard I. himself, and John Duke of Bedford. As they are short I shall give them:

RICHARD I.

Cor  
RICHARDI REGIS ANGLIÆ

WILLIAM.

Hic positus est  
Guillelmus Dictus Longua Spata  
Rollonis Filius,  
Dux Normanniæ  
Proditorie Occisus DCCCXXXIV.  
Ossa Ipsius in veteri Sanctuario,  
Ubi nunc est Caput Navis Primum  
Condita, Translato Altari, Hic  
Collocata sunt à B. Maurilio  
Archiepise. Rotom.  
Anno MLXIII.

HENRY THE YOUNGER.

Hic Jacet  
HENRICUS JUNIOR

down to the right, upon entering ; although his monument cannot be older than the XIIIth century. As you

Normanniæ Ducis  
COR LEONIS DICTI  
Obiit Anno  
MCXCIX.

Richardi Regis Angliæ  
COR Leonis DICTI Frater  
Obiit Anno  
MCLXXXIII.

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Ad dextrum Altaris Latus  
Jacet

IOANNES DUX BETFORDI  
Normanniæ pro Rex  
Obiit Anno  
MCCCCXXXV.

The Duke's tomb will be seen engraved in *Sandford's Genealogical History*, p. 314 ; which plate, in fact, is the identical one used by Ducarel ; who had the singularly good fortune to decorate his Anglo-Norman Antiquities without any expense to himself.

The above is the famous DUKE OF BEDFORD, of bibliomaniacal celebrity. Consult for one minute the *Bibl. Decameron*, vol. i. p. cxxxvi. There is a curious chapter in Pommeraye's *Histoire de l'Eglise Cathédrale de Rouen*, p. 203, respecting the Duke's taking the habit of a canon of the cathedral. He attended, with his first wife, ANNE OF BURGUNDY, and threw himself upon the liberality and kindness of the monks, to be received by them as one of their order : “ il les prioit d'être reçu parmy eux comme un de leurs frères, et d'avoir tous les jours distribution de pain et de vin, et pour marque de fraternité d'être vêtu du surplis et de l'aumusse : comme aussi d'être associé, luy et sa très généreuse et très illustre épouse, aux suffrages de leur compagnie, et à la participation de tous les biens qu'il plaira à Dieu leur donner la grace d'opérer,” p. 204. A grand procession marked the day of the Duke's admission into the monkish fraternity. The whole of this, with the Duke's superb presents to the sacristy, and his dining with his Duchess, and receiving their portion of “ eight loaves and four gallons of wine,” are distinctly narrated by the minute Pommeraye.

Sandford, after telling us that he thinks there “ never was any portraiture” of the Duke, thus sums up his character. “ He was justly accounted one of the best generals that ever blossomed out of the royal stem of PLANTAGENET. His valour was not more terrible to his enemies

approach the *Chapel of the Virgin*, you pass by an ancient monument, to the left, of a recumbent Bishop, reposing behind a thin pillar, within a vastly-pretty ornamented Gothic arch. To the eye of a tasteful antiquary, this cannot fail to have its due attraction. While however we are treading upon hallowed ground, rendered if possible more sacred by the ashes of the illustrious dead, let us move gently onwards towards the *Chapel of the Virgin*—behind the choir. See what bold and brilliant monumental figures are yonder, to the right of the altar ! How gracefully they kneel, and how devoutly they pray ! They are the figures of the CARDINALS D'AMBOISE\*—uncle and nephew :—the former,

than his memory honourable ; for (doubtful whether with more glory to him, or to the speaker) King Lewis the Eleventh, being counselled by certain envious persons to deface his tomb (wherein with him, saith one, was buried all English men's good fortune in France) used these indeed princely words : ‘ What honour shall it be to us, or you, to break this monument, and to pull out of the ground the bones of HIM, whom, in his life time, neither my father nor your progenitors, with all their puissance, were once able to make flie a foot backward ? who, by his strength, policy and wit, kept them all out of the principal dominions of France, and out of this noble duchy of Normandy ? Wherefore, I say first, GOD SAVE HIS SOUL ; and let his body now lie in rest, which, when he was alive, would have disquieted the proudest of us all. And for THIS TOMB, I assure you it is not so worthy or convenient as his honour and acts have deserved.’” p. 314-5, Ed. 1707.

\* *the CARDINALS D'AMBOISE.*] France can boast of few brighter ornaments of church and of state than were these Cardinals : both of the Christian name of GEORGE. The uncle died in 1510 : the nephew about thirty years afterwards. It was the uncle, minister of Louis XII. who diverted the rivers of *Robec* and *Aubette* so as to pass through the city of Rouen for the purpose of dyeing and manufacturing woollen cloths. He also caused to be built, at his own expense, the whole of the façade of the west front, between the towers, running over the ancient porches



minister of Louis XII. and (what does not necessarily follow, but what gives him an infinitely higher claim

—"full (says Gilbert) of the most beautiful filagree-looking work." The magnificent tomb, above mentioned, was executed at the charge and cost of the nephew, and finished in 1522. The names of the artists employed upon it are, unfortunately, unknown. It is about twenty-three feet high, by seventeen in length; and displays the following inscription:

PASTOR ERAM CLERI, POPULI PATER, AUREA SESE  
LILIA SUBDEBANT, QUERCUS ET IPSA MIHI.  
MORTUUS EN IACEO, MORTE EXTINGUUNTUR HONORES:  
AT VIRTUS MORTIS NESCIA, MORTE VIRET.

"This sumptuous monument was erected in the year 1522, by George d'Amboise, the nephew, when he was only Archbishop of Rouen, and had no great expectation of obtaining the purple; so that his statue, which was at that time placed on the mausoleum, represented him dressed in his archiepiscopal habit: but as soon as he had procured a cardinal's hat, he ordered his statue to be taken down, and replaced by that which we now see. This mausoleum is said to have been seven years in making." DUCAREL; p. 19. I wish Ducarel had stated his authority for this anecdote. The word "*quercus*," in the above inscription, alludes to Pope Julius II. who was of the house of ROVERA: it is the Italian word latinised. Perhaps the three greatest ministers which France ever possessed, were AMBOISE, SULLY, and COLBERT. Voltaire, who always loved a sneer at churchmen, says, that if Amboise had but *one* benefice in his own diocese, the *whole Kingdom of France* served him for a *second*! It may have been so; for the Archbishop died immensely rich—leaving (according to the authors of the *Gallia Christiana*, vol. xi. col. 96,) not less than 300,000 crowns (aureorum, qu.?) behind him—but then "he made THE POOR HIS HEIRS, and willed that they should enjoy every thing which he had accumulated by means of his archiepiscopal, or other, revenues." Pope Julius II. pretended that Amboise had no right, as a churchman, to leave such an immense property behind him: but the King (Louis XII.) was of a different opinion; and, on the other hand, forbade the interference of the Pope in the disposition of private property. The Archbishop's improvements in the

upon the gratitude of posterity) the restorer and beautifier of the glorious building in which you are contemplating his figure ! This splendid monument is entirely of black and white marble, of the early part of the sixteenth century. The figures just mentioned are of white marble, kneeling upon cushions, beneath a rich canopy of Gothic fret-work. They are in their professional robes ; their heads are bare, exhibiting the tonsure, with the hair in one large curl behind. A small whole-length figure of *St. George*, their tutelary saint, is below them, in gilded

CATHEDRAL alone shewed the liberality and munificence of his character. His letters must be interesting ; and especially those to Francis de Paula (of the order of the *Minimes*, to which order the Cardinal was much attached), of whom he was very fond. The Cardinal died in his fiftieth year only ; and his funeral was graced and honoured by the presence of his royal master. Guicciardini calls him “ the oracle and right arm of Louis.” Of eight brothers, whom he left behind, four attained to the episcopal rank. His nephew succeeded him as Archbishop. See also *Historia Genealogica Magnatum Franciæ* ; vol. vii. p. 129 : quoted in the work last mentioned.

It was during the archiepiscopacy of the successor of the nephew of Amboise—namely, that of CHARLES of BOURBON—that the *Calvinistic persecution* commenced. “ Tunc vero cœpit civitas, diœcesis, universaque provincia lamentabilem in modum conflictari, sævientibus ob religionis dissidia plusquam civilibus bellis,” &c. But then the good Archbishop, however bountiful he might have been towards the poor at *Ronccvalles*, (when he escorted Philip II.'s first wife Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II. to the confines of Spain, after he had married her to that wretched monarch) should not have inflamed the irritated minds of the Calvinists, by BURNING ALIVE, in 1559, *John Cottin*, one of their most eminent preachers ; by way of striking terror into the rest ! . Well might the Chronicler observe, as the result, “ novas secta illa in dies acquirebat vires.” About 1560-2 the Calvinists got the upper hand ; and repaid the Catholics with a vengeance ! Charles of Bourbon died in 1590 : so that he had an arduous and agitated time of it.

marble: and the whole base, or lower frieze, of the monument is surrounded by six delicately sculptured females, about three feet high, emblematic of the virtues for which these cardinals were so eminently distinguished. Take one—as a specimen—representing CHARITY.



The cross and the heart were mutilated during the Revolution. These figures again are flanked by eight smaller ones, placed in carved niches; while above them, in turn, are the twelve Apostles, not less beautifully executed.

On gazing at this splendid monument of ancient piety and liberality—and with one's mind deeply intent upon the characters of the deceased—let us fancy we hear the sound of the great bell from the south-west tower . . . called AMBOISE TOWER\* . . . erected, both

\* *called AMBOISE TOWER.*] You can never approach the Cathedral without being teased by a half-dozen ragged-coated little rogues, who importune you “to mount the tower.” But the GREAT TOM of France no longer exists there. This bell was broken in the year 1786, on the arrival of Louis XVI. at Rouen; and during the revolutionary period of 1793 it was conveyed to Romilly, for the purpose of being melted into cannon. Yet fragments of it were transported to the mint at Paris, for the sake of striking a few medals from it. These medals are of the rarest possible occurrence. Millin, in his *Hist. Medaillique de la Revolution Française*, Paris, 1808, 8vo. has engraved the two sides of one. The English are fond of the histories of great bells; and I shall give a very brief one of the present. It was cast in 1501, under the auspices of the first Cardinal d'Amboise, by one JEAN LE MASSON, or MACHON; who, the story goes, died of joy on having succeeded in the attempt, and was buried at the end of the nave under a small tomb, with a bell sculptured upon it. The following were the verses upon his tomb, before the Revolution had destroyed both:

*Cy-dessous gist Jehan le Machon,  
De Chartres, homme de fuchon,  
Lequel fondist GEORGES d'AMBOISE,  
Qui trente-six mille livre poise,  
Mil cinq cens un, jour d'aoust deuxiesme,  
Puis mourust le vingt et uniesme.*

This unfortunately-sensitive artist never lived to hear the sound of the bell which he had manufactured; for it was not rung until the 16th of February, 1502, by sixteen men. See *Pommeraye*, p. 50. 1686, folio. The following was the quatrain, in Gothic letters, which was cut upon the bell itself:

*Je suis nommee Georges d'Amboise,  
Qui bien trente-six mille poise:  
Et cil qui bien me poiserà,  
Quarante mille y troubera.*

the bell and the tower, by the uncle and minister d'AMBOISE. How the tone goes to one's heart! How the nave and the choir reverberate its echoes! 'Tis delusion all; a mere cheat of the imagination. But know, my dear friend, that there was *once* a bell, (and the largest in Europe, save one) which used to send forth its sound, for three successive centuries, from the said tower. This bell was broken about thirty years ago, and was destroyed in the ravages of the immediately succeeding years.\* The south-west tower remains and the upper part of the central tower, with the whole of the lofty wooden spire:—the fruits of the liberality of the excellent men of whom such honourable mention has been made. Considering that this spire is very lofty, and composed of wood, it is surprising that it has not

Below these were sixteen hexameter and pentameter verses. The diameter of the bell was nearly eleven feet English. The enormous size of the clapper (weighing 1838 lbs.) is said to have been the cause of the original fracture. The knob of this clapper, yet in existence at the door of a blacksmith of Deville, a village near Rouen, is seventeen inches thick. It follows that this bell, although smaller than that at Moscow, was the largest in the world which was placed in a tower and sounded.

It may be worth further remarking, that this tower goes by the name of the *Butter Tower*. In other words, the Pope permitted the town's-folk and country people, who had contributed by liberal donations to its re-edification, to sell *butter* and *milk* in the market-place during Lent.

\* The choir was formerly separated from the surrounding chapels, or rather from the space between it and the chapels, by a superb brass grating, full of the most beautiful arabesque ornaments—another testimony of the magnificent spirit of the Cardinal and Prime Minister of Louis XII. : whose arms, as well as the figure of his patron, St. George, were seen in the centre of every compartment . . . . . The Revolution has not left a vestige behind !

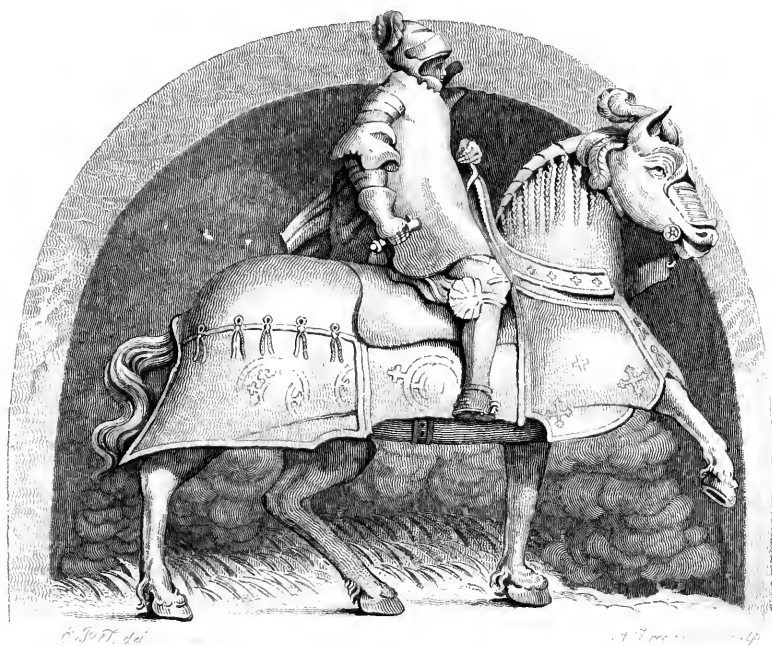
been destroyed by tempest, or accident from lightning.\* The taste of it is rather capricious than beautiful.

But I have not yet done with the monuments, or rather have only commenced the account of them. Examine yonder recumbent figure, to the left of the altar, opposite the splendid monument upon which I have just been dilating. It is lying upon its back, with a ghastly expression of countenance, representing the moment when the last breath has escaped from the body. It is the figure of the Grand SENESCHAL DE BREZÉ,†—Governor of Rouen, and husband of the celebrated DIANE DE POICTIERS—that thus claims our attention. This figure is quite naked, lying upon its back, with the right hand placed upon the stomach, but in an action which indicates *life*—and therefore is in bad taste, as far as truth is concerned ; for the head being

\* It has, however, undergone great changes and reparations. This central tower, with the superincumbent spire, displays the architecture of the xiii<sup>th</sup>, xiv<sup>th</sup>, and xv<sup>th</sup> centuries. From bottom to top it is four hundred and thirty English feet in height. The cock is fixed upon a slender base of only six inches ; yet it measures three feet and a half in length. It is supposed to be precisely parallel with the top of Mont St. Catharine. Let me add, that the whole length of the cathedral is about four hundred and forty feet ; and the transept about one hundred and seventy-five, English measure. The height of the nave is about ninety, and of the lantern one hundred and sixty-eight feet, English. The length of the nave is two hundred and twenty-eight feet.

† *the Grand SENESCHAL DE BREZÉ.*] He died in 1531. Both the ancient and yet existing inscriptions are inserted by Gilbert, from Pommeraye and Farin, and formerly there was seen, in the middle of the monument, the figure of the Seneschal habited as a Count, with all the insignia of his dignity. But this did not outlive the Revolution.

fallen back, much shrunken, and with a ghastly expression of countenance—indicating that some time has elapsed since it breathed its last—the hand could not rest in this position. The cenotaph is of black marble, disfigured by the names of idle visitors who choose to leave such impertinent memorials behind! The famous GOUJON is supposed to be the sculptor of the figure, which is painfully clever, but it strikes me as being too small. At any rate, the arms and body seem to be too strong and fleshy for the shrunken and death-stricken expression of the countenance. Above the Seneschal, thus prostrate and lifeless, there is another and a very clever representation of him on a smaller scale; as the following copy (supplied from an etching by an ingenious female) evidently proves.



On each side of this figure (which has not escaped serious injury) are two females in white marble; one representing the VIRGIN, and the other DIANA OF POICTIERS:\* they are little more than half the size of

\* DIANA OF POICTIERS.]—Again mention made of this extraordinary woman!? (See the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 486, &c.) The other figure, with a child in its arms, supposed to be the VIRGIN, is by some with more propriety thought to be the nurse of the Seneschal. She is in the act of giving nourishment to a child, and the child is considered to be no less a personage than the Seneschal himself. In Pommeraye's time (about the year 1680) there used to be a number of *votive* gifts “presented by the piety of the faithful.” These have been all stolen. Besides the two figures of the Virgin or Nurse, and Diana, there are, by the side of the equestrian statue, female figures representing the four virtues Prudence, Glory, Victory, and Faith. To her honour it must be mentioned, that Diana was exceedingly liberal in her presents to the Cathedral. I regretted that I had not an opportunity of visiting even the scite only of the *Chateau d'Anet*, the residence of that extraordinary woman—especially as it was near Dreux, in the neighbourhood of Rouen—but I was deterred by the assurance that not a vestige of it remained; the whole having been broken up and *appropriated* during the revolution. Gilbert quotes the verses upon this castle by Voltaire, in his *Henriade*,

Il voit les murs d'*Anet*, bâtis aux bords de l'Elure;  
Lui-même en ordonna la superbe structure.

and refers to the *Anecdotes, &c. des Reines et Regentes de France*, 1776, vol. iv. p. 456.

Brantome may be advantageously consulted; as will be acknowledged on reading the smart and lively account of Diana in the VIIIth. chapter of the 1st volume of [Sir Nathaniel] *Wraxall's Memoirs of the Kings of France*; 1777, 8vo. an amusing, and now uncommon performance. In *Zeiller's Topography of Gaul*, forming three volumes out of the sixteen in folio, of his views of the principal towns in Europe, 1650, &c., there is a bird's eye view of the CHATEAU D'ANET, from which it appears to have been, even at that time, in every respect magnificent



life. The whole is in the very best style of the sculpture of the time of Francis I. These precious speci-

and complete. A kind of heavy portal entrance, in the middle, (like that which may be now seen at the late Colonel Serjeantson's mansion, near Cuckfield, in Sussex,) conducted you into a mansion containing three sides of a sort of college quadrangle—the ends, upon entering, having round towers, of a castellated structure. Immediately behind the house was a sumptuous garden, laid out in formal flower beds, and flanked, apparently, by offices and garden houses. Two fountains played in the middle. Behind the garden, again, there was a large smooth meadow or lawn, with a piece of water in the middle—the whole surrounded by trees. On each side of the house, was a large court, surrounded with offices for servants. In the centre of each court a large fountain played; having a stag in the centre of one, and a statue of Diana in that of the other. To the right of the right hand court, appears what may be called stables—or the menagerie of Diana: and behind this, was a thick wood or forest. Upon a hill, to the left of the meadow behind the garden, was a church and a crucifix by the side of it. Everything wears the aspect of a royal residence. Sir N. Wraxall observes that it was respectable even when he saw it in 1774.

It must be admitted that Diana, when she caused the verses

*Indivulsa tibi quondam et fidissima conjux  
Vt fuit in thalamo, sic erit in tumulo.*

to be engraved upon the tomb of the Seneschal, might well have “moved the bile” of the pious Benedictine Pommeraye, and have excited the taunting of Ducarel, when they thought upon her subsequent connexion, in the character of mistress, with Henry the Second of France. Henry however endeavoured to compensate for his indiscretions by the pomp and splendor of his processions. Rouen, so celebrated of old for the entries of Kings and Nobles, seems to have been in a perfect blaze of splendor upon that of the Lover of Diana—“qui fut plus magnifique que toutes celles qu'on avoit vu jusqu'alors:” see *Farin's Hist. de la Ville de Rouen*, vol. i. p. 121, where there is a singularly minute and gay account of all the orders and degrees of citizens—(with their gorgeous accoutrements of white plumes, velvet

mens of art, as well as several other similar remains, were carried away during the revolution, to a place of

hats, rich brocades, and curiously wrought taffetas) of whom the processions were composed. It must have been a perfectly dramatic sight, upon the largest possible scale. It was from respect to the character or the memory of DIANA, that so many plaister-representations of her were erected on the exteriors of buildings: especially of those within small squares or quadrangles. In wandering about Rouen, I stumbled upon several old mansions of this kind.

May I be forgiven for an extension of this note?—already perhaps somewhat unconscionably long. DE THOU, who was a little boy, about six years of age, when he was present at the tilting match between Henry II. and Montgomery (so fatal to the former,\*) seems to have been unusually enflamed against Diana: and certainly he lived near enough to the time in which she ruled her royal lover, to gather evidence which would necessarily escape a later historian. He calls her a woman of a proud and weak understanding;” adding, that “it was thought she ruled Henry by means of philtres and charms, and that she preserved her unbounded influence over him, till the close of his life. All things (continues he) were ruled by her authority; and Montmorenci himself submitted to the veriest acts of meanness to ingratiate himself with her—“*pessimo exemplo summi imperii ad impotentis fœminæ libidinem prostituti.*” A little onward he says that

\* “Je vis blesser le Roi Henry II. par Mongommery. La Reine mère fit démolir les *Tournelles* pour ce fait: lieu ainsi appelé, à cause d’un vieux Chateau, où il y avoit beaucoup de tournelles.” See the THUANA, p. 199: attached to De Thou’s *Hist. sui temp.* De Thou treats this duel (in which the stump of Montgomery’s lance penetrated the eye and fractured the skull of Henry) much too seriously. A various reading has it—“*regem, in gregarii militis modum, dignitatis suæ oblitum, inter ludos jocosque periisse.*” But surely it was only the indulgence of a high chivalrous feeling, common to that age—and which had been in some sort practised by Henry’s own father with our Henry VIII. Besides, it must be remembered that Montgomery, the ablest champion of the lance in Christendom, was compelled unwillingly to fight. De Thou says that Henry’s death was predicted by Luca Guaricus, a mathematician and conjuror. See his History; vol. i. p. 762-3.

safety. The choir is spacious, and well adapted to its purposes; but who does not grieve to see the Archbishop's stall, once the most curious and costly, of the Gothic order, and executed at the end of the xvth century, transformed into a stately common-place canopy, supported by columns of chestnut-wood carved in the Grecian style? The LIBRARY, which used to terminate the north transept, is—not gone—but transferred. A fanciful stair-case, with an appropriate inscription,\*

the King “*effusè Annam diligebat*”—and that Diana was equally “*mistress of the royal stud and palace.*” *Hist. Sui Temporis: edit. Buckley*, vol. i. p. 108-9. At p. 767 he thus describes her downfall:

.... Deserted in her utmost need

By those her former bounty fed! . . .

“*VALENTINA* [she was the *DUCHESSE DE VALENTINOIS*] *ignominiose aula exigitur, regia gaza ac gemmis ingentis pretii, quas illa penes se habebat, non sine exprobratione repetitis: quod insigne fluxæ aulicorum fidei testimonium fuit. Nam ex iis omnibus, quos, dum rerum potiretur, multos sed fere indignos ad honores evexerat, nemo unus repertus, qui jacentis et a suis relictæ fortunam sublevaret, prævalente adversus beneficia privata odio publico.*” vol. i. 767.

\* *with an appropriate inscription.*] The inscription is this:

*Si quem sancta tenet meditando in lege voluntas,*

*Hic poterit residens, sacris intendere libris.*

Pommeraye has rather an interesting gossiping chapter [Chap. xxii.] “*De la Bibliothèque de la Cathédrale:*” p. 163: to which *FRANÇOIS DE HARLAY*, about the year 1630, was one of the most munificent benefactors. Ducarel thus notices this library, as it appeared in his time. “*The LIBRARY belonging to the cathedral is a noble gallery, one hundred feet in length by twenty feet in breadth; but hath not a sufficient quantity of light. It is furnished with a great number of printed books, and some indifferent pictures of its benefactors. Free access is allowed to all persons desirous of studying there, from eight of the clock in the morning till twelve, and from two till five in the afternoon, of every day in the week except Sundays and holidays;*” p. 23.

yet attest that it was formerly an appendage to that part of the edifice.

Before I quit the subject of the cathedral, I must not fail to tell you something relating to the rites performed therein. Let us quit therefore the dead for the living. Of course we saw here, a repetition of the ceremonies observed at Dieppe; but previously to the feast of the *Ascension*\* we were also present at

\* *feast of the Ascension.*] On this day there was formerly a very singular ceremony observed—which has now gone to decay. At least none such took place during my stay—although the prisons did not want even capital criminals. It may perhaps be worth while to refer the reader to Ducarel, p. 23, for a copious account of this ceremony.

The authors of the *Gallia Christiana*, vol. xi. col. 3, &c. notice the privilege, enjoyed by the Chapter, of rescuing one condemned malefactor from decapitation, upon the feast of the Ascension; and at col. 12 it is again somewhat more particularly mentioned. Speaking of the victory gained by the Saint over the Devil—and especially of the “*Draconis ingentis simulacrum, quasi imago idololatriæ prostratæ*”—they take care to warn us, in a note, that the Devil, or the Dragon of St. Romanus was “not a real dragon,” but only a symbol of idolatry—like those dragons attached to the figures of St. Marcellus and St. Margaret.

Evelyn, who visited the cathedral of Rouen in 1644, says that “the quire had behind it a GREATER DRAGON paynted on the wall; which they said had don much harme to the inhabitants till vanquished by *St. Romain*, their archbishop; for which there is an annual procession.” *Life and Writings of John Evelyn*; vol. i. p. 56, edit. 1818. No traces of this precious piece of fresco painting now remain. Indeed I do not find it even noticed by Pommeraye, who published upon the cathedral about forty years afterwards.

St. Romain, or Romanus, was the first Archbishop of Rouen. In the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum* of Martene and Durand, vol. iii. col. 1653, &c. there is a metrical life of this archiepiscopal Saint.

the confirmation of three hundred boys and three hundred girls, each very neatly and appropriately dressed, in a sort of sabbath attire, and each holding a lighted wax taper in the hand. The girls were dressed in white, with white veils; and the rich lent veils to those who had not the means of purchasing them. The cathedral, especially about the choir, was crowded to excess. I hired a chair, stood up, and gazed as earnestly as the rest. The interest excited among the parents, and especially the mothers, was very striking. “Voilà la petite—qu’elle a l’air charmant!—le petit ange!”... A stir is made ... they rise ... and approach, in the most measured order, the rails of the choir... There they deposit their tapers. The priests, very numerous, extinguish them as dexterously as they can; and the whole cathedral is perfumed with the mixed scent of the wax and frankincense. The boys, on approaching the altar, and giving up their tapers, kneel down; then shut their eyes, open their mouths; and the priests deposit the consecrated wafer upon their tongues. The procession now took a different direction. They all went into the nave, where a sermon was preached to the young people, expressly upon the occasion, by a Monsieur Quillebeuf, a canon of the cathedral, and a preacher of considerable popularity. He had one of the most meagre and forbidding physiognomies I ever beheld, and his beard was black and unshaven. But he preached well; fluently, and even eloquently: making a very singular, but not ungraceful, use of his left arm—and displaying at times rather a happy familiarity of manner, wholly exempt from vulgarity, and well suited to the capacities and

feelings of his youthful audience. His subject was “belief in Christ Jesus;” on which he gave very excellent proofs and evidences. His voice was thin, but clear, and distinctly heard.

On the Feast of the *Ascension*, the Archbishop officiated. He is the brother of Cambacérés, the second Consul of France when Bonaparte was the first; and he is said to have once brandished the dagger as gracefully as he now does the crosier. However this may be, the Archbishop is, upon the whole, rather popular—yet not with his clergy: by some of whom he is called cunning and worldly, and by others ignorant and selfish. The laity will have it that he is “too shrewd for his brethren.” He is a very portly gentleman, above the mean height; and the Abbé T\*\*\*, with whom I walked to the ceremony, did not scruple to call him “une grosse machine de chair.” His countenance is full, but of a benign expression; and he has a sort of gentlemanly air with him. I was opposite to him during the service. He sat in his modernised stall, before described; and had two attendants, full-dressed, with bag-wigs and swords. His square cardinal’s cap was placed upon the red cushion before him. During the service he seemed to enjoy his frequent pinch of snuff, but was not free from the odious custom of spitting—even over the sides of his stall. I had however the satisfaction of witnessing about his person the only clean pair of bands and white pocket-handkerchief, which I had then seen in France. The service was long, and wearisomely ceremonial: but I could not disguise my indignation on seeing the canons, in pairs, or alone, as they passed the stall to

and from the high altar, make low obeisances, almost amounting to prostrations, before the Archbishop; of which the latter took as little notice as the Great Turk would of those of his Muftis. This adulation to man, in a house of God, is most repulsive to honest feelings. The Archbishop lives in a retired manner, within an old and spacious palace, hard by the cathedral, into which he has a private entrance; and is said to be shy of letting the English visit his residence.\* The revenues of the archbishopric are yet very considerable; but they are supposed to have once netted little short of £30,000. sterling.†

And now, my dear Friend, if you are not tired with this détour of the CATHEDRAL, suppose we take a promenade to the next most important ecclesiastical edifice in the city of Rouen. What say you therefore to a stroll to the ABBEY of ST. OUEN?‡ “Willingly,”

\* He died within eight months after the ceremony above witnessed, in his 62d year.

† In the year 1740, the diocese of Rouen comprehended thirty rural deaneries, thirty-four abbeys, twelve monasteries, and at least forty other congregations or societies—of both sexes. To this, add one thousand four hundred and thirty parishes, besides chapels and subsidiary establishments. In the whole, one thousand seven hundred places of worship. *Gallia Christiana*; vol. xi. edit. 1759.

‡ *the ABBEY of ST. OUEN.*] The first sixty pages of the *Neustria Pia* are devoted to an account of this abbey. It will answer all reasonable purpose, if, from these minute and ponderous details, it be only observed that there was probably an ecclesiastical building, on the present scite of St. Ouen, erected about the year 540 during the reign of Clothaire I. as Pope Gregory I. is supposed to have granted some privileges to the monks of the said church or abbey—first dedicated to St. Peter, about the year 595. However, the piety of St.

methinks I hear you reply.—To the abbey therefore let us go. In other words, you must listen patiently to my description of this enchanting building.

AUDOEN or St. Ouen, together with his attachment to this favourite spot, soon eclipsed all recollections of previous devotional ardour, among the monks and abbots. The second chapter of the *Neustria Pia* affords abundant confirmation of this remark; and thenceforward, St. Ouen, having been made Archbishop of Rouen, and dying in 638 (not in 689, as Ducarel intimates), the abbey was to be designated by his own name. Consult too the *Gallia Christiana*, vol. xi. col. 12, &c. Ducarel says, that “St. Ouen dying at Clichy, his body was brought to Rouen, and deposited in a tomb which he had prepared for himself during his life-time, within the church of St. Peter, now the abbey church of St. Ouen:” that “three years after his interment, his remains were, by his successor Ausbert, inclosed in a shrine of silver, and placed near the high altar:” and that, “in 842 they were removed to Paris, and in 918 brought back to this abbey, where they remained till they were burnt by the Calvinists in 1562.” p. 25; *note*.

This is erroneous. The shrine might have been carried away in 842, when the whole abbey was utterly destroyed by the incursions and ravages of the Normans. Towards the commencement of the following century, ROLLO and other Norman chieftains were converted to Christianity—when also, the shrine might have been restored: but about the year 1050 the abbey was destroyed by fire; and is supposed to have been rebuilt by Richard I. and the Empress Maud, in the following century. However, in the year 1248 it suffered a second general destruction by fire—“Qui combussit ecclesias S. Laurentij et S. Gildardi, et TOTAM ABBATIAM S. AUDOENI. Tantum enim inualuit impetus ignis, vt omnia ædificia breui consumpserit, campanasque liquefecerit, et abbatem cum monachis exindè fugere compulerit.” It is true, the monks carried away some “ornaments, chalices, deeds, writings, and reliques;” but I apprehend the shrine of the FOUNDER was rather too weighty for transportation. See the *Neustria Pia*; p. 31. The Hugonots of 1562 have enough to answer for, without the additional act of sacrilege in destroying the



Leaving the Cathedral, you go along the *Rue des Carmes*, and pass a beautifully sculptured fountain (of the early time of Francis I.) which stands at the corner of a street, to the right; and which, from its central situation, is visited the live-long day for the sake of its limpid waters. Push on a little further; then, turning to the right, you get into a sort of square, and observe the ABBEY—or rather the *west-front* of it, full in face of you. You gaze, and are first struck with its matchless window: call it rose, or marygold, as you please. I think, for delicacy and richness of ornament, this window is perfectly unrivalled. There is a play of line in the mullions, which, considering their size and strength, may be pronounced quite a master-piece of art. You approach, regretting the neglected state of the lateral towers, and enter, through

shrine of St. Ouen. It was *after this fire*, towards the end of the xiiith, or rather about the beginning of the xivth century, that the abbey, in its *present form*, was begun to be erected by the celebrated JEAN MARDARGENT—and the building was continued by the ten successive abbots. But the Abbots Bohier and Cibo, in the xvth century, put the finishing strokes to it, as it now appears; though yet imperfect. Consult *Pommeraye's Histoire de l'Abbaye Royale de St. Ouen de Rouen*, 1662, folio: especially the xxi-iiid chapters: p. 188. Consult also Ducarel; p. 26. “La seconde singularité c'est l'édifice de l'église et maisons de l'ABBAYE DE ST. OUEN, comprins les plaisants iardins et vollier de toutes sortes d'oyseaux: où y a aussi vne fontaine de marbre haute esleuee avecques diuers tuyaux d'un plaisant et singulier artifice: et je puis asseurer que le nef de ce temple est la plus ample et mieux vitree qui soit en ce royaume.” Such is the pithy but eloquent little passage of *Bourgueville*, relating to this abbey, in his *Recherches et Antiquités de Caen*; 1588, 8vo. p. 39, from a personal survey of it towards the middle of the xvth century.

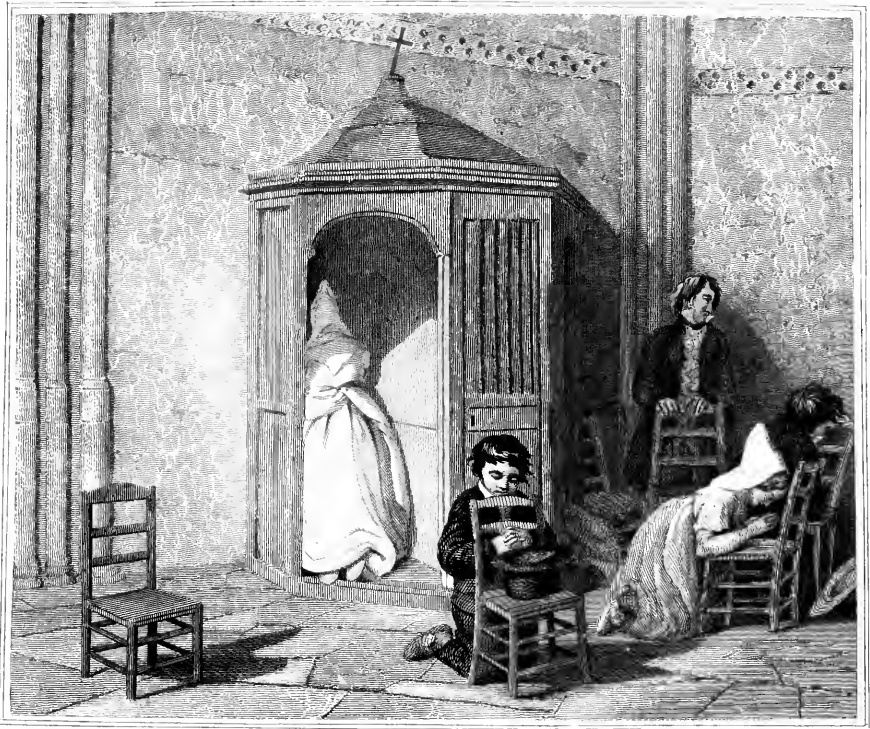
the large and completely-opened centre doors, the nave of the Abbey. It was towards sun-set when we made our first entrance. The evening was beautiful; and the variegated tints of sun-beam, admitted through the stained glass of the window, just noticed, were perfectly enchanting. The window itself, as you look upwards, or rather as you fix your eye upon the centre of it, from the remote end of the Abbey, or the *Lady's Chapel*, was a perfect blaze of dazzling light: and nave, choir, and side aisles, seemed magically illumined...

Seemed all on fire—within, around;  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound....

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

We declared instinctively that the ABBEY OF ST. OUEN could hardly have a rival;—certainly no superior.

A trifling circumstance here occurred to divert our attention. In one of the remoter side chapels, feebly visited by all this magic of light, there stood a *Confessional*. Within this confessional was an invisible priest. On the outside a woman was kneeling and confessing: just before her, upon the pavement, between the pillars of the choir and the confessional, a poor woman, and a lad or two, had each taken a chair, and were praying in the attitudes here exhibited by the rapid pencil of Mr. Lewis: and I will defy you to see the story better told in any of the more elaborate engravings of Picart. In the course of my correspondence, you will probably be treated with another similar exhibition or two.



As the evening came on, the gloom of almost every side chapel and recess was rendered doubly impressive by the devotion of numerous straggling supplicants; and invocations to the presiding spirit of the place, reached the ears and touched the hearts of the by-standers. The grand western entrance presents you with the most perfect view of the choir—a magical circle, or rather oval—flanked by lofty and clustered pillars, and free from the surrounding obstruction of screens, &c. Nothing more airy and more captivating of the kind can be imagined. The finish and delicacy of these pillars are quite surprising. Above, below, around—every thing is

in the purest style of the xivth and xvth centuries. The central tower is a tower of beauty as well as of strength. Yet in regard to further details, connected with the interior, it must be admitted that there is very little more which is deserving of particular description : except it be *the gallery*, which runs within the walls of the nave and choir, and which is considerably more light and elegant than that of the cathedral. A great deal has been said about the circular windows at the end of the south transept, and they are undoubtedly elegant : but compared with the one at the extremity of the nave, they are rather to be noticed from the tale attached to them, than from their positive beauty. The tale, my friend, is briefly this. These windows were finished (as well as the larger one at the west front) about the year 1439. One of them was executed by the master-mason, the other by his apprentice ; and on being criticised by competent judges, the performance of the *latter* was said to eclipse that of the former. In consequence, the master became jealous and revengeful, and actually poniarded his apprentice. He was of course tried, condemned, and executed ; but an existing monument to his memory attests the humanity of the monks in giving him christian interment.\* On the whole, it is the absence

\* *christian interment.*]—“ Les Religieux de Saint Ouen touchez de compassion envers ce malheureux artisan, obtinrent son corps de la justice, et pour reconnoissance des bons services qu'il leur avoit rendus dans la construction de leur église, nonobstant sa fin tragique, ne laissèrent pas de luy fair l'honneur de l'inhumer dans la chapelle de sainte Agnes, où sa tombè se voit encore avec cet Epitaphe :

*Cy gist M. ALEXANDRE DE BERNEUAL, Maistre des oeuvres de Massonnerie.*

of all obtrusive and unappropriate ornament which gives to the interior of this building that light, unencumbered, and faery-like effect which so peculiarly belongs to it, and which creates a sensation that I never remember to have felt within any other similar edifice.

Let me however put in a word for the *organ*. It is immense, and perhaps larger than that belonging to the Cathedral. The tin pipes (like those of the organ in the Cathedral) are of their natural colour. I paced the pavement beneath, and think it cannot be short of forty English feet in length. Indeed, in all the churches which I have yet seen, the organs strike me as being of magnificent dimensions.

You should be informed however that the extreme length of the interior, from the further end of the Chapel of the Virgin, to its opposite western extremity, is about four hundred and fifty English feet ; while the height, from the pavement to the roof of the nave, or the choir, is one hundred and eight English feet. The transepts are about one hundred and forty feet in length.\* The *monuments* are easily run

*au Bailliage de Rouen, et de cette Eglise, qui trépassa l'an de grace, 1440, le 5 Janvier. Priez Dieu pour l'ame de luy.*

POMMERAYE : *Hist de L'Abbaye de St. Ouen*, p. 197, 1662, folio.

At Paris, in a collection of prints, relating to Normandy, (see page 41 ante) I saw some clever, minute engravings in Grignion's style, of these three rose windows: together with a geometrical plan of the abbey. But these I think may be seen in Pommeraye, p. 196.

\* The reader will find a description of the interior of this Abbey in Ducarel, p. 28, as it appeared in his time. I may add, however, that the clock, with " the figures of St. Michael and the Devil," and the " grilles de fer," are now no longer in existence.

over: indeed they scarcely deserve to be mentioned. Not so the *exterior* of this wonderful building. I have already told you that the west end was never completed, but what *is* finished is worthy of its neighbouring beauties. The central tower, upon the whole, is not only the grandest tower in Rouen, but there is nothing for its size in our own country that can compete with it. It rises upwards of one hundred feet above the roof the church; and is supported below, or rather within, by four magnificent cluster-pillared bases, each about thirty-two feet in circumference. Its area, at bottom, can hardly be less than thirty-six feet square. The effect, seen at a due distance, is perfectly enchanting—owing to the fine proportions of every thing about it, which are neither too slim nor too massive, neither too plain nor too ornate. Turn which way you will, from any part of the town or boulevards, the great tower of this Abbey lifts its magnificent head

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The choir is flanked by flying buttresses, which have a double tier of small arches, altogether “marvellous and curious to behold.” Attached to the northern transept, was *once* a REFECTORY, CHAPTER-HOUSE, and CLOISTER. But refectory, chapter-house, and cloisters, are now gone!—save a mere relic of the latter. What could have caused their removal, think you? The vandalic revolution? No—for hereunto adjoining, stand some offices of government; the *Hotel de Ville, Library, &c.*—and the Refectory was taken down in

order that it might not *impede the view* of a tasteless, monotonous pile of what is called Greek or Roman architecture—in which the said government offices are contained! Nay, down went the very *northern porch* itself, attached to the northern transept . . and all this within three years of writing the melancholy record of such a preconcerted, tasteless, act of demolition. Where were the pencils—where were the pens—of the whole “*corps academique*” of the city of Rouen. Pommeraye has favoured us with a view of this refectory, &c.\* and my friend M. Le Prevost gratified me with a sight of some drawings of it—executed at his own expense, to enrich his choice little cabinet. It is due however to the present corporation to state, that the *earliest* acts of devastation commenced during the revolution; yet the gratitude of the survivors of that horrible scene should rather have repaired what had been effaced, than have demolished the whole fabric—for the petty gratification of an architect’s vanity. To compensate you, in some measure, for this ruthless act, you may steal quietly

\* *Pommeraye has favoured us with a view of this refectory.*]—It is a bird’s-eye view, and will be found between pages 220 and 221 of his History. It is not only a view of the refectory and cloisters, but of the gardens, &c. and is extremely curious. In Ducarel’s time those fine appurtenances were standing. He thus describes them. “The REFECTORY, CHAPTER HOUSE, and CLOISTERS, are very grand edifices. In the latter, which appears to be much more ancient than the church, I observed some old stone desks stuck to the pillars, and designed to place books upon: but I did not meet with the image of any saint, or crucifix,” *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*,” 1767, folio, p. 29. See old Bourgueville’s short description, at page 73 ante; where he talks of singing birds warbling in the adjacent gardens.

round to the porch of the *south transept*, and witness, in that porch, one of the most chaste, light, and lovely specimens of Gothic architecture, which can be contemplated. Indeed, I hardly know any thing like it.\* The leaves of the poplar and ash were beginning to mantle the exterior; and, seen through their green and gay lattice work, the tracteries of the porch seemed to assume a more interesting aspect. They are now mending the upper part of the façade with new stone of peculiar excellence—but it does not harmonise with the old work. They merit our thanks, however, for the preservation of what remains of this precious pile. I should remark to you that the eastern and north-eastern sides of the abbey of St. Ouen are surrounded by promenades and trees: so that, occasionally, either when walking, or sitting upon the benches, within these gardens, you catch one of the finest views imaginable of the abbey. Indeed, attached to the north-east side of the north transept, there is one relic of former times—rather of the castellated than of the ecclesiastical character†—which strikes me as the oldest piece of build-

\* *hardly know any thing like it.*]—Even Dr. Ducarel became warm—on contemplating this porch! “The porch at the south entrance into the church (says he) is much more worthy of the spectator’s attention, being highly enriched with architectonic ornaments; particularly two beautiful cul de lamps, which from the combination of a variety of spiral dressings, as they hang down from the vaulted roof, produce a very pleasing effect,” p. 28.

† *rather of castellated, than of ecclesiastical character.*]—“Adjoining to that part of the north side of the church, which is just below the transept of the cross, I observed a very old tower, which, as the monks assert, was part of the church built by king Richard I. and Maud the Empress,” DUCAREL, p. 29. I have no doubt of this being of the



ing, of whatever kind, in Rouen—at least, that I have yet seen. At this early season of the year, much company is assembled every evening in these walks: while, in front of the abbey, or in the square facing the western end, the national guard is exercised in the day time—and troops of fair nymphs and willing youths mingle in the dance on a sabbath evening, while a platform is erected for the instrumental performers, and for the exhibition of feats of legerdemain. You must not take leave of St. Ouen without being told that, formerly, the French Kings used occasionally to “make revel” within the Abbot’s house. Henry II, Charles IX, and Henry III, each took a fancy to this spot—but especially the famous HENRI QUATRE. It is reported that this monarch sojourned here for four months—and his reply to the address of the aldermen and sheriff of Rouen is yet preserved both in MS. and by engravings. “The King having arrived at St. Ouen (says an old MS.)\* the keys of the tower were presented to him, in the presence of M. de Montpensier, the governor of the province, upon a velvet-cushion. The keys were gilt. The King took them, and replacing them in the hands of the governor, said—“*Mon cousin, je vous les baille pour les rendre, qu’ils les gardent;*”—then, addressing the aldermen, he added, “*Soyez moi bons sujets et je vous serai bon Roi, et le meilleur Roi que vous ayez jamais eu.*”

latter part of the xii<sup>th</sup> century; but it must be now quite impossible to appropriate, with exactitude, every portion of this building.

\* Consult the account given by M. Le Prevost in the “*Précis Analytique des Travaux de l’Academie, &c. de Rouen,*” for the year 1816, p. 151, &c.

Unconscionably long as you may have found this letter, I shall hazard an extension of it by giving you a rapid sketch of the remaining ecclesiastical edifices which are more particularly deserving of notice. Next to the Abbey of St. Ouen, “go by all means and see the church *St. Maclou*,” say your friends and your guides. The Abbé Turquier accompanied me thither. The great beauties of St. Maclou are its tower and its porch. Of the tower, little more than the lantern remains. This is about 160 English feet in height. Above it was a belfry or steeple, another 110 feet in height, constructed of wood and lead—but which has been nearly destroyed for the sake of the latter articles—for sundry purposes of slaughter or resistance during the revolution.\* The exterior of the porches are remarkable for their elaborate ornaments; especially those in the *Rue Martinville*. They are highly praised by the inhabitants, and are supposed to be

\* Farin tells us that you could go from the top of the lantern to the cross, or to the summit of the belfry, “outside, without a ladder: so admirable was the workmanship.” “Strangers (adds he) took models of it for the purpose of getting them engraved, and they are sold publicly at Rome.” *Hist. de la Ville de Rouen*, 1738, 4to. vol. ii. p. 154. There are thirteen chapels within this church; of which however the building cannot be traced lower than quite the beginning of the xvth century. The extreme length and width of the interior is about 155 by 82 feet English. Even in Du Four’s time the population of this parish was very great, and its cemetery (adds he) was the first and most regular in Rouen. He gives a brief, but glowing description of it—“on va tout autour par des galeries couvertes et pavées; et, deux de ces galeries sont décorées de deux autels,” &c. p. 150.

Alas! time—or the revolution—has annihilated all this. Let me add that M. CORMAN has published a view of the *staircase* in the church of which I am speaking.

after the models of the famous Goujon. Perhaps they are rather encumbered with ornament, and want that quiet effect, and pure good taste, which we see in the porches of the Cathedral and the Abbey of St. Ouen. However, let critics determine as they will upon this point—they must at least unite in reprobating the barbarous edict which doomed these delicate pieces of sculptured art to be deluged with an over-whelming tint of staring yellow ochre! The monuments and the stained glass cease to be interesting after what you have already seen. Two circumstances, connected with this church, I shall not easily forget. The one was, that, close to the principal door of entrance, (at right angles with the *Rue Martinville*) I got intelligence from a vender of old and second-hand books—who was seated in a narrow stall, or shed, with a cocked hat on, which almost touched each extremity of it—of a copy of the first impression of the *New Testament* printed in the French language about the year 1478, which he had sold to a brother book-vender, and which I purchased within five minutes after receiving the intelligence. The other circumstance, of a very different complexion, was, that, in one of my visits to M. MEGARD, (the typographical BULMER of Rouen) on a Sunday morning, I arrived just at the moment when the congregation were quitting the church. The *Rue Martinville* runs at right angles with the *Rue Malpalu*, which latter is on a rapid descent, terminating at the quays. The human beings, almost all females, with their broad “streamers waving in the wind”—in other words, with their white spiral caps, in a sort of undulating motion, as they

descended the streets—presented one of the most novel and amusing sights of the kind which I had ever witnessed. It seemed as if half of the population of Rouen had uttered their orisons within St. MACLOU. Indeed, I thought there would have been no end to the departing procession.

Of the remaining churches, I shall mention only four: two of them chiefly remarkable for their interior, and two for their paramount antiquity. Of the two former, that of *St. Vincent* \* presents you with a noble organ, with a light choir profusely gilded, and (rarer accompaniment) in very excellent taste. But the stained glass is the chief magnet of attraction. It is rich, varied, and vivid to a degree; and, upon the whole, is the finest specimen of this species of art in the present ecclesiastical remains of the city. *St. Vivien* † is

\* *that of St. Vincent.*] Farin is rather brief in his account of this church: which however he calls “one of the largest and finest in Rouen.” He coldly observes “les vitres sont estimés:” he might have inserted the adverb “très” before the participle. The reparations and beautifying, &c. took place chiefly about the year 1720. The church suffered dreadfully from Calvinistic wrath in the year 1562. The tower was built in 1669. It was on a fine sunny morning, before breakfast, that I visited this church; and am willing to hope that, if the panegyric above bestowed upon the stained glass windows be overcharged, the fault may be attributed to the *Sun*!—Yet Gilbert countenances the eulogy.

† *St. Vivien.*] In the beginning of the xii<sup>th</sup> century, this church, now almost in the heart of the city, was in the suburbs. The present structure was completed towards the end of the xv<sup>th</sup> century. Towards the middle of the same century “a bone of the arm, one of the shoes, and a part of the sepulchre—belonging to St. VIVIEN—were carried to the cathedral church, and from thence deposited in that called by the name of the Saint.” In the year 1588 a very extraor-

the second of these two former. It is a fine open church, with a large organ, having a very curious

dinary procession of the "White Penitents" set out from this church to the Cathedral. In 1560 it partook of the general calamity inflicted by the implacable Calvinists. See FARIN, vol. ii. p. 162-4.

I regret that I omitted to visit the churches of *St. Patrice* and *St. Godard*; and more especially the latter—which Farin says (in his time) boasted of the "finest stained glass windows in France"—and which gave rise to the saying—when speaking of WINE of a fine transparent colour, "il est de la couleur des VITRES DE ST. GODARD!" These brilliant windows are of the xvth century. The church of St. Godard is also one of the very largest, as well as most ancient, in Rouen. In former days, the rich and the powerful seemed to vie with each other in bestowing marks of their munificence upon it. But it suffered perhaps more dreadfully than any other from the unbridled fury of the Calvinists. It may be worth noticing that Farin says that the organ, which was erected in 1640, was the work of WILLIAM LESLEY, a Scotchman. Vol. ii. p. 132—143. Ducarel (p. 33) has taken his brief notice of this church from Farin, without having had the grace to acknowledge it. It should seem, from Gilbert, that a great quantity of old stained glass had been of late sold to the English at Rouen. But the revolution had facilitated this traffic. "On doit (says Gilbert) un tribut de reconnaissance à ceux des magistrats et des habitans qui, par leur zèle et par leur courage, sont parvenus à les préserver de la destruction." He then goes on to observe: "La peinture sur verre, cultivée alors avec le plus grand succès par d'habiles artistes (dont les descendans exercent encore la profession de vitrier à Rouen et à Paris,)\* trouva dans la munificence des Rouennois, un noble sujet d'encouragement, et produisit cette multitude de magnifiques vitraux peints qui l'on admiroit autrefois dans les églises, et dont un petit nombre a fort heureusement échappés à la fureur révolutionnaire, aussi bien qu' à la cupidité des acquireurs

\* M. M. Leveil. "On doit à Pierre Leveil, mort en 1772, un excellent *Traité Historique et pratique de la peinture sur verre*, qui fait partie de l'Encyclopédie. Cet ouvrage est rempli de savantes recherches. GILBERT, p. 4.

wooden screen in front, elaborately carved, and, as I conceive, of the very earliest part of the sixteenth century. I ascended the organ-loft; and the door happening to be open, I examined this screen, (which has luckily escaped the yellow-ochre edict) very minutely, and was much gratified by the examination. Such pieces of art, so situated, are of rare occurrence. For the first time, within a parish church, I stepped upon the pavement of the choir: walked gently forwards, to the echo of my own footsteps, (for not a creature was in the church) and, "with no unhallowed hand" I would hope, ventured to open the choral or service book, resting upon its stand. It was wide, thick, and ponderous: upon vellum: beautifully written and well executed in every respect, with the exception of the illuminations — which were extremely indifferent. I ought to tell you that the doors of the churches, abroad, are open at all times of the day: the ancient or more massive door, or portal, is secured from shutting; but a temporary, small, shabby wooden door, covered with dirty green baize, opening and shutting upon circular hinges, just covers the vacuum left by the absence of the larger one.

But for the two ancient churches, above alluded to. Of these two ancient churches, therefore, situated at

des monumens religieux qui en ont vendu une grande quantité aux Anglois. Les églises de Saint Godard, de Saint Patrice, de Saint Vivien, et la Cathedrale, possèdent encore de précieux morceaux de peinture sur verre." † *Descript. Hist. de Notre Dame de Rouen*, p. 4.

† On se rappelle d'avoir vu avec intérêt les belles vitres de l'église de Saint Cande-le-vieux, de Saint Nicolas, et de la chapelle de Saint Maur.

the opposite extremities of the city, let me first take you to that of *St. Gervais*, considerably to the north of where the *Boulevards Cauchoise* and *Bouvreuil* meet. It was hard by this favourite spot, say the Norman historians, that the ancient Dukes of Normandy built their country-houses: considering it as a *lieu de plaisance*. Here too it was that the Conqueror came to breathe his last—desiring to be conveyed thither, from his palace in the city, for the benefit of the pure air.\* I walked with M. Le Provost to this curious church: having before twice seen it. But the *Crypt* is the only thing worth talking about, on the score of antiquity. We were both

\* Ordericus Vitalis says that the dying monarch requested to be conveyed thither, to avoid the noise and bustle of a populous town. Rouen is described to be, in *his* time, “*populosa civitas*.” Consult Duchesne’s *Historiæ Normannor. Scrip. Antiq.* p. 656. It is not perhaps generally known that William was considered to be extremely munificent. He was certainly fond of giving large possessions to monastic establishments. In the archives of St. Ouen was a “*Carta Willelmi Anglorum regis, pro MONASTERIO FLORIANCI Anno 1067*,” in which he liberally confirmed all the privileges granted to the same monastery by his ancestors Richard and Robert. In this charter he styles himself “*Anglorum rex effectus*.” Consult Martene and Durand’s *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*, 1717, fol. vol. 1. col. 196, F. But in the prologue to the work, concerning the acts of the later Kings of France, in 1110, the Conqueror is thus designated: “*Nullus rex nostrorum temporum hoc Guillelmo fuit felicior ac moderatior. Ejus magnanimitatem & magnificentiam nemo laudare sufficit, quibus ille usque ad terminos terræ super omnes ævi nostri reges ac principes apparuit gloriosus. Pauci posthac reges, sicut reor, illum imitabuntur, & ejus affluentia & morum elegantia perfruuntur, quibus eum Deus in hac vita felixque fortuna ditavit.*” *Ejusd. Op.* vol. i. col. 327-8.

struck, after descending a narrow stair-case, with the light which streamed from an aperture at the further end—half covered by the “young and lusty grass”—and which shed a soft mellow tint upon the gloom below. As you enter, there are two tombs of the oldest Archbishops of Rouen—who lived in times remote enough (for aught I know to the contrary) to have shaken hands with St. Jerom. These tombs are flat, solid, and plain. But it is the crypt (designed by Mr. Cotman) upon which M. Le Prevost loves to expatiate!—and which strikes the eye of the antiquary. Perhaps I might say with perfect safety that here are the unquestionable remains of a Roman road. On quitting this crypt, and examining the architecture of the exterior above it, the same accomplished guide bade us remark the extraordinary formation of the capitals of the pillars: which, admitting some perversity of taste in a rude, Norman, imitative artist, are decidedly of Roman character. “Perhaps,” said M. Le Prevost, “the last efforts of Roman art previous to the relinquishment of the Romans.” Among these capitals there is one of the perfect Doric order; while in another you discover the remains of two Roman eagles. The columns are all of the same height; and totally unlike every thing of the kind which I have seen or heard of. Let me tell you, however, as we take leave of this curious old church, that William the Conqueror died in its vicinity.

We descended the hill upon which *St. Gervais* is built; and walked onward towards *St. Paul*, situated at the further and opposite end of the town, upon a



gentle eminence, just above the banks of the Seine.\* M. Le Provost was still our conductor. The day grew gloomy, and the heavens became black with thunder-clouds, as we approached this small edifice. It is certainly of remote antiquity, but I suspect it to be completely Norman. The eastern end is full of antiquarian curiosities. We observed a Grecian mask as the centre ornament upon the capital of one of the circular figures; and Mr. Lewis made a few slight drawings of one of the grotesque heads in the exterior, of which the hair is of an uncommon fashion. We discovered the *Saxon whiskers* upon several of these faces. Upon the whole, it is possible that parts of this church may have been built at the latter end of the tenth century, after the Normans had made themselves completely masters of this part of the kingdom; yet it is more probable that there is no vestige left which claims a more ancient date than that of the end of the eleventh century. I ought just to notice the church of *St. Sever*,† supposed by some to be yet more ancient: but I had no opportunity of taking a particular survey of it.

Thus much, or rather thus little, respecting the ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES of Rouen. They merit indeed a volume of themselves. This city could once boast of upwards of *thirty parish churches*; of

\* A view of it is published by M. Cotman.

† *St. Sever*.] This church is situated in the southern fauxbourgs, by the side of the Seine, and was once surrounded by gardens, &c. As you cross the bridge of boats, and go to the race-ground, you leave it to the right: but it is not so old as *St. Paul*—where, Farin says, the worship of ADONIS was once performed!

which very nearly a *dozen* have been recently (I mean during the Revolution) converted into *warehouses*. It forms a curious, and yet melancholy mélange—this strange misappropriation, of what was formerly held most sacred, to the common and lowest purposes of civil life! You enter these warehouses, or offices of business, and see the broken shaft, the battered capital, and half-demolished altar-piece—the gilded or the painted frieze—in the midst of bales of goods—casks, ropes, and bags of cotton: while, without, the same spirit of demolition prevails in the fractured column, and tottering arch way. Thus time brings its changes and decays—premature as well as natural—and the noise of the carmen and injunctions of the clerk are now heard, where formerly there reigned a general silence, interrupted only by the matin or evening chaunt! I deplored this sort of sacrilegious adaptation, to a respectable-looking old gentleman, sitting out of doors upon a chair, and smoking his pipe—“*c’est dommage, Monsieur, qu’on a converti l’église à*”—He stopped me: raised his left hand: then took away his pipe with his right; gave a gentle whiff, and shrugging up his shoulders, half archly and half drily exclaimed—“*Mais que voulez vous, Monsieur?—ce sont des événemens qu’on ne peut ni prévoir ni prévenir. Voilà ce que c’est!*” Leaving you to moralize upon this comfortable morceau of philosophy, consider me ever, &c.

## LETTER VI.

HALLES DE COMMERCE. PLACE DE LA PUCELLE D'ORLEANS (JEANNE D'ARC). BASSO-RELIEVO OF THE CHAMP DE DRAP D'OR. PALACE AND COURTS OF JUSTICE.

You must make up your mind to see a few more sights in the city of Rouen, before I conduct you to the environs, or to the summit of *Mont St. Catharine*. We must visit a few more relics of antiquity, and take a yet more familiar survey of the town, ere we strive

. . . . . superas evadere ad auras.

Indeed the information to be gained well merits the toil endured in its acquisition ; and as “ the labour we delight in physics pain,” so you must at least listen attentively to the continuation of the *Rouen Tale*. I should however notice to you, before hand, that Goube’s \* account of this city, which occupies scarcely twenty-five pages of his third volume, is utterly unworthy of criticism ; and though Goube says his work is “ written without literary pretension,” yet he might have filled these twenty-five pages with better stuff. The only town in England that can give you any notion of Rouen, is CHESTER ; although the similitude holds only in some few particulars. I must, in the first place then, make especial mention of the HALLES DE COMMERCE. The *markets* here are numerous and abun-

\* See p. 12, ante.

dant, and are of all kinds. Cloth, cotton, lace, linen, fish, fruit, vegetables, meat, corn, and wine; these for the exterior and interior of the body. Cattle, wood, iron, earthen-ware, seeds, and implements of agriculture; these for the supply of other necessities considered equally important. Each market has its appropriate scite. For picturesque effect, you must visit the *Vieux Marché*, for vegetables and fish; which is kept in an open space, once filled by the servants and troops of the old Dukes of Normandy, having the ancient ducal palace in front. This is the fountain head whence the minor markets are supplied. Every stall has a large old tattered sort of umbrella spread above it, to ward off the rain or rays of heat; and, seen from some points of view, the effect of all this, with the ever-restless motion of the tongues and feet of the vendors, united to their strange attire, is exceedingly singular and interesting. Mr. Lewis's occupation would not admit of his making a satisfactory sketch of it, or I am not certain whether any effort of his pencil could have more gratified the tastes of our countrymen. These huge and broad spreading umbrellas, with their accompaniments of live and dead stock, taken in a somewhat fore-shortened manner, would produce a truly spirited picture for the burin of MITAN.

Leaving the old market place, you pass on to the *Marché Neuf*, where fruits, eggs, and butter are chiefly sold. At this season of the year there is necessarily little or no fruit, but I could have filled one coat pocket with eggs (a dangerous experiment!) for less than half a franc. These market places are at the southern extremity of the town, near the quays. But

while upon the subject of buying and selling, I must take you with me to the *Halles of Rouen*; in other words, to the large public buildings now exclusively appropriated to the vendition of cloths, linen, and the varied *et-ceteras* of mercery. These are at once spacious and interesting in a high degree. They form the divisions of the open spaces, or squares, where the markets just mentioned are held; and were formerly the appurtenances of the palaces and chateaux of the old Dukes of Normandy: the *latter* of which are now wholly demolished. You must rise betimes on a Friday morning, to witness a sight of which you can have no conception in England: unless it be at a similar scene in *Leeds*. By six o'clock the busy world is in motion within these halls. Then commences the incessant and inconceivable vociferation of buying and selling. The whole scene is alive, and carried on in several vast, stone-arched rooms, supported by a row of pillars in the centre. Of these halls, the largest is about three hundred and twenty English feet in length, by fifty-five in width. The centre, in each division, contains tables and counters for the display of cloth, cotton, stuff, and linen of all descriptions. The display of divers colours—the commendations bestowed by the seller, and the reluctant assent of the purchaser—the animated eye of the former, and the calculating brow of the latter—the removal of one set of wares, and the bringing on of another—in short, the never-ceasing succession of sounds and sights astonishes the gravity of an Englishman; whose astonishment is yet heightened by the extraordinary good

humour which every where prevails. The laugh, the joke, the *équivoque*, and reply, were worth being recorded in pointed metre ;—and what metre but that of Dan Crabbe could possibly render it justice ? By nine of the clock all is hushed. The sale is over : the goods are cleared ; and both buyers and sellers have quitted the scene.

*La Halle au Bled*, or the *Corn Market*, probably presents a more interesting scene. This hall is close to the preceding, and is about three hundred and twenty English feet in length, and proportionably broad and lofty. The market days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday ; but more especially the latter day. Indeed if you cast a leisurely and reflecting survey upon these several markets—if you consider the bustle and barter that is going on, and that every thing indicates the renovation of prosperity after the late afflicting events of the revolution—if you consider too (as the *Rouennois* ought, and I hope do, consider !) “ how good the God of harvest” has been to them in the fecundity of their pasture and arable soil !—when you gaze, I say, with a truly philosophical feeling upon all this animated scene, here so inadequately described, you cannot but instinctively acknowledge how preferable are the quiet pursuits of peace to the tumultuous occupations of war—how infinitely more instructive are the arts of agriculture than those of arms—and what incalculable moral benefits result from the cultivation of industrious habits, compared with all the glories to be acquired from conquest, from ambition, and from despotism !

O Fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint !—

From *still*, let me conduct you to *active* life. In other words, let us hasten to take a peep at the *Horse and Cattle Market*. These are subjects of consideration, to which you, my dear friend, who equally love to be borne upon a fiery steed, and to see your cows grazing in your meadows, or grouped upon canvas, by a Cuyp or a Vandewelde, can never be indifferent. On the other hand, consider my inexperience—my total ignorance of the meaning of words in Tattersal's Dictionary; though, for dead stock, I will not allow your admiration of Cuyp, or of Vandewelde, to exceed my own. In few words then, be it known that the Horse and Cattle Market is carried on in the very opposite part of the town; that is, towards the northern Boulevards. The horses are generally entire: and indeed you have scarcely any thing in England which exceeds the *Norman horse*, properly so understood. This animal unites the hardiness of the mule with the strength of his own particular species. He is also docile, and well trained; and a Norman, from pure affection, thinks he can never put enough harness upon his back. I have seen the face and shoulders of a cart-horse quite buried beneath a profusion and weight of collar; and have beheld a farmer's horse, led out to the plough, with trappings as gorgeous and striking as those of a General's charger brought forward for a review. The carts and vehicles are usually balanced in the centre upon two wheels, which diminishes much of the pressure upon the horse. Yet the caps of the wheels are frightfully long, and inconveniently projecting: while the eternally loud cracking of the whip is most repulsive to nervous ears. On one of these

market days, my son, more learned in the knowledge of horses than his parent, asked the price of an entire, fine animal; but the vender would hear of nothing under forty louis—which I thought “a good round sum.” In the market these animals stand pretty close to each other for sale; and are led off, for shew, amidst boys, girls, and women, who contrive very dexterously to get out of the way of their active hoofs. The French seem to have an instinctive method of doing that, which, with ourselves, demands forethought and deliberation.

Of the **STREETS**, in this extraordinary city, that of the *Great Clock*—(*Rue de la Grosse Horloge*) which runs in a straight line from the western front of the Cathedral, at right angles with the *Rue des Carmes*, is probably the most important, ancient, and interesting. When we were conveyed, on our entrance (in the cabriolet of the Diligence,) beneath the arch to the upper part of which this old fashioned clock is attached, we were lost in admiration at the singularity of the scene. The inhabitants saw, and enjoyed, our astonishment. There is a fountain beneath, or rather on one side of this arch; over which is sculptured a motley group of insipid figures, of the latter time of Louis XIV. The old tower near this clock merits a leisurely survey: as do also some old houses, to the right, on looking at it. It was within this old tower \* that a bell was formerly tolled, at nine o'clock

\* “ C'est, comme on l'a dit, dans cette Tour qu'est placée la cloche dite d'argent, ou Beffroy, que l'on sonne dans les cérémonies publiques, pour les diverses élections, les moments de calamité, tels que les incendies, etc.; elle se fait remarquer par un timbre très-



each evening, to warn the inhabitants abroad to retire within the walls of the city; but not for the purpose of extinguishing their fires—no *curfew*—as in times of old with us. As to the clock, it is remarkable rather for its antiquity than for the regularity of its movements. It is heavy and clumsy, yet not wanting a certain old fashioned richness of ornament. No inhabitant, living on either side of it, whether stationary, or moving beneath it, ever now thinks of lifting his eyes towards this object—which formerly perhaps commanded the admiration of the young and the respect of the old. Ancient usages are speedily forgotten; and what we are in the habit of contemplating when young, ceases to attract attention in maturer years.

Turning to the left, in this street, and going down a sharp descent, we observe a stand of hackney coaches in a small square, called *La Place de la Pucelle*: that is, the place where the famous JEANNE D'ARC\*

clair et sonore qui produit une sensation extraordinaire. On la sonne tous les soirs à neuf-heures: c'est que l'on nomme à Rouen *la retraite*, parce que dans les temps de guerre, ou lorsque les portes de la ville se fermaient, elle avertissait les habitants hors de la ville d'y rentrer, au risque de passer la nuit dans les faubourgs. Sa destination a été aussi d'avertir les soldats de la garnison de l'heure de la retraite." *Itinéraire*, p. 126.

\* *the famous JEANNE D'ARC.*] Goube, in the second volume of his *Histoire du Duché de Normandie*, has devoted several spiritedly written pages to an account of the trial and execution of this heroine. Her history is pretty well known to the English—from earliest youth. Goube says that her mode of death had been completely prejudged—for that, previously to the sentence being passed, they began to erect "a scaffold of plaister, so raised, that the flames could not at first

was imprisoned, and afterwards burnt. What sensations possess one as we gaze upon each surrounding

reach her—and she was in consequence consumed by a slow fire : her tortures being long and horrible.” Hume has been rather too brief : but he judiciously observes that the conduct of the Duke of Bedford “ was equally barbarous and dishonourable.” Indeed it were difficult to pronounce which is entitled to the greatest abhorrence—the imbecility of Charles VII. the baseness of John of Luxembourg, or the treachery of the Regent Bedford ? I hope this latter renowned character employed and paid the artists for his famous *MISSAL* and *BREVIARY*—as an act of penance and atonement for his absolute wickedness towards the Maid of Orleans.

It seems pretty clear that Monstrelet, the celebrated historian, and contemporary with Joan, was not well disposed towards her. She was taken prisoner in a sortie from Compeigne, about five o'clock in the afternoon, upon the eve of the day of Ascension, and “ was dragged from her horse (says that chronicler) by an archer, near to whom was [Lyonnel] the *bastarde de Vendome* ; and to him she surrendered, and pledged her faith. He lost no time in carrying her to *Maligny*, and putting her under a secure guard,” &c. “ The Duke of Burgundy went to the lodgings where she was confined, and spake some words to her ; but what they were (continues Monstrelet) I do not now recollect, *although I was present*. [dolt !] The Duke and the army returned to their quarters, leaving the Maid under the guard of Sir John Luxembourg ; who shortly after sent her, under a strong escort, to the castle of Beaulieu, and thence to that of Beauvoir, where she remained, as you shall hear, a prisoner a long time.” (*Johnes's Monstrelet*, vol. ii. p. 380, folio impression. *Edit. Sauvage*, 1572. vol. ii. fol. 57-8.) So that it should seem Sir John did not immediately dispose of his prisoner : Monstrelet has confined his account of the incarceration and death of the Maid, to the *Lettres Missives* of the Regent Bedford : in which, among her supposed crimes, formal mention is made of her wearing man's apparel for two whole years—“ *chose à Dieu abominable !*” “ Elle fut menée par la dicte iustice liée au *VIEIL MARCHE'* dedans Rouen, et là publiquement fut arse à la veue de tout le peuple.” Monstrelet, edit. Sauvage, vol. ii. fol. 71.

object!—although, now, each surrounding object has undergone a most palpable change. Ah, my friend—

The unfortunate sufferer is thus described by a French poet of the latter end of the xvth century :

. . . . .  
 Et a Rouen en emmenerent  
 La PUCELLE pour prisonniere.  
 Elle est très douce, aniable,  
 Moutonne, sans orgueil ne envie,  
 Gracieuse, moult serviable,  
 Et qui menoit bien belle vie.  
 Très souvent elle se confessoit,  
 Pour avoir Dieu en protecteur,  
 Ne gaire Feste se passoit,  
 Que ne reccust son Créateur.  
 Mais ce nonobstant les Angloys  
 Aux vertuz & biens ne penserent,  
 Ainçois en haine des François,  
 Tres durement si la traicterent.  
 . . . . .  
 Puis au derrenier la condamnerent  
 A mourir douloureusement,  
 Et brief l'arderent & brullerent  
 A Rouen tout publiquement.

*Les Poesies de Martial de Paris. Paris, 1724,*  
 12mo. vol. i. p. 120.

The *identical* spot on which she suffered is not now visible, according to Millin; that place having been occupied by the late *Marché des Vœux*. It was however not half a stone's throw from the site of the present statue. In the *Antiquités Nationales* of the last mentioned author (vol. iii. art. xxxvi.) there are three plates connected with the History of JOAN of ARC. The *first* plate represents the *Porte Bouvreuil* to the left, and the circular old tower to the right—in which latter Joan was confined, with some houses before it: the middle ground is a complete representation of the rubbishing state by which many of the public buildings at Rouen are yet surrounded; and French taste has enlivened the foreground with a picture of a lover and his mistress, in a bocage, regaling themselves with a flagon of wine. The old

what emotions were *once* excited within this small space! What curiosity, and even agony of mind, circular tower (“qui vit gémir cette infortunée,” says Millin) exists no longer. The *second* plate represents the fountain which was built in the market-place upon the very spot where the Maid suffered, and which spot was at first designated by the erection of a cross. From the style of the embellishments it appears to have been of the time of Francis I. Goube has re-engraved this fountain. It was taken down or demolished in 1755; upon the scite of which was built the present tasteless production—resembling, as the author of the *Itinéraire de Ronen* (p. 69) well observes, “rather a Pallas than the heroine of Orleans.” The name of the author was STODTS. Millin’s *third* plate—of this present existing fountain, is desirable—in as much as it shews the front of the house, in the interior of which are the basso-relievos of the *Champ de drap d’Or*: for an account of which see afterwards.

In the same work, vol. ii. p. 2, is a plate of the Maid’s monument at *Orleans*, cast in bronze (the second of the kind in France) in the year 1571. She is kneeling, with her long hair slightly tied with a riband behind the nape of her neck. Her head is uncovered, and her helmet and spear are by the side of her. Opposite to her is no very desirable neighbour—Charles VII. The central subject is the dead Christ in the lap of the Virgin. Does this monument yet exist? In a note at vol. iii. p. 3, Art. xxxvi., Millin properly refers to *Lenglet du Fresnoy* and Fontette’s edition of *Le Long’s Bibliothèque Historique*, for a catalogue of the numerous, or rather innumerable, works, of all kinds, and in all shapes, which were published relating to the Maid’s life and death. The subject has been even dramatised; and in the MSS. of the Vatican there is a metrical mystery of the *Siege of Orleans*. Millin allows, with equal propriety, that all **PORTRAITS** of her—whether in sculpture, or painting, or engraving—are purely **IDEAL**. Perhaps the nearest, in point of fidelity, was that which was seen in a painted glass window of the church of the *Minimes* at Chaillot: although the building was not erected till the time of Charles VIII. Yet it might have been a copy of some coeval production. In regard to oil paintings, I take it that the portrait of JUDITH, with a sword in one hand, and the head of Holofernes in the other, has

mingled with the tumults of indignation, the shouts of revenge, and the exclamations of pity! But life now goes on just the same as if nothing remarkable had happened here. The past is forgotten. Nor smoke nor flame is seen; nor the shrieks of the sufferer are heard. Poor Joan!—she is one of the many who, having been tortured as a heretic, have been afterwards revered as a martyr. Her statue was, not very long after her execution, almost *adored* upon that very spot where her body had been consigned, with execrations, to the flames. As I gazed upon the present wretched sculptured representation of her, I could not but think of the sleepy attempt of Chapelaine, and the more animated effort of our Southey—to immortalize her memory. The prison where Joan of Arc was confined yet partly exists; and the spot where she was burnt is attested both by a fountain and a statue, in the centre of the square. The present statue is indeed frightful in every respect. It is defective in form, and divested of the costume of the time: two faults, which no other beauties (had it possessed any) could have compensated. However, this square contains probably one of the very oldest houses in Rouen—and as interesting as it is ancient. It is invisible from without: but you open a wooden gate, and quickly find yourself within a small quadrangle, having three of its sides

been usually copied (with the omission of the latter accompaniment) as that of JEANNE D'ARC. But it is time to close this account of her. Yet I hardly know a more interesting collection of books than that which may be acquired respecting the fate of this equally brave and unfortunate heroine.

covered with basso-relievo figures in plaister. That side which faces you is evidently older than the left : indeed I have no hesitation in assigning it to the end of the xvth century. The clustered ornaments of human figures and cattle, with which the whole of the exterior is covered, reminds us precisely of those numerous little wood-cut figures, chiefly pastoral, which we see in the borders of printed missals of the same period. The taste which prevails in them is half French and half Flemish. Not so is the character of the plaister figures which cover the *left* side on entering. These, my friend, are no less than the representation of the procession of Henry VIII. and Francis I. to the famous CHAMP DE DRAP D'OR : of which Montfaucon, after his fashion,\* has published engravings.

\* *Montfaucon, after his fashion,*] Far be it from me to depreciate the labours of Montfaucon. But those who have not the means of getting at that learned antiquarian's *Monarchie Française* may possibly have an opportunity of examining precisely the same representations, of the procession above alluded to, in *Ducarel's Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, Plate XII. Till the year 1726 this extraordinary series of ornament was supposed to represent the *Council of Trent*; but the Abbé Noel, happening to find a salamander marked upon the back of one of the figures, supposed, with greater truth, that it was a representation of the abovementioned procession; and accordingly sent Montfaucon an account of the whole. The Abbé might have found more than one, two, or three salamanders, if he had looked sharply upon this extraordinary exterior; and possibly, in his time, the surfaces of the more delicate parts, especially of the features, might not have sustained the injuries which time and accident now seem to have inflicted upon them. Mr. Lewis, in the opposite beautiful specimen of art, both drawn and engraved by himself, has been scrupulously exact in shewing the decayed and perfect parts just as they appeared at the period of our visit.

Having carefully examined this very curious relic, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the copy of Montfaucon (or rather of the artist employed) to be most egregiously faithless. I visited it again and again ; considering it to be worth all the “ huge clocks” in Rouen put together. It was of course too tempting a subject to be neglected by the pencil of Mr. Lewis : who selected the following small portion—as being nearly the most perfect which remains.



The house itself is now a lady's boarding-school, and the mistress (Mrs. Harmar, an English woman) shewed Mr. L. all manner of civility and attention during the execution of the drawing. Several of the young and sprightly tenants of this old-fashioned place came and conversed with him, while his pencil was in his hand, and he contrived to vary the occupation of that said pencil, by making one or two pretty little sketches of their physiognomies. Mrs. Harmar herself had nearly forgotten her legitimate English—so insensibly and surely do foreign sounds and language operate in giving an altered character to our own. I hardly know how to take you from this interesting spot—from this exhibition of beautiful old art—especially too when I consider that FRANCIS himself once occupied the mansion, and held a council here, with both English and French: that his bugles once sounded from beneath the gate-way; and his goblets once sparkled upon the chestnut tables of the great hall. I do hope and trust that the Royal Academy of Rouen will not suffer this architectural relic to perish, without leaving behind a substantial and a faithful representation of it.

While upon the subject of ancient edifices—\* and

\* *the subject of ancient edifices,*] On examining the note at page 41, it will be seen that mention is made of certain views of Rouen, or of portions of it, which are to be found in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris. In the same collection is a drawing of part of the ancient building in the Court of the *Abbey St. Amand*, in one of the streets of Rouen of which I have forgotten the name. In this composition are seen the arms of MARY of ANHAULT, the Abbess. It is cleverly executed, and is well worth engraving. There is also rather



while the gallant deeds of Francis I. may be called to mind from reading the last paragraph but one— let me take you with me back again a few steps, and crossing the *Rue de la Grosse Horloge*, contrive to place you in the centre of the square which is formed by the PALAIS DE JUSTICE. The inhabitants consider this building as the principal *lion* (of a *civil* character) in their city. It has indeed great claims to notice and admiration, but will not bear the severe scrutiny of a critic in Gothic art. It was partly erected by the famous CARDINAL D'AMBOISE, (of whom I expatiated somewhat in my fifth letter) and partly by Francis I.; and the Parliament of Normandy assembled here at the beginning of the sixteenth century, as it was built upon the scite of the old parliament house. This building precisely marks the restoration of Gothic taste in France, and the peculiar style of architecture which prevailed in the reign of Francis I. To say the truth, this style, however sparkling and imposing, is objectionable in many respects: for it is, in the first place, neither pure Gothic nor pure Grecian—but an injudicious mixture of both. Greek arabesque borders are running up the sides of a portal, terminating in a Gothic arch; and the Gothic ornaments themselves are not in the purest, or the most pleasing, taste. Too much is given to parts, and too little to the whole. The external ornaments are frequently heavy from their size and elabo-

an interesting view of the *entrance* into the same abbey, of the date of 1702. Not a vestige of the original now remains. A little print, by Sylvestre, of one of the old castles, at Rouen, may be also just worth mentioning.

rate execution ; and they seem to be *stuck on* to the main building without rhyme or reason. Nevertheless I know not how you can refuse assent to the criticism that this is a “ vaste batiment d'un gothique extrêmement délicat, et très hardi dans son exécution.”\* Surely however the architect would have improved, as well as enriched, his building, if he had selected portions from a purer as well as better style of art, observable in the Cathedral and the Abbey of St. Ouen :—but men will be always inventing, and indulging their fancies equally at the expense of their judgment and reputation.

The criminal offences are tried in the hall to the right, and the prisoners are confined in the lower part of the building to the left : above which you mount by a pretty lofty flight of stone steps, which conducts you to a singularly curious hall,† about one hundred and seventy-five English feet in length—roofed by wooden ribs, in the form of an arch, and displaying a most curious and exact specimen of carpenter's work. This is justly shewn and commented upon to the enquiring traveller. Parts of the building are devoted to the courts of assize, and to tribunals of audience of almost every description. The first Presidents of the Parlia-

\* *Itinéraire de Rouen*, 1815, 8vo.

† In Ducarel's time, “ the ground story consisted of a great quadrangle surrounded with booksellers shops. On one side of it a stone staircase led to a large and lofty room, which, in its internal as well as external appearance, resembled, though in miniature, Westminster hall. Here (continues Ducarel) I saw several gentlemen of the long robe, in their gowns and bands, walking up and down with briefs in their hands, and making a great show of business,” *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, p. 32.

ment lived formerly in the building which faces you upon entrance, but matters have now taken a very different turn. Upon the whole, this *Town Hall*, or call it what you will, is rather a magnificent erection; and certainly very much superior to any provincial building of the kind which we possess in England. I should tell you that the courts for commercial or civil causes are situated near the quays, at the south part of the town: and Monsieur Riaux, who conducted me thither, (and who possesses the choicest library\* of antiquarian books, of all descriptions, relating to Rouen, which I had the good fortune to see) carried me to the *Hall of Commerce*, which, among other apartments, contains a large chamber (contiguous to the Court of Justice) covered with fleurs de lys upon a light blue ground. It is now however much in need of reparation: fresh lilies and a new ground are absolutely necessary—to harmonise with a large oil-painting at one end of it,† in which is represented

\* *the choicest library.*] Monsieur Riaux, Archiviste de la Chambre de Commerce. This amiable man and intelligent Bibliomaniac promised to send me a list of his rarer and more valuable volumes, before I left Rouen. He unites a love of literary with architectural antiquities. The collection of M. Le Prevost is however as copious.

† At another end of this chamber of the Hall of Commerce is a highly coloured picture, of colossal dimensions, representing *the Genius of Commerce*. It was bespoke by the Corporation of M. Le Monnier, of the Royal Academy of Painting, and is full of allegorical representations, comprehending the four quarters of the globe. “Imposant” as this picture may be considered, and introduced to your attention by several printed pages of description, I could not but consider it very dull, very faulty, and very uninteresting.

the reception of Louis XVI. at Rouen by the Mayor and Deputies of the town, in 1786. All the figures are of the size of life, well painted after the originals, and appear to be strong resemblances. On enquiring how many of them were now living, I was told that — ALL WERE DEAD! The fate of the *principal* figure is but too well known. They should have this interesting subject—interesting undoubtedly to the inhabitants—executed by one of their best engravers. It represents the unfortunate Louis quite in the prime of life; and is the best whole length portrait of him which I have yet seen in painting or engraving. What an ornament for a provincial, or what we should call a county, publication? But let us hope that the city of Rouen will yet have its WHITTAKER to describe its curiosities, and record its antiquities. I wish it no better historian.

It is right however that you should know, that, in the Tribunal for the determination of commercial causes, there sits a very respectable Bench of Judges: among whom I recognised one that had perfectly the figure, air, and countenance, of an Englishman. I will also add (in sober truth) that he was the best looking of the whole. On enquiry of my guide, I found my supposition verified. He *was* an Englishman; but peradventure was indebted to a thirty years residence in the climate of *Rouen* for his handsome countenance and gentlemanly appearance! The judicial costume is appropriate in every respect; but I could not help smiling upon meeting, the other morning, betimes, with my friend the judge, standing before the door of his house, in the open street—with

a hairy cap on—leisurely smoking his pipe. Would Mr. Justice L—— of old, or Mr. Justice —— that now is, recreate himself in the like manner? I trow not. I hope you do not fail to remember that this is my SIXTH LETTER—“ from the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France!”

## LETTER VII.

THE QUAYS. BRIDGE OF BOATS. RUE DU BAC. RUE  
DE ROBEC. EAUX DE ROBEC ET D'AUBETTE.  
MONT STE. CATHARINE. HOSPICES—GÉNÉRALE ET  
D'HUMANITÉ.

STILL tarrying within this old fashioned place! I have indeed yet much to impart before I quit it, and which I have no scruple in avowing will be well deserving of your attention. Do not expect me however to be for ever lingering within mouldy walls and perishing towers—and that the living are to be systematically neglected for the dead—tho' assuredly you had "life enough" towards the latter part of my last dispatch. Our day of departure is at length fixed, and probably this may be my last epistle but one from hence.

Just letting you know, in few words, that I have visited the famous chemical laboratory of M. Vitalis, (*Rue Beauvoisine*) and the yet more wonderful spectacle exhibited in M. Lemere's machine for sawing wood of all descriptions, into small or large planks, by means of water works—I must take you along THE QUAYS for a few minutes. These quays are flanked by an architectural front, which, were it finished agreeably to the original plan, would present us with one of the noblest structures in Europe. To the best of my recollection this stone front was begun in the reign of Louis XV. but many and prosperous must be the years

of art, of commerce, and of peace, before money sufficient can be raised for the successful completion of the pile. The quays are long, broad, and full of bustle of every description; while in some of the contiguous squares, ponderous bales of goods, shawls, cloth, and linen, are spread open to catch the observing eye. In the midst of this varied and animated scene, walks a WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER, in his large cocked hat, and with his tin machine upon his back, filled with lemonade or coffee, surmounted by a bell—which “ever and anon” is sounded for the sake of attracting customers. Mr. Lewis has copied the entire scene to the life.



As you pass along this animated scene, by the side of the rapid Seine, and its **BRIDGE OF BOATS\***, you

“ \* The communication with the country lying south of Rouen, is carried on by means of a *timber bridge*, two hundred paces in length, thrown over the River Seine from the middle of the quay to the Faubourg St. Sever, and of which the inhabitants talk with infinite raptures. This structure, begun in the year 1626, is framed upon *nineteen barges* which rise and fall with the flux and reflux of the tide. It is so contrived that when there is occasion for vessels to pass through, one part of it, by the help of pulleys, turns upon iron rollers over the other part, without the least injury to either. It hath also, as I was informed, this farther convenience, that it can be taken to pieces in a few hours, when any danger is apprehended from the winter floods bringing down large flakes of ice. The expense of keeping this *floating bridge* in repair is very considerable, as the barges on which it is constructed, as well as the other parts of it, are subject to frequent decay ; inasmuch that it is said to amount, communibus annis, to ten thousand livres French, or upwards of four hundred pounds sterling. Just below it are the ruins of the once magnificent stone bridge, which consisted of thirteen arches, and was built by the *Empress Maud*, daughter of Henry I. King of England. This old bridge seems to have been much better situated than the present, having been placed so as to range in a line with the principal street, which is to this day called *Rue Grand Pont* ; but after having stood firm between three or four hundred years, it began to feel a very sensible decay, and on the 22d of August 1502, three arches fell down, which in 1533 were followed by two others. These defects were supplied by a super-structure of timber ; but a few years after, some of the other arches beginning to open, the carriage and foot ways became so dangerous, that they were totally abandoned, and the passage over the river was from that time effected by means of ferry boats. Several attempts were after this made to repair the old bridge, but the ignorance of the French architects was so great, that they unanimously declared it impossible to rebuild a stone bridge in that place, on account of the depth of the water, and the rapidity of the river. Whereupon the present floating bridge was constructed in the manner I have mentioned.” **DUCAREL**, p. 35-6.



cannot help glancing now and then down the narrow old-fashioned streets, which run at right angles with the quays—with the innumerable small tile-fashioned pieces of wood, like scales, upon the roofs—which seem as if they would be demolished by every blast. The narrowness and gloom of these streets, together with the bold and overwhelming projections of the upper stories and roofs, afford a striking contrast with the animated scene upon the quays:—where the sun shines with full freedom, as it were, and where the glittering streamers, at innumerable mast-heads, denote the wealth and prosperity of the town. If the day happen to be fine, you may devote half a morning in contemplating, and mingling with, so interesting a scene. Judge yourself of one of these cramped streets, and overshadowing roofs, by the following spirited drawing

To this may be subjoined, that Buonaparte commenced the building of a new stone bridge; of which only the abutments on each side of the river, and one or two of the piers for arches in the middle, were executed. I should apprehend that the present bridge of boats (which is always one of the ugliest and most unpicturesque conveyances imaginable) would hardly last two dozen of years. The central part for the carriages is terribly worn; and as I was walking upon it, during the passage of the *Caen diligence*, I thought the whole structure would have sunk into the bed of the river. A view of the river, the shipping, and the town, from a fine lofty stone bridge, would be enchanting. I saw however, at Paris, in a collection of prints relating to Normandy (mentioned at page 41 ante) three pretty etchings, by ISRAEL SILVESTRE of the ruins of the old stone bridge. Silvestre flourished in 1650-60. Evelyn thus notices these ruins in 1644. “There stand yet the ruines [says he] of a magnificent bridge of stone, now supply’d by one of boates only, to which come up vessels of considerable burden.” *Evelyn’s Memoirs*; vol. i. p. 50. Edit. 1818.

of the RUE DU BAC—leading to the south transept of the Cathedral—which has already cut so gay a figure in these despatches.\*

We have had frequent thunder-storms of late; and the other Sunday evening, happening to be sauntering at a considerable height above the north-west Boulevards, towards the *Faubourg Cauchoise*, I gained a summit, upon the edge of a gravel pit, whence I looked down unexpectedly and precipitously upon the town below. A magnificent and immense cloud was rolling over the whole city. The Seine was however visible on the other side of it, shining like a broad silver chord; while the barren, ascending plains, through which the road to Caen passes, were gradually becoming dusk with the overshadowing cloud, and drenched with rain which seemed to be rushing down in one immense torrent. The top of the Cathedral and of the abbey of St. Ouen were almost veiled in darkness, by the passing storm; but the lower part of the tower, and the whole of the nave of each building, were in one stream of golden light—from the last powerful rays of the setting sun. In ten minutes this magically-varied scene settled into the sober, uniform tint of evening; but I can never forget the rich bed of purple and pink, fringed with burnished gold, in which the sun of that evening set. I descended—absorbed in the recollection of the lovely objects which I had just contemplated—and regaled by the sounds of a thousand little gurgling streamlets,

\* See the OPPOSITE COPPER-PLATE. Perhaps this is one of the closest and most faithful of copies; and gives you a decided idea of the generality of those old, narrow streets, so particularly mentioned in the text.

created by the passing tempest, and hastening to precipitate themselves into the Seine.

Of the different trades, especially retail, which are carried on in Rouen with the greatest success, those connected with the *cotton manufactories* cannot fail to claim your attention ; and I fancied I saw, in some of the shop-windows, shawls and gowns which might presume to vie with our Manchester and Norwich productions. Nevertheless, I learnt that the French were extremely partial to British manufactures: and cotton stockings, colored muslins, and what are called gingham, are coveted by them with the same fondness as we prize their cambric and lace. Their best articles in watches, clocks, silver ornaments, and trinkets, are obtained from Paris. But in respect to upholstery, I must do the Rouennois the justice to say, that I never saw any thing to compare with their *escrutoires* and other articles of furniture made of the walnut tree. These upright *escrutoires*, or writing desks, are in almost every bed-room of the more respectable hotels : but of course their polish is gone when they become stationary furniture in an inn—for the art of rubbing, or what is called *elbow-grease* with us, is almost unknown on either side of the Seine. You would be charmed to have a fine specimen of a side board, or an *escrutoire*, (the latter five or six feet high) made by one of their best cabinet-makers from choice walnut wood. The polish and tone of colour are equally gratifying ; and resemble somewhat that of rose wood, but of a gayer aspect. The *or-molu* ornaments are tastefully put on ; but the

general shape, or contour, of the several pieces of furniture, struck me as being in bad taste.

He who wishes to be astonished by the singularity of a scene, connected with *trade*, should walk leisurely down the RUE DE ROBEC. It is surely the oddest, and, as some may think, the most repulsive scene imaginable: but who that has a rational curiosity could resist such a walk? Here live the *dyers of clothes*—and in the middle of the street rushes the precipitous stream, called *L'Eau de Robec*\*—receiving colours of all hues. To day it is nearly jet black: to-morrow it is bright scarlet: a third day it is blue, and a fourth day it is yellow! Meanwhile it is partially concealed by little bridges, communicating with the manufactories, or with that side of the street where the work-people live: and the whole has a dismal and disagreeable aspect—especially in dirty weather: but if you go to one end of it (I think to the north—as it runs north and south) and look down upon the descending street, with the overhanging upper stories and roofs—the foreshortened, numerous bridges—the differently-colored dyed clothes, suspended from the windows, or from poles—the constant motion of men, women, and children, running across the bridges—with the rapid, *camelion* stream beneath—you cannot fail to acknowledge that this is one of the most singular, gro-

\* Bourgueville describes this river, in the sixteenth century, as being “aucune fois iaulne, autrefois rouge, verte, bleuë, violée & autres couleurs, selon qu'vn grand nombre de teinturiers qui sont dessus, la diuersifient par interualles en faisant leurs manœuvres.”

*Antiquitez de Caen*, p. 36.

tesque, and uncommon sights in the wonder-working city of Rouen. With all the *betraying* simplicity of a stranger, I stopped opposite a house in which I saw a basso-relievo ornament of a knight, praying beneath a tree, while his horse was grazing beside him. This plaister ornament had the date of somewhere between 1580 and 1590—but just now I forget the precise year. Possibly this might have been a representation of *St. Hubert*; or possibly the house might have been the residence of some distinguished character during *the League*,—but how comfortable are “possibilities” in the solution of difficulties, or the appropriation of persons and things? I ought to tell you that our old friend the first famous Cardinal d’Amboise caused the *Eau de Robec* to be directed through the streets of Rouen, from its original channel or source in a little valley near *St. Martin du Vivien*. Formerly there was a much more numerous clan of these “teinturiers” in the Rue de Robec—but they have of late sought more capacious premises in the faubourgs *de St. Hilaire* and *de Martainville*. The neighbouring sister-stream, *l’Eau d’Aubette*, is destined to the same purposes as that of which I have been just discoursing; but I do not at this moment recollect whether it be also dignified, in its course, by turning a few corn mills, ere it empties itself into the Seine. Indeed the thundering noise of one of these mills, turned by the Robec river, near the church of *St. Maclou*, will not be easily forgotten by me. Thus you see of what various, strange, and striking objects the city of Rouen is composed. Bustle, noise, life and activity, in the midst of an atmosphere unsullied by the fumes of sea coal: hilarity

and apparent contentment: the spruce bourgeoisie and the slattern *filles de chambre*:—attired in vestments of deep crimson and dark blue—every thing flits before you as if touched by magic, and as if sorrow and misfortune were unknown to the inhabitants.

“*Paullò majora canamus.*” In other words, let us leave the town for the country. Let us hurry through a few more bizarre alleys, courts, and streets—and as the morning is yet beautiful, let us hasten onwards to enjoy the famous Panorama of Rouen and its environs from the MONT STE. CATHARINE . . . Indeed, my friend, I sincerely wish that you could have accompanied us to the summit of this enchanting eminence: but as you are far away, you must be content with a brief description of our little expedition thither.\* The Mont St. Catharine, which is entirely chalk, is considered the highest of the hills in the immediate vicinity of Rouen; or rather, perhaps, is considered the point of elevation from which the city is to be viewed to the

\* *expedition thither.*]—When John Evelyn visited this neighbourhood, in 1644, “the country so abounded with *wolves*, that a shepherd, whom he met, told him that one of his companions was strangled by one of them the day before—and that, in the midst of the flock! The fields (continues he) are mostly planted with pears and apples and other cider fruits. It is plentifully furnished with quarries of stone and slate, and hath iron in abundance.” *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn*, vol. i. p. 50. Edit. 1818. My friend Mr. J. H. Markland (a tried good *Roxburgher*) visited Mont St. Catharine the year after the visit above described. He was of course enchanted with the view; and told me, that a friend whom he met there, and who had travelled pretty much in Italy, assured him there was nothing like it on the banks of either the *Arno* or the *Po*. In short, it is quite peculiar to itself—and cannot be surpassed.

greatest possible advantage. It lies to the left of the Seine, in your way from the town; and the ascent begins considerably beyond the barriers. Indeed it is on the route to Paris. We took an excellent *fiacre* to carry us to the beginning of the ascent, that our legs might be in proper order for scrambling up the acclivities immediately above; and leaving the main road to the right, we soon commenced our ambulatory operations in good earnest. But there was not much labour or much difficulty: so, halting, or standing, or sitting, on each little eminence, our admiration seemed to increase—till, gaining the highest point, looking towards the west, we found ourselves immediately above the town and the whole of its environs . . . .

“Heavens, what a goodly prospect spreads around!”

said I to myself—bethinking me of the well-known verse in Thomson’s description of the view from Richmond Hill. The prospect was indeed “goodly—” being varied, extensive, fertile, and luxuriant . . . in spite of a comparatively backward spring. The city was the main object, not only of attraction, but of astonishment. Although the point from which we viewed it is considered to be exactly on a level with the summit of the spire of the Cathedral, yet we seemed to be hanging, as it were, in the air, immediately over the streets themselves. We saw each church, each public edifice, and almost each street; nay, we began to think we could discover almost every individual stirring in them. The soldiers, exercising on the parade in the Champ de Mars, seemed to be scarcely two stones throw from us; while the sounds of their music reached

us in the most distinct and gratifying manner. No “Diable boîteux” could ever have transported a “Don Cleophas Léandro Perez Zambullo” to a more favourable situation for a knowledge of what was passing in a city; and if the houses had been unroofed, we could have almost discerned whether the *escrutoires* were made of mahogany or of walnut-wood! This wonder-working effect proceeds from the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere, and the absence of sea-coal fume. The sky was perfectly blue—the generality of the roofs were also composed of blue slate: this, added to the incipient verdure of the boulevards, and the darker hues of the trunks of the trees, upon the surrounding hills—the lengthening forests to the left, and the numerous white “maisons de plaisance”\* to the right—while the Seine, with its hundred vessels, immediately below, to the left, and in face of you—with its cultivated little islands—and the sweeping meadows or race-ground† on the other side—all, or indeed any, of these objects could not fail to excite our warmest admiration, and to make us instinctively exclaim “that such a panorama was perfectly unrivalled!” Mr. Lewis took

\* It is thus prettily observed in the little *Itinéraire de Rouen*—“Ces agréables maisons de plaisance appartiennent à des habitants de Rouen qui y viennent en famille, dans la belle saison, se délasser des embarras de la ville et des fatigues du commerce.” p. 153.

† *race-ground.*]—When the English cavalry were quartered here in 1814-5, the officers were in the frequent habit of racing with each other. These races were gaily attended by the inhabitants; and I heard, from more than one mouth, the warmest commendations bestowed upon the fleetness of the coursers and the skill of the riders,



out his drawing-book and pencil—and rather attempted, than executed, a sketch of this enchanting view.

More immediately opposite, within a fine wood upon a bold hill, stood the house of the Mayor of Rouen for the time being. I think they call this place *Canteleu*. It is very picturesque: but, as my hour of departure from hence draws near, and as you cannot possibly have more than another Rouen dispatch, (which *must* and *shall* be devoted to **bookies**—with the delightful et ceteras dependent thereupon) I shall only express my regret that I cannot visit other equally well known spots in the environs of Rouen . . . that I cannot wander in the lonely valley of *Mont-aux-Malades*\*—fit place for conventual or monastic dwelling—and ascend its numerous adjacent eminences, which, although they should seem to shut out the world, enable you to see the world from thence! . . . that I must turn my back perhaps for ever upon *Bapaume*, *Croisset*, and *Déville*, and (yet more cruel fate!) upon the sweet and smiling plains of *Bois-guillaume*. But I will not repine. I have seen much and enjoyed much. I have paced the naves of the Cathedral and of the abbey of St. Ouen; and

\* *Mont-aux-Malades*].—“ Les campagnes environnantes du MONT-AUX-MALADES offrent des côteaux charmants qui invitent à s’y reposer. Leurs richesses, leur variété, le silence de ces lieux solitaires, qui n’est troublé que par les chants de Philomèle et des heureux habitants des airs, tout invite à s’y arrêter et à se livrer à la plus douce mélancholie sur ces pelouses émaillées de fleurs.” *Itinéraire de Rouen*, p. 152. Such a passage—though from a waistcoat-pocket Itinerary—is not undeserving of quotation. *Mont-aux-Malades* (its name derived, I apprehend, from the place being the resort of valetudinarians) lies above the Fauxbourgs Cauchoise and Bouvreuil; about a French league from the city.

have stood as it were upon their pinnacles, while gazing at them from the height of MONT STE. CATHARINE!

M. Périaux, a very sensible man, and Member of the Royal Academy of Rouen, as well as a printer of equal business and reputation, wrote out for me a list of all the desirable places to be visited in the vicinity of the city: but to "write out," and to carry what is written into execution, are very different matters. I admitted to my Instructor that *Mont-aux-Malades* and *Bihorel* must remain *unvisited* by me... He answered, "donc vous n'auriez rien vû." But this is surely a mere Academic flourish. We descended Mont Ste. Catharine\* on the side facing the *Hospice Général*: a building of a very handsome form, and considerable dimensions. It is a noble establishment for foundlings, and the aged and infirm of both sexes. I was told that not fewer than twenty-five hundred human beings were sheltered in this asylum; a number, which equally astonished and delighted me. The descent, on this side the hill, is exceedingly pleasing; being composed of serpentine little walks, through occasional alleys of trees and shrubs, to the very base of the hill, not many hundred yards from the

\* This mount takes its name from an abbey formerly built there and dedicated to the Holy Trinity; of which abbey SIMEON, a religious character from Mount Sinai, was the founder. He, and his holy attendant (of the name of GOSSELIN) carried thither the relics of St. Catherine, and hence the place is called Mont Ste. Catharine. Pommeraye has devoted ninety folio pages to the *Histoire de l'Abbaye de la Ste. Trinité; dite du Mont de Sainte Catharine*; and is careful to tell us "how Simeon got into possession of the relics of the Saint."

*Histoire de l'Abbaye Royale de St Ouen*, 1662, folio.

hospital. The architecture of this extensive building is more mixed than that of its neighbour the *Hospice d'Humanité*, on account of the different times in which portions of it were added: but, upon the whole, you are rather struck with its approach to what may be called magnificence of style. I was indeed pleased with the good order and even good breeding of its motley inhabitants. Some were strolling quietly, with their arms behind them, between rows of trees:—others were tranquilly sitting upon benches: a third group would be in motion within the squares of the building: a fourth appeared in deep consultation whether the *potage* of to-day were not inferior to that of the preceding day?—"Que cherchez vous, Monsieur?" said a fine looking old man, touching, and half taking off, his cocked hat;" "I wish to see the Abbé Turquier,"—rejoined I. "Ah, il vient de sortir—par ici, Monsieur." "Thank you." "Monsieur je vous souhaite le bon jour—au plaisir de vous revoir!" And thus I paced through the squares of this vast building. The "Portier" had a countenance which our Wilkie would have seized with avidity, and copied with inimitable spirit and fidelity.

*The Jardin des Plantes* is in the immediate vicinity of this Hospital. It was established during the reign of Louis XV., and my amiable acquaintance, the fore-mentioned Abbé, is one of the brightest ornaments of the Botanic institution which is attached to it. This garden, next to that at Paris, is considered the most curious in France. I rambled through it—regaled by

the odours of the violet and jonquille, and still more rejoiced at the sight of the blossoms of the apple and almond trees. Spring is come at last . . . But where are the *Books*, and *MSS.* and *Printing Presses* of which I heretofore spake? A little patience, and then.

## LETTER VIII.

EARLY TYPOGRAPHY AT ROUEN. MODERN PRINTERS.  
CHAP BOOKS. BOOKSELLERS. BOOK COLLECTORS.

“YES—and then” . . . for all the gossip and chit-chat connected with *paper, ink, books, printing-offices*, and curiosities of every *graphic* description. Perhaps the most regular method would be to speak of a few of the principal *presses*, before we take the *productions* of these presses into consideration. And first, as to the antiquity of printing in Rouen.\* The art of printing is supposed to have been introduced here, by a citizen of the name of MAUFER, between the years 1470 and 1480. Some of the specimens of Rouen *Missals* and *Breviaries*, especially of those by MORIN, who was the second printer in this city, are very splendid. His device, which is not common, but rather striking, is here enclosed for your gratification.

\* *antiquity of printing in Rouen.*—The reader may possibly not object to consult two or three pages of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, beginning at page 137, vol. ii. respecting a few early Rouen printers. The name of MAUFER, however, appears in a fine large folio volume, entitled *Gaietanus de Tienis Vincentini in Quatt. Aristot. Metheor. Libros*, of the date of 1476—in the possession of Earl Spencer. From the colophon of which we can only safely infer that Maufer was a citizen of Rouen.



Few provincial towns have been more fertile in typographical productions ; and the reputation of **TAILLEUR**, **GUALTIER**, and **VALENTIN**, gave great respectability to the press of Rouen at the commencement of the xvith century.\*

\* *at the commencement of the xvith century.*—Among the earlier works of a poetical description, which seem to have any direct connection with Rouen, is the one entitled “ *Palinodz, Chantz royaux, Ballades, Rôdeaulx, et Epigrammes ; a l’honneur de limmaculee Cöception, &c.*”

On the third leaf are the names of those who contributed ballads, &c. among which we read *M. Andry de la vigne : M. Guillaume Cretin. Iehan Marot. Nicolle le vestu. Nicolle aubert. Pierre le lieur. N. turbot. G. Thibault. Iaques du parc. Innocent tourmente. Pierre le cheuallier. Crygnon de Dieppe. Guygnart appoticaire. Picot. Guil-*

Yet I am not able to ascertain whether this press was very fruitful in **Romances, Chronicles, and old Poetry**—

laume roger. Clement marot. Jaques fillaster. Busquet. Tasserie. Frere Guillaume Alexis.

All the poetry is of a serious and sombre cast—not approaching any thing like energy or sublimity : with over-strained conceits. I will give a specimen or two, that the reader may judge for himself. At feuillet. lxxi, we have

*Ballade premier de la roze.*

Lan passe en terre gellce  
 Ble fut si rudement traicte,  
 Que au iourdny par la grande gelee  
 Nous souffrons au ble la charte :  
 Mais deuant que tout fut gaste,  
 Dieu retint en certaine place.  
 Contre froit qui cest trop haste  
 La terre rendant ble de grace :

Ceste terre nest point foullee  
 Ne fouye yuer ny este  
 Le soleil ou pluye coulee  
 Par grace ya tousiours este  
 Son rayon dorient monte  
 Grace sur elle contre la glace  
 Garda par diuine bonte  
 La terre rendant ble de grace.

Par la terre ainsy desolee  
 Vint fain au peuple supplian  
 Par l'autre ame est consolee  
 Du ble que grace y a plante  
 Ble en lyuer fut desplante  
 Lautre est tousiours fertile et grasse  
 Preste a donner fruit a plante  
 La terre rendant ble de grace.

*Renuoy.*

Prince le pain par vous gouste  
 De son ble porte lefficace

*your* beloved objects of research ! I rather think, however, that it was not deficient in this popular class

Qui preserva du froit doubte  
La terre rendant ble de grace  
M. Guillaume Thibault.

Beneath a rondeau, by Guillaume Cretin, is the following—by the same hand :—

*Argumentum.*

Vng facteur fut Osrlhan nomme  
Roy sur tous chantres renomme  
Qui feist en des partz trente six  
Vng motet tellement asseiz  
Quon ne veit oncq oeuure semblable  
A clerici chanfre louable  
Premier qu'euoyer par chemin  
Le feist noter en parchemin  
Puis pour le chanter assembla  
Chantres auquelz treshon sembla.  
Le facteur dieu nous signifie  
Son motet dont les partz ie nombre  
Ce sacre concept certifie  
Qui grace et vertus eut sans nombre.

Le noteur et le parchemin  
Figurent Anne & Ioachin  
Verbes passifz, pleurs manifestes  
Chantres, patriarches, prophetes  
Et les docteurs de sainte eglise  
Qui prouent oeuure tresexquise  
Ceste vierge dont fut yssant  
Iesu christ sen resiouyssant

feuillelet lxxii.

I may be pardoned for not giving more of the *French* : the latter few leaves are devoted to Latin verse—somewhat more refreshing than the preceding: Thus :—

“ *Quæ est ista quæ progreditur, quasi  
aurora consurgens.*

*Canticorum vi. cap.*

Iam noua concipiens intacte exordia prolis,  
Pieria proferre tuba, atq ; decentibus orsis



of literature, if I am to judge from the specimens which are yet lingering, as it were, in the hands of the curious. I ought rather to say, which are yet “ extant” (certainly “ not in choice print,”) in the hands of the many. The gravity even of an archiepiscopal see could never repress the natural love of the French, from time immemorial, for light and fanciful reading.

You know with what pertinacity I grope about old alleys, old courts, bye-lanes, and unfrequented corners—being like Harry Dyson of old, (according to Tom Hearne’s account of him\*) “ a person of a very strange, prying, and inquisitive genius, in the matter of books”—in the search of what is curious, precious, and rare in the book way. But ere we touch that enchanting chord, let us proceed according to the plan laid down. First therefore for printing offices. Of these, the names of PÉRIAUX, (*Imprimeur de l’Académie*),

Hereo, cui liceat diuam conferre nitentem.  
 An sit phas homini, quæ iam supereminet orbes :  
 Etheris ardentis describere nubibus imbris  
 Siue niui similem, plerumq ; nocentia terris  
 Icta cadūt. sed virgo manet super astra salutem  
 Terrigenum curans, ne non nocitura coercens.  
 Ergo nec est nubes seu nix dicenda nec imber  
 Virgo mihi. potius latijs aurora vocanda est  
 Vocibus, etherei certissima nuncia solis.

&c. &c. &c.

Fo. lxxvii.

It is signed “ Picardus laurea donatus.” The whole volume contains 100 leaves. A wood cut of the Virgin and child within a glory, in the middle of an upright figure of a female, radiated, is on the reverse of the last leaf. Messrs. Arch, Booksellers, had a copy of this curious volume in their Catalogue of 1819, which was bound in blue morocco, marked at the price of 8*l.* 8*s.*

\* See *Bibliomania*, p. 398.

BAUDRY, (*Imprimeur du Roi*) MÉGARD, (*Rue Martinville*), and LECRÊNE-LABBEY, (*Imprimeur-Libraire et Marchand de Papiers*) are masters of the principal presses ; but such is the influence of Paris, or of metropolitan fashions, that a publisher will sometimes prefer getting his work printed at the capital—and even the “ *Description Historique de l’Eglise Metropolitaine de Notre-Dame de Rouen* (which I have so frequently mentioned, and which is published by FRÈRE, the most respectable bookseller at Rouen), was printed in the Metropolis. Of the foregoing printers, it behoves me to make some particular mention ; and yet I can speak personally but of two : Messieurs Périaux and Mégard. M. Périaux is printer to the *Académie des Sciences, Belles-Lettres et Arts de Rouen*, of which academy, indeed, he is himself an accomplished member.\* He is quick, intelligent, well-bred, and obliging to the last degree ; and may be considered the *Harry Stephen* of the Rouen Printers. He urged me to call often : but I could visit him only twice. Each time I found him in his

\* *himself an accomplished Member.*]—In the sittings of the Society for August 1812, M. PERIAUX is announced as having communicated “ un mémoire rempli de recherches et d’érudition, dans lequel il examine cette question :” *La Lune pascalle doit elle être appelée Lune de Mars.*” En d’autres termes : *Aquel mois solaire un mois lunaire est-il censé appartenir ?*” Two of the Members pronounced a most favourable eulogy upon this ingenious performance—which is printed, and may be had of all the Rouen booksellers. M. Périaux is just now occupied in the laborious but useful task of giving a GUIDE or HISTORY OF ROUEN, according to the alphabetical order of the streets and public buildings, &c.

counting house, with his cap on—shading his eyes : a pen in his right hand, and a proof sheet in his left. Though he rejoiced at seeing me, I could discover (much to his praise) that, like Aldus, he wished me to “ say my saying quickly,”\* and leave him to his *deles* and *stets* ! He has a great run of business, and lives in one of those strange, old-fashioned houses, in the form of a square, with an outside spiral staircase, so common in this extraordinary city. He introduced me to his son, an intelligent young man—well qualified to take the labouring oar, either upon the temporary or permanent retirement of his parent. M. Périaux shewed me, with a conscious air of triumph, a *map*—printed with metal types within wood-cut demarkations of the different countries—and executed upon a scale which renders it rather an uncommon performance for the press. He has promised to present me with a copy of it—but I am not sure that I merit such a mark of his kindness. He was very anxious that I should make myself well acquainted with the *locale* of this city, and even penned down, as I told you, the several places I ought to visit, with an earnestness approaching to a command—that I should of necessity see them.

Of Monsieur MÉGARD, who may be called the ancient *Jenson*, or the modern *Bulmer*, of Rouen, I can speak only in terms of praise—both as a civil gentleman and as a successful printer. He is doubtless the

\* like Aldus, “ say my saying” quickly.] Consult Mr. Roscoe’s *Life of Leo X.* vol. i. p. 169-70, 8vo. edit. Unger, in his *Life of Aldus*, edit. Geret. p. xxxii. has a pleasant notice of an inscription, to the same effect, put over the door of his printing office by Aldus.

most elegant printer in this city ; and being also a publisher, his business is very considerable. He makes his regular half yearly journeys among the neighbouring towns and villages, and as regularly brings home the fruits of his enterprise and industry. The approach to his premises, in the *Rue Martinville*, is sufficiently repulsive. In the usual manner, you pull a wire or string, and the door is opened by an invisible hand. You enter ; pass along a range of offices, where presses are at work ; ascend a flight of steps in front ; enter the warehouse, filled with a large stock of common vendible books ; and view, from the windows thereof, a beautiful portion of the south side of the Abbey of St. Ouen. Below, are a small court and garden ; such as would be considered of inestimable value if adjoining the premises and appurtenances of many of our London printers. If a large chimney, or a good part of a shabby old house were displaced, the view of the abbey, from this warehouse, would be perfectly enviable. On my first visit, M. Mégard was from home ; but Madame, “ son épouse l'attendoit à chaque moment ! ” There is a particular class of women among the French, which is singularly intelligent, civil, and even well-bred. I mean the wives of the more respectable tradesmen. Thus I found it, in addition to a hundred similar previous instances, with Madame Mégard. “ Mais Monsieur, je vous prie de vous asseoir. Que voulez vous ? ” “ I wish to have a little conversation with your husband. I am an enthusiastic lover of the art of printing. I search every where for skilful printers, and thus it is that I am in pursuit of Monsieur Mégard.”

An immediate declension of the eye-lids, accompanied with the most gentle obeisance, attested the sensibility of the wife to the just eulogy bestowed upon her husband. We both sat down and conversed together; and I found in Madame Mégard a middle-aged woman, and mother of several children,) a communicative, and well-instructed representative of the said ancient Jenson, or modern Bulmer.—“Enfin, voilà mon mari qui arrive”—said Madame, turning round, upon the opening of the door:—when I looked forward, and observed a stout man, rather above the middle size, with a countenance perfectly English—but accoutred in the dress of the *national guard*, with a huge grenadier cap upon his head. Madame saw my embarrassment: laughed: and in two minutes her husband knew the purport of my visit. He began by expressing his dislike of the military garb: but admitted the absolute necessity of adopting such a measure as that of embodying a national guard. “Soyez le bien venu: Ma foi, je ne suis que trop sensible, Monsieur, de l’honneur que vous me faites—vû que vous êtes antiquaire typographique, et que vous avez publié des ouvrages relatifs à notre art. Mais ce n’est pas ici qu’il faut en chercher de belles épreuves. C’est à Paris.”

I parried this delicate thrust by observing that I was well acquainted with the fine productions of *Didot*—and had also seen the less aspiring ones of himself—of which indeed I had reason to think his townsmen might be proud. This I spoke with the utmost sincerity. “But you are printer to his Grace the Archbishop!” “Yes, Sir.” “I hope he is a patron

of the art, as well as a Cardinal of the see of Rome?" M. Mégard hesitated. "But think of the ecclesiastical patrons of typography, of old. Think of the Cardinals Bessarion, Campanus, and of the Bishop of Aleria." "C'est bien vrai, Monsieur, mais l'Archévêque de Rouen n'est ni le Cardinal Bessarion ni l'Evêque d'Alérie!"—replied M. Mégard with equal promptitude and dexterity. In short, I learnt that M. Mégard had seen his patron but *once*; at which interview it should seem that he had experienced ten times the reserve and formality which were ever displayed by the Popes Paul II. and Sixtus IV. towards Sweynheym and Pannartz, and John Philip de Lignamine. I then bethought me of the "grosse machine de chair" of the Abbé T.\* My first visit concluded with two elegant little book-presents, on the part of M. Mégard—one being *Heures de Rouen, à l'usage du Diocèse*, 1814, 12mo. and the other *Etrennes nouvelles commodes et utiles*, 1815, 12mo.—the former bound in green morocco; and the latter in calf, with gilt leaves, but printed on a sort of apricot-tinted paper—producing no displeasing effect. Both are exceedingly well executed; and which our Bensley or Bulmer might own without the least apricot-blush upon their cheek. My visits to M. Mégard were rather frequent. He has a son at the Collège Royale, or Lycée, whither I accompanied him, one Sunday morning, and took the church of that establishment in the way. It is built entirely in the Italian style of architecture: is exceedingly spacious: has a fine organ, and is numerously attended. The pictures I saw in it, although by no

\* See page 68.

means of first-rate merit, quite convince me that it is in churches of *Roman*, and not of *Gothic* architecture, that paintings produce the most harmonious effect. This college and church form a noble establishment, situated in one of the most commanding eminences of the town. From some parts of it, the flying buttresses of the nave of the Abbey of St. Ouen, with the Seine at a short distance, surmounted by the hills and woods of Canteleu as a back ground, are seen in the most gloriously picturesque manner.

But the printer who does the most business—or rather whose business lies in the lower department of the art, in bringing forth what our friend B. usually calls *chap books*—is **LECRÈNE LABBEY**—*imprimeur-libraire et marchand de papiers*. The very title imports a sort of Dan Newberry's repository. I believe however that Lecrène Labbey's business is much diminished. He once lived in the *Rue de la Grosse-Horloge*, No. 12: but at present carries on trade in one of the out-skirting streets of the town. I was told that the premises he now occupies were once an old church or monastery, and that a thousand fluttering sheets were now suspended where formerly was seen the solemn procession of silken banners, with religious emblems emblazoned in colours of all hues. I called however at the old shop, and supplied myself with a dingy copy of the *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Bleue*\*—from which catalogue however I could pur-

\* *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Bleue qui se trouve chez Lecrène-Labbey, Imprimeur—Libraire et Marchand de Papiers, rue de la Grosse Horloge, No. 12, à Rouen.* Such is the title. I select a few of the

chase but little: as the greater part of the older books, several of the *Caxtonian stamp*, had taken their de-

more curious works, desiderated more particularly by the *Roxburghers*, and by collectors of our ancient literature. It will be seen that, what was popular in Caxton's time, is yet sought after at the opening of the sixteenth century.

The following at 4 liv. 16 sous the dozen:

*Calendrier du Berger*, fig. (Our old Shepherd's Calendar: see *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 526.) *Gallien Restauré*, fig. *Huon de Bordeaux*, premier et seconde parties. *Les quatre Fils Aymon*. Wood cut frontispiece opposite the title-page: pp. 152, large 8vo. *Noëls*, à 16 feuilles. *Valentin et Orson*. I purchased a copy of this edition, as well as of "The Four Sons of Aymon" just noticed. It is a large, and closely printed octavo volume of 166 pages.

When we consider that a dozen of such books as these may be had for about 4s. English, one cannot help contrasting it with the very dear terms upon which a similar set of books would be purchased in our own country. I apprehend that a volume, like either of those here last noticed, could not possibly be sold under 1s. 6d.: thus raising the sum of a dozen copies to little short of that of four times beyond what is given abroad. I proceed leisurely with a few others at

*Four livres 4 sous the dozen.*

*Conquêtes de Charlemagne*—which I presume to be the Life of Charlemain, as originally printed in the xvth century, and from which our Caxton published his version: see *Typ. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 255.

*Cuisinier Français. Maréchal expert, nouvelle édition, figures neuves.*

I obtained a copy of this latter work, which is a small, but full-printed, octavo of 152 pages. The "figures" are sufficiently miserable; but I could not help smiling to observe, with all the veterinary quackery of the present day, a few of the old maxims of *Dame Juliana Berners' Book of Hunting*, &c. engrafted upon the text of this work. Thus, at page 11 we read:



partures. It was from this Catalogue that I learnt the precise character of the works destined for vulgar reading, and from hence inferred, what I stated to you a little time ago, that *Romances*, *Rondelays*, and chivalrous stories, are yet read with pleasure, if not wit havidity, by the good people of France. It is, in short, from this lower, or *lowest* species of literature—

*Des marques que doivent avoir les bons Chevaux.*

Si tu veux bon Cheval, qui longuement te serve,  
Prends sur-tout le brun bai, et soigneux le conserve;  
Le grison n'est mauvais; mais on répute beau  
Le cheval quand il est de toutes parts moreau.  
Si pour les tiens et toi tu veux avoir monture,  
Choisis sur-tout le blanc, car longuement il dure.

Le cheval doit avoir des marques distinguées, tant pour la bonté que pour la beauté. Il doit tenir de la Femme, du Bœuf, du Renard, et du Cerf.

*De la Femme.* Qu'il soit doux au montoir, beau de devant, et belle chevelure de crin.

*Du Bœuf.* Qu'il ait les yeux beaux et gros, l'encolure belle, et qu'il soit bien relevé.

*Du Renard.* Qu'il ait beau trot, les oreilles petites et belles, la queue grande et toussue.

*Du Cerf.* Qu'il ait les jambes sèches, qu'il soit bien relevé du devant, qu'il ait la tête sèche.

Consult *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 55-9, for something like a similar description in the work of DAME JULIANA BERNERS. This book has some wretched wood cuts in the first part. The second part exhibits, in the title page, the dead stag, with his heels upwards, fastened to a pole—as we see it in some of the more ancient works upon hunting. This second part is devoted to “Plusieurs Recettes, Approuvées du Sieur d L'Espiney, Gentilhomme Périgourdin, pour toutes les maladies et accidens qui arrivent aux Chevaux.” This second part is composed of 76 pages: the first, of 80.

if it must be so designated—that we gather the real genius, or mental character, of the ordinary classes of society. I do assure you that some of these *chap* publications are singularly droll and curious. Even the very rudiments of learning, or the mere alphabet-book, meets the eye in a very imposing manner. Let me send you the following specimen, being the first page of a little religious manual, of which the press of M. Mégard has not disdained to throw off a few copies UPON VELLUM. You will observe from hence how carefully, and at what a tender age, the forms of the Roman Catholic religion are impressed upon the minds of youth. No child ever enters a place of worship without making the form of a cross upon his breast—which custom, as you will observe by the red cross in the specimen here sent, he has been taught in the very elements of his education. In other respects, there is little difference in the formularies, or elementary treatises, of both countries.

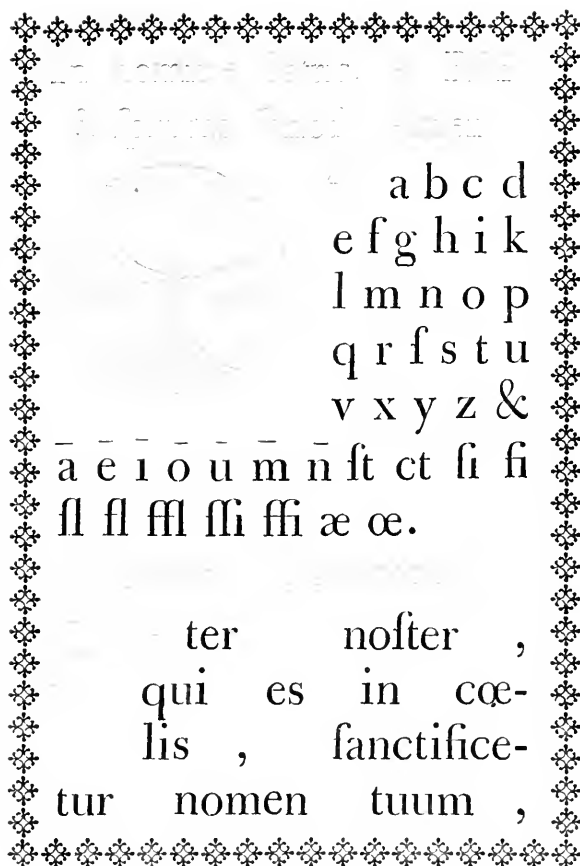
Chap books at 3 livres 12 sous the dozen.

*Ancien Testament. Aventurier Buscon. Figures de la Bible. Grande Danse Macabre. fig.* (From the celebrated old work under that name.)

*Histoire de Fortunatus. Palais des Curieux. Recueil de Chansons.*

At 3 livres the dozen.

*Les Loisirs des jolies Femmes, ou Recueil d'ariettes nouvelles. Prophéties de Moult, edit. ample. L'Amant de Jésus. Doctrinal de Sapience.* (Caxton's original: see *Typ. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 266.) *Purgatoire de St. Patrice, fig. Recueil de Chansons, &c. &c. &c.* The Purgatory of St. Patrick was out of print. I sought for it every where, in vain: but they endeavoured to console me by the assurance that a new, and improved edition had been long in contemplation.



*Love, Marriage, and Confession*, are fertile themes for dissemination by means of these little farthing chap books. Whether such fugitive and superficial pieces ever find their way into the boudoirs of respectable families, I will not, as a traveller, have the temerity to affirm : but that they are familiar to the middling and lower orders of society, is palpable from almost every lounge which you take in the streets. Yonder sits a fille de chambre, after her work is done. She is

intent upon some little manual, taken from the *Bibliothèque Bleue*. Approach her, and ask her for a sight of it. She smiles, and readily shews you *Catéchisme à l'usage des Grandes Filles pour être Mariées ; ensemble la manière d'attirer les Amans*.<sup>\*</sup> At the

<sup>\*</sup> The character of the lower classes, and even frequently of the upper classes, of society “ takes its form and pressure ” from these juvenile manuals of moral and social instruction. It is with this view only that I venture to submit to the reader a specimen or two taken, first, from the *Catéchisme des Amans, par Demandes & Réponses, ou sont enseignées les principales maximes de l'amour, & le devoir d'un véritable Amant*. A Rouen, chez Lecréne-Labbey, &c.

#### DIALOGUE. I.

*L'Amante*. Estes vous amant ?

*L'Amant*. Oui, par la faveur de Cupidon.

*L'Amante*. Qu'est ce qu'un Amant ?

*L'Amant*. C'est une personne qui ayant fait une sincere & véritable déclaration, cherche les moyens d'être aimée de l'objet qu'elle aime.

#### DIALOGUE II.

*L'Amante*. Quels sont les signes d'un véritable amant ?

*L'Amant*. C'est l'assiduité, la complaisance, la sincérité, l'exactitude & le billet tendre.....

*L'Amante*. Qu'est-ce que la sincérité ?

*L'Amant*. C'est une grande conformité entre ce que nous voulons exécuter.

*L'Amante*. Qu'entendez-vous par ce mot exécuter ?

*L'Amant*. J'entends parler d'une diligence perpétuelle à faire ce que nous avons promis à l'objet que nous aimons, & à chercher l'occasion de lui témoigner notre inclination & notre zèle.

*L'Amante*. Qu'entendez-vous par le billet tendre ?

*L'Amant*. Un petit compliment par écrit que nous envoyons à nos Maitresses, quand nous ne pouvons pas trouver l'occasion de les entretenir.

first glance of it, you suppose that this is entirely, from beginning to end, a wild and probably somewhat in-

*L'Amante.* En quel temps, en quel lieu & à quelle heure le faut-il faire?

*L'Amant.* Le matin lorsqu'on est levé, le soir auparavant de se coucher, quand on entre dans son cabinet, & quand on se trouve pressé de quelque jalousie. ....

#### DIALOGUE V.

*L'Amante* A quel âge peut-on commencer à faire l'amour?

*L'Amant.* Les garçons à quatorze ans, les filles à douze, selon que l'on est avancé pour son âge.

*L'Amante.* Comment faut-il qu'un amant se comporte quand il commence à faire l'amour?

*L'Amant.* Il faut premièrement qu'il sache ce que doit faire un véritable amant, qu'il n'ignore pas la différence qu'il y a entre les complimens des grands & des petits.

#### DIALOGUE VI.

*L'Amante.* Combien y a-t-il de bonheurs en amour pour rendre un Amant heureux?

*L'Amant.* Il y en a sept.

*L'Amante.* Enseignez-les moi donc.

*L'Amant.* 1. Heureux sont les Amans qui aiment véritablement, car les plaisirs de l'Amour ne sont pas sensibles à ceux qui n'en sont que médiocrement touchés.

2. Heureux sont les Amans sains & vigoureux, car ils sont aimés longtems, & sont les plus considérés.

3. Heureux sont les Amans qui aiment véritablement à rire, car il y a du sujet de s'affliger en l'amour, sans y joindre le tempéramment.

4. Heureux sont les amans qui ont de l'esprit, car ils goûtent des plaisirs que les niais ne ressentent pas.

5. Heureux sont les Amans qui ont de la patience, car il est très-difficile de trouver une Maîtresse qui accorde au premier moment ce qu'un Amant desire.

decorous manual of instruction. By no means ; for read the very devout *Litanies* and *Prayer* with which it

6. Heureux sont les Amans riches, car l'amour aime la dépense.

7. Heureux sont les Amans sans rivaux, car ils possèdent seuls les bonnes grâces de leurs Maîtresses.

*Oraison très-utile à une fille qui désire être pourvue comme il faut du Sacrement de Mariage.*

Mon Dieu, qui avez créé le genre humain pour benir votre nom adorable, & qui lui avez donné par la source féconde du sacrement de Mariage, une voie légitime pour éteindre le feu de la concupiscence, & en même temps multiplier; je vous adresse mes vœux du plus profond de mon cœur, afin qu'il vous plaise me remplir d'une vertu vivifiante, qui me rende capable de produire du fruit de l'union conjugale, & me donner un Epoux qui ait toutes les qualités nécessaires pour s'acquitter dignement des vœux du Mariage..... C'est, mon Dieu, ce que je vous demande de toute mon âme avec les dernières instances; regardez donc en pitié votre très humble servante N.

It is observable, from hence, how little the French character has altered. In the copper plates to the better editions of their pastoral and love poets, upwards of a century ago, we observe young ladies and young gentlemen, of fourteen and twelve years, with their brows encircled by wreaths of flowers, reclining upon grass banks, and enacting the parts of passionate lovers. The same thing is observed in their modern productions. I now proceed, in the second place, to a specimen or two from the *Catéchisme à l'Usage des Grandes Filles pour être mariées; Ensemble la manière d'attirer les Amans. Par Demandes & Réponses. A Rouen chez Leclerc-Labbey, &c.*

*Demande.* Quel est le Sacrement le plus nécessaire aux grandes Filles ?

*Réponse.* C'est le Mariage.

D. A quel âge doit on marier les Filles ?

R. Selon comme elles sont belles.

D. Les plus belles, à quel âge faut-il les marier ?

R. C'est ordinairement à seize & dix huit ans.

concludes, and which I here send—for your gratification, however transient. I admit that it is a strange mixture of the simple and serious.

## LITANIES

*Pour toutes les Filles qui désirent entrer en ménage.*

Kyrie, je voudrois,  
 Christe, être mariée.  
 Kyrie, je prie tous les Saints,  
 Christe, que ce soit demain.  
 Sainte Marie, tout le Monde se marie.  
 Saint Joseph, que vous ai-je fait?  
 Saint Nicolas, ne m'oubliez pas.  
 Saint Médérie, que j'aie un bon mari.  
 Saint Matthieu, qu'il craigne Dieu.  
 Saint Jean, qu'il m'aime tendrement.  
 Saint Bruno, qu'il soit joli & beau.  
 Saint François, qu'il me soit fidele.  
 Saint André, qu'il soit à mon gré.  
 Saint Didier, qu'il aime à travailler.  
 Saint Honoré, qu'il n'aime pas à jouer.  
 Saint Séverin, qu'il n'aime pas le vin.  
 Saint Clément qu'il soit diligent.  
 Saint Sauveur, qu'il ait bon cœur.  
 Saint Nicaise, que je sois à mon aise.  
 Saint Josse, qu'il me donne un carosse.  
 Saint Boniface, que mon mariage se fasse.  
 Saint Augustin, dès demain matin.

## ORAISON.

Seigneur, qui avez formé Adam de la terre, and qui lui avez donné Eve pour sa compagne; envoyez-moi, s'il vous plait, un bon mari pour compagnon, non pour la volupté, mais pour vous honorer & avoir des enfants qui vous bénissent. Ainsi soit il.

D. Pourquoi à cet âge?

R. De peur qu'il n'arrive quelque inconvénient à leur honneur.

D. Mais celles qui ne sont pas belles, à quel âge faut-il donc les marier?

Among the books of this class, before alluded to, I purchased a singularly amusing little manual called

R. Aussitôt que les Garçons les demandent, pour ne pas perdre la bonne occasion.

D. Quand une Fille n'a point d'Amant, comment faut-il faire pour en avoir ?

R. Il y a plusieurs moyens pour s'en procurer.

D. Quels sont ces moyens ?

E. Premièrement, il faut avoir la sagesse & la modestie ; secondement, être bonne ménagère, bien actionnée à son occupation à son travail ; troisièmement, être bien propre dans ses habillements, dans son linge & dans sa chambre ; quatrièmement, ne pas s'aviser de porter plus que son état ne permet, car c'est le moyen de les renvoyer, plutôt que de les attirer.

D. Quand une Fille a un Amant bien à son gré, comment doit-elle faire, peur de le perdre ?

R. Il faut l'aimer d'un amour honnête, qui est le véritable moyen de le conserver ; il faut aussi éviter envers lui les paroles hardies & peu respectueuses, peur de le fâcher ; se garder bien d'écouter les mauvais discours, tant d'un côté que de l'autre ; il faut aussi toujours être de bonne humeur, principalement devant lui ; ne point lui causer de la jalousie en faisant trop d'accueil aux autres.

D. Quand une Fille veut aller à la promenade, comment doit-elle se comporter avec son Amant & avec ceux de la compagnie ?

R. Elle doit premièrement en demander permission à son pere, à sa mère ou à ses supérieurs, & leur dire que c'est pour aller en tel endroit. Il faut aussi qu'elle se comporte en la compagnie de laquelle est son Amant, avec beaucoup de modestie. ....

D. Les Dimanches et les Fêtes, quand une Fille garde la maison pendant la grand'-Messe ou les Vêpres, & que son Amant la vient voir, comment doit-elle se comporter ?

R. Avec une grande modestie & retenue, faisant son ménage avec beaucoup d'action, sans s'amuser à badiner avec son Amant, à cause des mauvaises suites qui pourroient en provenir. Il faut aussi lui remontrer qu'il auroit été plus à propos d'être à la grand'-Messe ou à Vêpres, & qu'il seroit bien venu à une autre, le tout avec termes & paroles de douceur. ....



“ *La Confession de la Bonne Femme.*” It is really not divested of merit. Whether however it may not have

D. Quand une Fille est demandée en mariage par un Garçon qui est bien à son gré, que doit elle répondre ?

R. Il faut d'abord qu'elle fasse semblant d'être un peu surprise, & répondre qu'elle ne peut pas croire qu'un Garçon de son mérite & de son moyen, voulût avoir en mariage une aussi simple Fille comme elle.

D. Si l'Amant persiste, lui faisant des protestations d'amitié, ou lui disant par exemple : Ce seroit tout mon désir, si je pouvois posséder l'amitié d'une aimable personne comme vous, & je serois le plus content du monde. Si je ne craignois point de vous faire de la peine, j'aurois l'honneur d'en parler à M. votre Pere et à Madame votre Mere.

R. La Fille doit répondre avec beaucoup de respect : Monsieur, si vous avez l'amitié que vous dites avoir pour moi, ils ne seront pas moins surpris que j'ai été, parce qu'ils ne s'attendent, pas d'avoir cet avantage.

Si l'amant a Pere ou Mere, il doit leur en parler, leur témoigner son dessein, en leur disant : Si c'étoit votre volonté comme c'est la mienne, je souhaiterois avoir en mariage une telle, qui est une très-honnête Fille.

Mon Fils, j'ai trouvé que vous avez très-bien choisi, il faut voir au plutôt si nous pourrions avoir cet avantage.

Le Pere & la Mere du Garçon parlant au Pere & à la Mere de la Fille, après avoir fait le salut & les complimens ordinaires, pourront dire : Monsieur & Madame, nous avons appris avec bien du plaisir qu'il y avoit une parfaite amitié entre Mademoiselle votre Fille & notre Garçon ; c'est ce qui nous oblige à vous la demander en mariage pour notre Fils, si vous nous l'accordez, nous serons parfaitement contents.

Monsieur & Madame, nous sommes charmés de l'honneur que vous nous faites aujourd'hui ; pour vous faire voir que nous avons une parfaite amitié pour vous & pour toute votre aimable famille, nous vous la promettons de bon cœur.

Monsieur & Madame, nous sommes entièrement satisfaits ; c'est à vous, s'il vous plait, à donner jour pour passer le contrat.

Monsieur, le jour de votre commodité sera le nôtre.

been written, during the Revolution, with a view to ridicule the practice of auricular confession which yet obtains throughout France, I cannot take upon me to pronounce; but there are undoubtedly some portions of it which seem so obviously to satirise this practice, that one can hardly help drawing a conclusion in the affirmative. On the other hand it may perhaps be inferred, with greater probability, that it is intended to shew with what extreme facility a system of *self-deception* may be maintained. Referring however to the little manual in question, it is to be observed that the book has neither imprint nor date. Among the various choice morceaux which it contains, take the following extracts—exemplificatory of a woman's evading the main points of confession—and judge yourself of the accuracy, or otherwise, of my opinion.

C. Ne voulez vous pas me répondre ; en un mot, combien y a-t-il de temps que vous ne vous êtes confessée ?

P. Il y a un mois tout juste, car c'étoit le quatrième jour du mois passé, & nous sommes au cinquième du mois courant ; or comptez, mon père, & vous trouverez justement que . . . .

C. C'est assez, ne parlez point tant, & dites moi en peu de mots vos péchés.

*Elle raconte les péchés d'autrui.*

*La Pénitence.* J'ai un enfant qui est le plus méchant garçon que vous ayez jamais vu, il jure, bat sa sœur, il fuit l'école, dérobe tout ce qu'il peut pour jouer ; il suit de méchants fripons : l'autre jour en courant il perdit son chapeau. Enfin, c'est un méchant garçon, je veux vous l'amener afin que vous me l'endoctriniez un peu s'il vous plaît.

C. Dites-moi vos péchés ?

P. Mais, mon père, j'ai une fille qui est encore pire, je ne la peux faire lever le matin, je l'appelle cent fois : *Marguerite : plaît-il ma Mere ? lève-toi promptement et descends : j'y vais.* Elle ne bouge pas. *Si tu*

*ne viens maintenant, tu seras battue.* Elle s'en moque : quand je l'envoie à la Ville, je lui dis, *reviens promptement, ne t'amuse pas.* Cependant, elle s'arrête à toutes les portes comme l'âne d'un meunier, elle babille avec tous ceux qu'elle rencontre ; & quand elle me fait cela, je la bats : ne fais-je pas bien, mon père ?

C. Dites-moi vos péchés et non pas ceux de vos enfans ?

P. Il se trouve, mon père, que nous avons dans notre rue une voisine qui est la plus méchante de toutes les femmes, elle jure, elle querelle tous ceux qui passent, personne ne la peut souffrir, ni son mari, ni ses enfans, & bien souvent elle s'enivre, & vous me dites, mon père quelle est celle-là ? c'est . . . .

C. Ah gardez-vous bien de la nommer, car à la confession il ne faut jamais faire connoître les personnes dont vous déclarez les péchés.

P. C'est elle qui vient se confesser après moi, grondez-la bien, car vous ne lui en sauriez trop dire.

C. Taisez-vous donc, & ne parlez que de vos péchés, non pas de ceux des autres.

*Elle s'accuse de ce qui n'est point péché.*

*Penitente.*—Ah ! mon père, j'ai fait un grand péché, ah ! le grand péché, hélas je serai damnée, quoique mon confesseur m'ait défendu de le dire j'amaï, néanmoins mon père je vais vous le déclarer.

C. Ne le dites point puisque votre confesseur vous l'a défendu, je ne veux point l'entendre.

P. Ah ! n'importe ; je veux vous le dire, c'est un trop grand péché : J'ai battu ma mère.

C. Vous avez battu votre mère ! Ah ! misérable, c'est un cas réservé & un crime qui mérite la potence. Et quand l'avez-vous battue ?

P. Quand j'étois petite de l'âge de quatre ans.

C. Ah ! simple, ne savez-vous pas que tout ce que les enfans font avant l'âge de raison qui est environ l'âge de sept ans, ne sauroit être un péché.

P. J'ai désiré la mort dans l'impatience.

C. Mais auriez-vous voulu être morte tout de bon !

P. O que nenni : je l'ai désirée à mon enfant.

C. Auriez-vous voulu qu'il lui fût arrivée quelque mal ?

P. Ah ! que Dieu l'en préserve.

C. Pourquoi dites-vous donc cela ?

P. Je me suis fâché du bien d'autrui.

C. Est-ce par envie que vous avez été affligé que les autres eussent du bien ?

P. Non : mais j'aurois souhaité que le bon Dieu m'en eût donné autant. Je me suis réjouie de la mort d'un fils que j'avois, qui étoit muet, aveugle & paralytique.

C. Pourquoi vous en êtes-vous réjouie ? est-ce parce que vous lui vouliez du mal ?

P. Non, mais parce que je me voyois délivrée d'une grande peine qu'il nous donnoit à tous.

C. Cela n'est pas un péché.

P. Je me suis réjouie de la mort de mon oncle, qui m'a laissé son héritage.

C. Vous êtes-vous réjouie de sa mort ou seulement d'avoir eu son héritage ?

P. Ce n'est que d'avoir eu son héritage.

C. Cela n'est pas aussi péché.

P. J'ai jugé témérairement d'un garçon & d'une fille que j'ai vu en cachette se comporter mal.

C. Cela n'est pas un péché ni un jugement téméraire, quand ils vous donnent un juste sujet de juger mal d'eux, & vous pécheriez si vous jugiez qu'ils font bien.

P. J'ai travaillé les Fêtes & les Dimanches.

C. Quel travail avez-vous fait ?

P. J'ai attaché avec un point d'iguille le colet au pourpoint de mon enfant.

C. Cela n'est rien.

P. J'ai juré Dieu.

C. Vous avez juré Dieu, voilà qui est fort scandaleux à une femme ; & comment disiez-vous ?

P. Je disois Ma foi.

C. Cela ne s'appelle pas jurer Dieu, mais seulement jurer sa foi, et quoiqu'il ne le faille jamais dire ce n'est pas toujours un péché.

P. J'ai blasphémé.

C. Comment disiez-vous ?

P. Je disois Chienne à ma vache !!

Of ROMANCES, I bought terribly coarse editions of *Huon de Bourdeaux*, *Valentin et Orson*, and the *Four Sons of Aymon*. However, I knew they would be acceptable to some of our curious friends; though I am well aware that PALMERIN would not exchange his English FIRST EDITION of the *second* of these Romances for a ship-load of such gipsy copies as “are to be sold” at Lecrêne-Labbey’s. Upon the whole, our own presses, even in country-towns, put forth better impressions of popular tales: but what is novel, especially in a foreign land, is generally acceptable; and I am almost ashamed to think how many sous, or rather francs, I have expended upon the *Bibliothèque Bleue*! There is one thing, my dear friend, which I must frankly declare to you as entitled to distinct notice and especial commendation. It is—the method of teaching “catechisms” of a different and higher order—I mean the CHURCH CATECHISMS. Both the Cathedral and the Abbey of St. Ouen have numerous side chapels. Within these side chapels are collected, on stated days of the week, the young of both sexes. They are arranged in a circle. A priest, in his white robes, is seated, or stands, in the centre of them. He examines, questions, corrects, or commends, as the opportunity calls for. His manner is winning and persuasive. His action is admirable. The lads shew him great respect, and are rarely rude or seen to laugh. Those who answer well, and pay the greater attention, receive, with words of commendation, gentle pats upon the head—and I could not but consider the blush, with which this mark of favour was usually received, as so many presages of future excellence in the youth. I once

witnessed a most determined catechetical lecture of girls ; who might be called, in the language of their matrimonial catechism, “ des grandes filles.” It was on an evening in the Chapel of My Lady in St. Ouen’s Abbey, that this examination took place. Two elderly priests attended. The responses of the females were as quick as they were correct ; the eye being always invariably fixed upon the pavement, accompanied with a gravity and even piety of expression. A large group of mothers, with sundry spectators, were in attendance,—and perceiving we were English, both teachers and pupils seemed to exert themselves with greater energy. At length a question was put, to which a supposed incorrect response was given. It was repeated, and the same answer followed. The priest hesitated : something like vexation was kindling in his cheek, while the utmost calmness and confidence seemed to mark the countenance of the examinant. The attendant mothers were struck with surprise. A silence for one minute ensued. The question related to the “ Holy Spirit.” The priest gently approached the girl, and softly articulated—“ Mais, ma chère considerez un peu,”—and repeated the question. “ Mon pere, (yet more softly, rejoined the pupil) j’ai bien considérée, et je crois que c’est comme je vous l’ai déjà dit.” The Priest crossed his hands upon his breast...brought down his eye-brows in a thinking mood... and turning quickly round to the girl, addressed her in the most affectionate tone of voice—“ Ma petite,—tu as bien dit ; et j’avois tort.” I shall never forget the expression of the girl. She curtsied,

blushed...and with eyes, from which tears seemed ready to start, surveyed the circle of spectators... caught the approving glance of her mother, and sunk triumphantly upon her chair—with the united admiration of teachers, companions, parents and spectators ! The whole was conducted with the most perfect propriety ; and the pastors did not withdraw till they were fairly exhausted. Candour obliges one to confess that this reciprocity of zeal, on the part of master and pupil, is equally creditable to both parties—and especially serviceable to the cause of religion and morality. Between complins and vespers, on the Sabbath, it is delightful to observe this attention to the performance of clerical duties.

We approach by degrees the BOOK-THEME in all its plenitude of discussion. Of *Booksellers*, the principal is the house of *Frere*, situated on the *Quai de Paris*, no. 70. Whether the father be living, I have forgotten to enquire ; but if civility, quickness, and intelligence be the chief requisite of a bibliopolist, the young *Frere* stands not in need of parental aid for the prosperity of his business. His sisters are also very active in their several capacities. The premises, although not large, are sufficiently commodious. The more respectable literati of Rouen come to read, to lounge, and to gossip in the upper room : in the manner of our own literati at Mr. Murray's more costly suite of apartments in Albemarle Street. From one corner of this upper room, I was surprised and delighted, on my first entrance, by the notes of a warbling canary. This bird is taught to sing opera and concerto airs—and at particular periods

“ ’t will discourse most eloquent music.” The effect is not unpleasing, especially as the sound is infinitely softer and mellower than the generally shrill and penetrating notes of that bird: and, peradventure, occasionally somewhat more grateful than the notes of the said lounging literati! From the windows of this room you have also a good view of the bustle of the quay, and of the movements which take place on the river Seine; while, within, you may discourse with an ancient white-crossed Bourbonist, a suppressed Buonapartist, an abbé, a chevalier, a barrister, a critic, or a student. Here I met the amiable and well-informed Monsieur Adam; a gentleman, whose kindness and pleasing conversation only makes me regret that the period is fast approaching when I am probably to take leave of him for ever.

Of the remaining booksellers in our way, I need only notice *Le Maître* and *Le Roux*. The former, who has a very good stock of literary publications, lives in the *Place St. Ouen* . . . and it was here that I hunted down the fine copy of the first edition of the French version of the *New Testament* (printed at Lyons about the year 1478), of which (as you may remember) I had got scent, at a stall, close to the portal of *St. Maclou*. You may be sure that I scrupled not to give fifteen francs for this desirable copy—in its ancient monastic binding. I bought here a French version of the first volume only of *Strutt’s Manners and Customs, &c.* with a great number of the plates, for eight francs: and a copy of the *Bibliothèque Française* of Goujet

\* See p. 81, ante.



for twenty-five francs. This latter has been sold for £4. 4s. in our own country ; but to my joy I have found that it might be obtained for one half that sum. Let me here make honourable mention of the kind offices of *Monsieur Longchamp*, who volunteered his friendly services in walking over half the town with me, to shew me what he justly considered as the most worthy of observation. It is impossible for a generous mind to refuse its testimony to the ever prompt kindness of a well-bred Frenchman, in rendering you all the services in his power. Enquire the way,—and you have not only a finger quickly pointing to it, but the owner of the finger must also put himself in motion to accompany you a short distance upon the route, and that too uncovered ! “ Mais, Monsieur, mettez votre chapeau . . je vous en prie . . mille pardons.” “ Monsieur ne dites pas un seul mot . . pour mon chapeau, qu’il reste à son aise.”

Upon the whole, the soil of Rouen is not at present fertile in the curious lore of antiquity ;—however it might have once yielded a rich harvest from the prolific seeds sown by Morin, Tailleur, and Valentin. I groped about in all directions ; and to an hundred earnest enquiries for something curious, or rare, or ancient, was answered that I ought to have been there in the year 1814, when Paris was first taken possession of by the Allies—that my countrymen had preceded me, and had left nothing for future gleaners. I bought however of Lemaitre the last unsold copy, probably in Rouen, as well as in his own warehouse, of *Pommeraye’s History of the Abbey of St. Ouen*, to

which I have so frequently alluded, and for which I was glad to give a dozen francs.

I find I cannot include the whole of my *book-theme* in this my intended last Rouen dispatch—as I have one or two private collectors to notice ; and as the account of the *Public Library* and *Picture Gallery*, &c. must be considered at least worthy of a separate epistle. Among these book-collectors, or antiquaries, let me speak with becoming praise of the amiable and accomplished M. AUGUSTE LE PREVOST—who is considered, by competent judges, to be the best antiquary in Rouen.\* Mr. Dawson Turner, (a name, in

\* *the best Antiquary in Rouen.*—This gentleman is a belles-lettres Antiquary of the highest order. His “Mémoire faisant suite à l’Essai sur les Romains historiques du moyen âge” may teach modern Normans not to despair when death shall have laid low their present oracle the ABBÉ DE LA RUE. This mémoire, printed in the Transactions of the Rouen Society for 1816, p. 117-141, is written in excellent taste and with sound critical acumen. It is followed by the same gentleman’s “remarks upon the abbey church of St. Ouen”—and upon “the drawings relating to its ancient construction.” At page 151, M. Le Prevost speaks, in a dignified style of severity, of the destruction of ancient monuments of art—“Encore quelques années, diront-ils, (observes he) et à l’exception d’un petit nombre d’édifices d’une utilité pressante et immédiate, nous aurons vu disparaître tout ce qu’ont élevé nos ancêtres :—ces églises, ces couvents, ces palais, ces châteaux, toutes ces constructions consacrées à la religion, à la représentation ou à l’utilité publique. Une population à-la-fois superbe et frivole, dépensière et mesquine, a pris la place de ces sages et pieuses générations, austères et économes dans les détails habituels de la vie privée, mais si magnifiques dans les grandes occasions, et qui bâtissaient comme les Romains pour l’éternité,” p. 151. This is eloquent, but it is also just. M. Le Prevost was one in the commission with Messrs. Gourdin, Descamps, de Bois-Hèbert, Vauquelin,

in our own country synonymous with all that is liberal and enlightened in matters of virtue) was so obliging as to give me a letter of introduction to him. Unluckily he has been unavoidably absent during half the time of my stay here. M. Le Prevost had reason to exult in shewing me the following books.

*Romances Nuevamente sacados de Historias antiguas de la Cronica de España compuestos por Lorenzo de Sepulveda, &c. en Anvers, 1566. 12mo.*

Another edition, 1580. 12mo.

For the first, the fortunate owner gave *four sous*—and for the second, *six sous* only—at Rouen.

*Cancionero General*, 1573. 8vo. The table MS. : but bought at the sale of La Serna Santander's library for 40 francs only.

*Leonis Papæ Sermones*, 1470 : printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, folio. A cropt and rather indifferent copy.

*Chrysostomi Sermones, &c.* 1470 : printed in the Eusebian monastery. A clean and sound copy ; exhibiting the peculiarity which is mentioned in a note (vol. i. p. 409) in the Bibliographical Decameron.

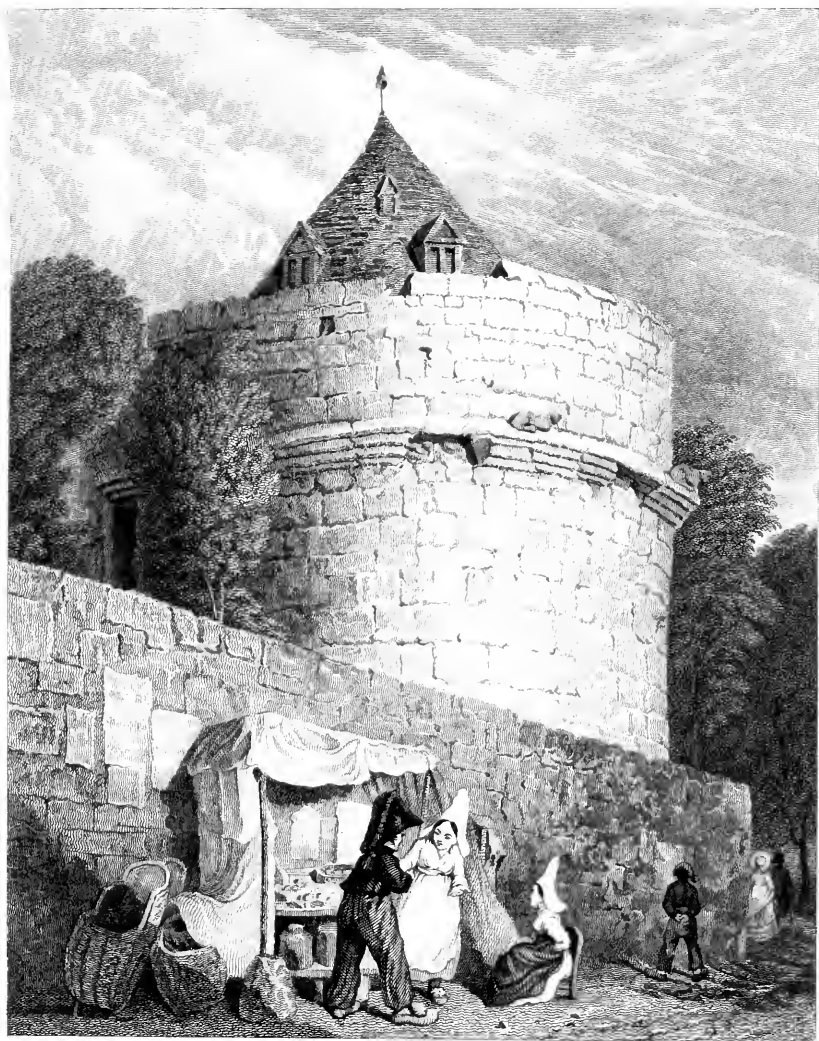
*Missale Rothomagensis*, 1499, folio. Without the device in front. A fine copy : but with two leaves MS.

A beautiful *Missal by Pigouchet* UPON VELLUM, in 8vo. in the original binding.

M. Le Prevost very justly discredits any remains of Roman masonry at Rouen ; but he will not be dis-

and Désoria, to give an account of the more precious relics of art yet existing in the Abbey Church of St. Ouen—of which THE DESTRUCTION IS ALREADY BEGUN !

pleased to see that the only existing relics of the castle or town walls, have been copied by the pencil of a late travelling friend. What you here behold is probably of the fourteenth century.



The next book-collector in commendation of whom I am bound to speak, is MONSIEUR DUPUTEL ; a member, as well as M. Le Prevost, of the Academy of Belles-Lettres at Rouen. The Abbé Turquier conducted me thither ; and I found, in the owner of a choice collection of books, a well-bred gentleman and a most hearty bibliomaniac. He has comparatively a small library ; but, withal, some very curious, scarce, and interesting volumes. M. Duputel is smitten with that amiable and enviable passion,—the love of printing for *private distribution*—thus meriting to become a sort of Roxburghe Associate. He was so good as to beg my acceptance of the “nouvelle édition” of his “*Bagatelles Poétiques*,” printed in an octavo volume of about 112 pages, at Rouen, in 1816. I took it home and quickly examined its contents. An advertisement, following the title page, tells us that “of this new edition, which is not printed for sale, there are only eighty copies printed—and those copies, which have not the signature of the author subjoined, must be considered as counterfeits.” Whether any speculator has had the hardihood to counterfeit, or to put forth a spurious edition of, these rhymes, I have never had an opportunity of ascertaining. Perhaps the attempt may not be altogether *tanti*. However, I am willing that M. Duputel should speak for himself,—which I think he does somewhat prettily in the following original lines.

*La Rose et le Ruisseau.*

Une Rose un jour se mirait  
Dans le cristal d'une onde claire ;

Mais, pendant qu'elle s'admirait,—  
 Du bout de son aile légère,  
 Zéphir l'effeuille . . . . Le Ruisseau  
 Reçoit sa fragile parure,  
 Et l'entraîne au gré de son eau.

Tel est l'ordre de la nature,  
 Ainsi, Chloé, ces agrémens,  
 Dont aujourd'hui vous semblez vaine,  
 S'écouleront avec le tems,  
 Qui, dans sa course, les entraîne.

p. 10.

The version from the German fable, and from our Prior's well-known beautiful little poem, are certainly very creditable to a muse which boasts only a "*trifling*" degree of inspiration. Receive them with courtesy.

*Ma Solitude.*

Loin des tempêtes du monde,  
 Dans cet asile enchanteur,  
 Au sein d'une paix profonde,  
 J'ai trouvé le vrai bonheur.

Il fuit l'enceinte des villes,  
 Séjour que les passions,  
 En erreurs toujours fertiles,  
 Remplissent d'illusions.

Leur séduisante imposture,  
 Voudrait en vain m'éblouir ;  
 Des bienfaits de la nature  
 Ici j'apprends à jouir.

Dans ces riantes prairies,  
 Quand je vois de clairs ruisseaux

Le long des rives fleuries  
Rouler leurs limpides eaux,

Le seul destin que j'envie  
Est de voir, comme leurs cours,  
Paisiblement de ma vie  
Couler les rapides jours.

. . . . .

Puisse l'Echo solitaire  
De ces tranquilles vallons,  
Modeste *Andelle*, se plaire  
A répéter ses chansons !

p. 57.

*La Guirlande,*

*Traduction de l'Anglais de Prior.*

Pour orner de Chloé les cheveux ondoians,  
Parmi les fleurs nouvellement écloses  
J'avais choisi les lis les plus brillans,  
Les œillets les plus beaux, et les plus fraîches roses.

Ma Chloé sur son front les plaça le matin :  
Alors on vit céder sans peine,  
Leur vif éclat à celui de son teint,  
Leur doux parfum à ceux de son haleine.

De ses attraits ces fleurs paraissaient s'embellir,  
Et sur ses blonds cheveux les bergers, les bergères  
Les voyaient se faner avec plus de plaisir  
Qu'ils ne les voyaient naître au milieu des parterres.

Mais, le soir, quand leur sein flétri  
Eut cessé d'exhaler son odeur séduisante,  
Elle fixa, d'un regard attendri,  
Cette guirlande, hélas ! n'aguères si brillante.

Des larmes aussi-tôt coulent de ses beaux yeux  
 Que d'éloquence dans ces larmes !  
 Jamais pour l'exprimer, le langage des dieux,  
 Tout sublime qu'il est, n'aurait assez de charmes.

En feignant d'ignorer ce tendre sentiment ;  
 “ Pourquoi,” lui dis-je, “ ô ma sensible amie,  
 “ Pourquoi verser des pleurs ? et par quel changement  
 “ Abandonner ton ame à la melancholie ?”

“ Vois-tu comme ces fleurs languissent tristement ?”  
 Me dit, en soupirant, ce moraliste aimable,  
 “ De leur fraîcheur, en un moment,  
 “ S'est éclipsé le charme peu durable.

“ Tel est, hélas ! notre destin,  
 “ Fleur de beauté ressemble à celles des prairies ;  
 “ On les voit toutes deux naître avec le matin,  
 “ Et dès le soir être flétries.

“ Estelle hier encor brillait dans nos hameaux,  
 “ Et l'amour attirait les bergers sur ses traces ;  
 “ De la mort, aujourd'hui, l'impitoyable faulx  
 “ A moissonné sa jeunesse et ses graces.

“ Soumise aux mêmes lois, peut-être que demain,  
 “ Comme elle aussi, Damon, j'aurai cessé de vivre . . .  
 “ Consacre dans tes vers la cause du chagrin  
 “ Auquel ton amante se livre.”

p. 92.

The last and not the least of book-collectors, which I have had an opportunity of visiting, is **MONSIEUR RIAUX** ; of whose very choice collection I have indeed already had occasion to make slight mention. With respect to what may be called a **ROUENNOISE LIBRARY**, that of M. Riaux is infinitely preferable to any which I have seen ; although I am not sure whether M. Le Prevost's collection contain not nearly as many



books. He promised me a list of his works relating to the antiquities of Normandy in general, but I fear I must leave this place without it. I shall not however easily forget his fine copy of the *Images de Philostrate*, (always a shewy book) formerly in the library of DE THOU. M. Riaux is himself a man of first-rate book enthusiasm ; and unites the avocations of his business with the gratification of his literary appetites, in a manner which does him infinite honour. A city like Rouen should have a host of such inhabitants : and the government, when it begins to breathe a little from recent embarrassments, will, I hope, cherish and support that finest of all patriotic feelings,—a desire to preserve the RELICS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS OF PAST AGES. Normandy is fertile beyond conception in objects which may gratify the most unbounded passion in this pursuit. It is the country where formerly the harp of the minstrel poured forth some of its sweetest strains ; and the lay and the fabliaux of the XIIth and XIIIth centuries, which delight us in the text of Sainte Palaye, and in the versions of Way, owed their existence to the combined spirit of chivalry and literature, which never slumbered upon the shores of Normandy ! But do not let me omit telling you of a very singular character, a priest of the name of . . . . . who lives in the vicinity of Rouen. He is the keenest of all bibliomaniacal hunters ; and evinced, in a late acquisition, the spring of a tiger with the eye of a lynx. He bought at Rouen the rarest of all rare Mysteries,\* for a few sous. Within three weeks of the purchase, I was told that Monsieur Van-Praet, made the irresis-

\* “ *Les blasphémateurs du nom de Dieu.*”

tible offer of 750 francs for the acquisition of it ! . . . and it is now reposing upon the shelves of the royal library. “ Thinks I to myself—” I will see this said mystery when I reach Paris ; but ere that event take place, I have Cathedrals, and Libraries in abundance to visit. Upon the whole, it may be safely affirmed that accident only can present the most diligent enquirer after old and curious books, with any thing in the shape of a satisfactory result from his searches. Rouen has been thoroughly weeded : or rather little better than *weeds*, in the character of *books*, now present themselves to the eye of the travelling collector. To be successful, you must be *stationary* for a few months : as there is no time for a temporary inhabitant to make experimental journeys to neighbouring villages, or to neighbouring private collections. One more letter, and then—farewell to Rouen !

## LETTER IX.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE  
MORE CURIOUS AND RARE MSS. AND PRINTED BOOKS.

THE clock of the Cathedral has struck eleven, and it is high time to visit the Public Library. In other words, this Public Library is open every day, with the exception of Thursday, from ten till two. M. GOURDIN, the principal librarian, is an intelligent and experienced bibliographer; to whom we are indebted for two good treatises upon the famous *Missal* and *Benedictionarius*,—the oldest and most curious of their illuminated manuscripts. Of these, presently. M. FOSSARD is the sub-librarian; and M. Fossard shall always have my best thanks and kindest reminiscences for the obliging and even laborious manner in which he was pleased to verify some readings and transcribe a portion of a MS. of *Robertus Montensis*—to satisfy our friend \* \* \*. At present, M. Fossard has somewhat to learn in his bibliographical calling; but an early period of life, and a willing, well-regulated, and well-educated mind can accomplish any thing. He is a sprightly and pleasing young man; and facilitated my researches with unintermitting assiduity. He would fill up the intervals of bibliographical gossip by expatiating, in raptures, upon the beautiful blue eyes of a fair English Lady, whom he once saw in the great

library—looking at the huge folio Missal of which some notice has been taken in the pages of a certain work called the *Bibliographical Decameron*.\* Of this splendid volume, by and by.

Meanwhile it is necessary that you should know all about the scite upon which this respectable edifice is built. Turn to one of my former letters, if you happen not to have burnt it, and you will find mention made of a certain ancient refectory running at right angles with the north side of the Abbey of St. Ouen. This was taken down; and the present *HOTEL DE VILLE* built either upon the scite of, or contiguous to it. The building is respectable from its size rather than from its beauty. The offices of government occupy the ground and first floors, and the *Public Gallery of Pictures*, and *Public Library*, running in parallel lines, fill the whole of the second or upper floor. The staircases, leading to all the public departments, are airy and elegant; especially that conducting to the Library and Picture Gallery. I was shewn, as an unrivalled specimen of masonry, the flying staircase to one of the government offices; but observed that we had two similar and rather superior specimens—one at Somerset House, and the other at Drury-lane Theatre. For a provincial town, the Library and Picture Gallery are two noble institutions. Of the pictures, seen at all times, without fee, by strangers, I will only observe, that, amidst a great deal of glaring trash, sent thither from Paris to astonish the Rouennois, I saw with great satisfaction a curious old

\* See Vol. I. p. clxxxiv.

picture containing the portraits of the chiefs of the League—for which I learnt that one of the Princes of the Blood was willing to give a considerable sum. There is also a good early picture or two, supposed to be by *John Van Eyk*—an early *Raffaelle* of the entombing of Christ, somewhat in his Perugino manner—and, better than many dozens of surrounding ornaments, a fine St. Francis, by *Annibal Caracci*; worthy of all his high reputation. The *La Hires* and *Jouvenets* cover countless square feet; and seem to be estimated rather from their size than by their merit. A little tender *Raffaelle*, or elegant *Parmegiano*, is worth a ship-load of such gaudy colouring and unmeaning composition. At the end of the first of the two long rooms, or galleries of pictures, is placed a whole-length statue, in terra cotta, of CORNEILLE—a native, and the boast of Rouen. It is in a sitting posture; and has very considerable merit. The countenance is full of expression; but the nose, though sufficiently prominent, is somewhat flattened—contrary to the medallie representation of his countenance, which exhibits it rather aquiline. Every facility is afforded to artists, male and female, to copy the treasures of this collection; and we saw, with equal pleasure and surprise, two ladies, and one Major of the National Guard, (the latter in long spurs and hessian boots, with a due portion of mustachios) busied in covering no small quantity of canvas with subjects not remarkable for their beauty or expression.\*

\* The Founder of the ACADEMY OF PAINTING at ROUEN was Monsieur DESCAMPS, a young Flemish painter, who happened to be passing that way in the year 1740, in his route to England by Havre. Des-

In approaching the PUBLIC LIBRARY, you pass through a well-proportioned but not a very large room, in which the sittings of the *Academy of Rouen* are held. A marble bust of the present King is at one end of it. The view from the opposite side, or from the range of windows in the Library, is really exhilarating. This view commands some of the gently rising eminences in the environs of the town; and M. Gourdin, who lives behind one of these eminences, told me that he retired thither, and returned from thence, every day to the performance of his public duties in the Library. After passing the before-mentioned room, you enter the second—which is designated the *Reading-room*: here the books, of whatever description you stand in need, are regularly brought to you. The library, where these books are kept, may be full one hundred English

camp was strongly urged to alter his views by Messrs. Cideville, Bourdonnaye, and Lecat, and to settle at Rouen, and become the founder of a School of Painting there. About the year 1750 the establishment was perfected. Descamps is better known by his elegant performance entitled “*La Vie des Peintres Flamandes, Allemands et Hollandois, avec des portraits gravés*, 1753, 8vo. 4 vols. The engravings, of which FICQUET executed several, are supposed by some to constitute the chief merit of this work. It was translated into Dutch, and HOUBRACKEN exhibited his unrivalled talents in executing several of the heads. Lord Spencer has a collection of proofs of these heads, grouped without order and without letter-press, in a quarto form. The grandson of Descamps, now an old man, is the professor of painting; and a very civil and lively old gentleman he is. If the reader wish for a more particular account of the pictures in the Museum at Rouen, he may consult *Travels in France by Lieut. Hall*, 1819, 8vo; where, however, it is evidently intended only as a subordinate portion of that gentleman's account of the city of Rouen.

feet in length, of a proportionate height and width. The windows are large, and there is ample light for the survey of the treasures exhibited. Among these treasures, at the further end of the room, reposes, upon a small table, the *huge folio Missal* of which I heretofore spake. The shew-man, or Cicerone, an old porter, of about seventy, advances in due form, and places you at the bottom of the book, while he stands at the top: after a little common-place flourish, the hard-hearted creature wets his huge thumb, and turns over the leaves by fixing it precisely, every time, in the self-same spot. In consequence, I leave you to judge of the frightful appearance of the margin where this begrimed thumb is in the habit of alighting! This practice is most heretical and abominable, and should be instantly corrected. All strangers, and especially the English, visit this graphic curiosity as the first thing to be seen. It is the result of thirty years patient and ingenious toil. The character, or the style of art, may be variously criticised; but nothing can induce you to withhold your admiration from the felicity of invention and the splendor of colouring which it displays. Having before described the writing, &c. it only remains to add that the name of the artist was D'EAUBONNE, a Benedictin monk, and that he died in 1714.

The first MS. which I opened to examine minutely, was the famous *MISSAL*, supposed with good reason to be of the xith. century; as the dominical table extends from 1000 to 1095.\* It is called *St. Guthlac's*

\* Of the English Saints, we observe, in the Calendar, the names of *Cuthbert, Guthlac, Elfege and Etheldith*—but neither *Dunstan*, nor *Ethelwold*.

book ; and the first sentence contains an orison for the protection of that saint. It is a fine beautiful volume, about 13 inches in length, by 9 in width. I shall be particular in my account of it. The first four leaves are written in the usual large semi-Saxon characters of the time. The calendar is in a small hand, with alternate red, blue, and gold. In the opinion of the Abbé Gourdin, this is not only a very copious, but a curious calendar ; at the end of which we observe a short poem, in hexameter and pentameter verses, upon the lunar revolutions, the days of the week, and the months of the year. It is also observable that they then used the terms of the *Easter Moon*, *Rogation Moon*, and *Whitsuntide Moon*. In the preface, the name of each person is noticed for whom mass for the repose of his soul is said. The prefatory matter may be said to occupy the first sixteen leaves. The leaves immediately succeeding appear to have been cut out. The work itself follows, precisely in the character, or general style, of the Duke of Devonshire's famous Missal, written by Godemann, in the xth. century, by command of the Great Ethelwold.\* The illuminated borders, consisting of architectural ornaments, in colours and gold, together with the larger capital letters, are very splendidly executed. On the reverse of the 8th, and on the recto of the 9th, leaf of the text, begins the series of illuminated subjects : such as the *Nativity*, *Adoration of the Magi*, &c. The *Flight into Egypt* is thus singularly represented ; Joseph being made to carry the distaff of Mary.

\* See the *Bibliographical Decameron* ; vol. i. p. lix.





All these are within a sort of architectural border, or frame work. Among the subsequent subjects, the *Betrayal of Christ* is not very inaptly treated; the figures are about three inches in height, and the border is here very good. The *Crucifixion* and the *taking down from the Cross* follow; in the latter, the figure of the mother of Christ is rather touchingly executed. In the *Resurrection*, the angel upon the tomb is precisely in the style of art of that in the Duke of Devonshire's book; but, the composition is less spirited. On the recto of the leaf where the *Day of Pentecost* occupies the reverse, the border encircles a text entirely gold. On the reverse of the 106th leaf is the following figure, intended for *St. Peter*; the text on the opposite page, in letters of gold, relating to him.



It may be worth informing you that the hair of the Saint is light blue ; his vestment, or upper garment green—his under garment, orange : the glory, gold : the book, gold ; and the footstool gold. The illumination for *All Saints Day* is fresh and good. That of

*St. Andrew* is particularly brilliant ; the opposite page of text is gold. The representation of *the Trinity* is torn out : the text, opposite, is in capitals of gold. After the 100th leaf—" **Incipit Missa pro infirmis.**" The text concludes on the reverse of the 201st leaf. Upon the whole this is a volume of great intrinsic curiosity, and considering its age, is in a fine state of preservation.—It belonged formerly to the Abbey of Jumieges ; as is evident from the following coeval memorandum :—written in the hand-writing of Robert Bishop of London (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), who was formerly head of that Monastery, and who died there in 1053 : It is as follows ; being an anathema against any future purloiner of the volume—" **Quem si quis vi vel dolo seu quoquo modo isti loco subtraxerit, animæ suæ propter quod fecerit detrimentum patiaturs atque de libro viventium deleatur et cum justis non scribatur.**"

We must now take a peep at the companion of the foregoing old-fashioned treasure. This is emphatically called the **BENEDICTIONARIUS**. It is a curious volume ; perhaps of equal—perhaps of greater—antiquity : being about half an inch shorter, and having twenty-two lines in a full page. The text is generally executed in larger letters. The illuminations (described by M. Gourdin\*) are larger, coarser, and fewer in number than those in the Missal. The first speci-

\* described by M. Gourdin.] Notwithstanding this worthy Abbé and most respectable librarian has published a sort of critical dissertation upon this " old-fashioned treasure," in the transactions of the Rouen Society for 1812, p. 164—174—in which he is pleased to give the preference to the illuminations in the *Benedictionarius* over those

men of frame-work bordering is broad and bold. The second similar specimen encloses the angel upon the

of the *Missal* just above described—I venture to differ from him entirely in such conclusion. His criticism is thus : “ Les figures en sont beaucoup plus mal dessinées que celles du *Benedictionnaire*, mais on peut dire que l’or est prodigué dans ce manuscrit”—that is to say, there is “ a lavish expenditure of gold in the *Missal*.” But there is something more than a mere profusion of gold; while the figures in the *Benedictionarius* are, in fact, less skilfully and less spiritedly drawn.

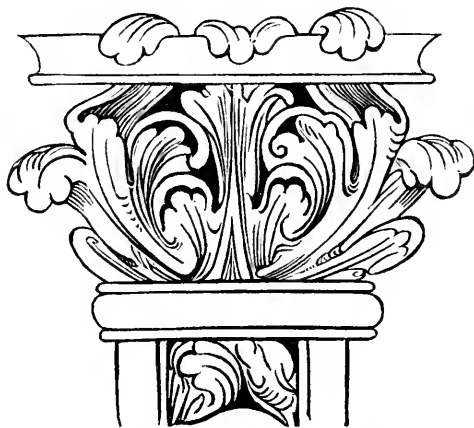
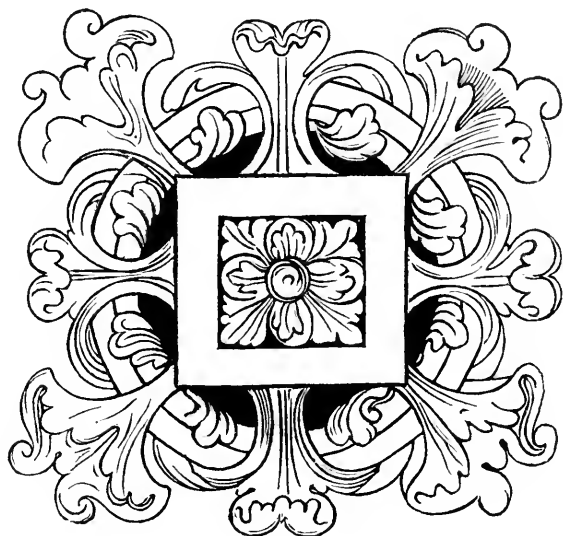
THE *BENEDITIONARIUS*, as above intimated, has given rise to a critical dissertation of the Abbé Gourdin, in the work just mentioned. The object of this dissertation is to refute the opinion of the *ABBE’ SAAS*, who assigned this ancient volume, apparently on the authority of Father Morin, to the *VINTH* century. Montfaucon, without having seen the book, acquiesced in the same conclusion. But M. Gourdin has justly shewn, from the introduction of certain Saints (*Swithin* and *Grimbald*, the latter of whom died in the beginning of the *xth* century) that it could not have been executed in the eighth century. It seems the MS. had been given to the Cathedral of Rouen; and the second question in agitation is, whether it was given by Robert Archbishop of Rouen, or by Robert Archbishop of Canterbury—a question, upon which a lively altercation took place between the Abbé Saas and Dom Tassin, one of the Editors of the *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*. That it was given by an Archbishop of the name of *Robert*, seems incontrovertible—from an ancient entry in an old Catalogue of the Books of the Cathedral. After six pages of bibliographical criticism, M. Gourdin concludes, upon apparently safe grounds, that the volume in question was given by the Robert who was Archbishop of Rouen, and who died in 1053: in consequence, says M. Gourdin, the MS. is not of the *ixth* nor of the *xiiith* century. In all probability, it is of the commencement of the *xith* century. The latter part of the volume contains a *PONTIFICAL*, or forms and ceremonies connected with the ecclesiastical office. My friend the Rev. H. Drury possesses a very fine MS. (from the M’Carthy collection) of the *Cathedral Service of Rouen*, of the *xiiith* or *xiiiith* century. The initials are in a sober and appropriate style; the text is a large semi-gothic, varied by red and blue

tomb, (after the resurrection of Christ) of which I have thus made a fac-simile.



The markings of the lights are very strong, and have the roughness of oil-painting. The gilding is less skillful, but more particularly red. The forms of the exorcism of oil, as well as the exorcism itself (*“Exorciso te creatura olei per dominum patrem omnipotentem, &c.”*) are curious and even diverting.

fully executed than in the Missal, and the style of art is generally of a very inferior kind. I subjoin two tracings of corner portions from the fourth and sixth frame work, at top, which you may compare with what has already appeared before the public, and hence convince yourself of the contemporaneousness of the respective productions.



The *Descent of the Holy Ghost* is rather boldly represented by flames of fire issuing from the opened mouth of the Dove. In the whole, there are only eight illuminations; of which three are composed of figures, and of these the third represents the *Death of the Virgin*. The vellum is thick, but soft: and though this volume, on the score of graphic beauty, be inferior to the preceding, yet is it a most interesting and venerable relic of ancient art. The Abbé Gourdin says, that "it was reported that some of our countrymen had offered as much as 15,000 francs for this volume:" but I consider this report as exceedingly questionable. The Missal, which is in every respect a more marketable article, may be worth *one-seventh* of that sum. Of the remaining MSS. there was little or nothing (on the score of art, antiquity, or intrinsic worth) in those which I saw, that much interested me; and when I expressed a desire to make further and minute researches, I learnt, with equal surprise and sorrow, that they wanted both room and opportunity to examine *upwards of eight hundred* yet uninspected MSS. In other words, they want finances; for the reading-room itself, with appropriate shelves, might contain the whole of these unexamined volumes very commodiously. However, you shall have the fruits of a little more gleaning among illuminated MSS. An OVID MORALIZED, in French, in one large folio written in double columns, in a small close gothic character, is no contemptible volume for a short half hour's amusement. This volume is evidently much crompt. The illuminations are precisely similar, in style and

colour, to those of the *Roman d' Alexandre*—before so copiously expatiated upon:\* the back grounds are diamond-wise: the figures are of the same height; but there are no drolleries; and upon the whole fewer embellishments. One illumination is worth noticing. It is a representation of fortune, blinded, in the middle of her wheel—around which are four figures: a king at top, and a naked figure at bottom. At folio 59, recto, from the commencement of the text, which begins thus:—after 13 leaves of table:

*Se le scripture ne nous ment  
Tout est pour nre enseignement  
Qu'il a en liures escript  
Soient bon ou mal li escript.*

There is at bottom an escutcheon of arms, five balls argent, upon a ground azure. At the end of the MS., which is much soiled, we read

*Explicit  
Ci finent les fables douide le grant.*

Another MS. worth noticing, is that entitled *LIVRE HISTORIAL des faits de feu MESSIRE BETRAND DU GUESCLIN jadis connetable du Royaume de France.*" This interesting volume was given to the library by the Abbé Des Jardins, a canon of the cathedral of Rouen, in 1640. A note prefixed by Saas is wrong, according to M. Gourdin, who refers to Le Long's *Bibl. Historique*, art. 13495-6. This MS. is executed in a coarse Gothic hand, in prose; and has the following colophon:

*En vng tēps qui a yuer nō  
Ou chastel royal de vernon  
Qui ist aux chāps & la ville*

\* *Bibliogr. Decameron*; vol. i. p. excviii.



Fist iehannet destoutenville  
 Au dit chastel lors capitaine  
 Aussi de vernōmel sur saine  
 Et du roy escuier de corps  
 Mectre en prose vñ mē recors  
 Ce liure cy extrait de rime  
 Complet en mars dix & neufuieme  
 Qui de lan la date ne seet  
 Mil. ccc. quatre vins & sept.

This volume is in good condition; and is bound in boards covered with red velvet. I examined also a curious old volume of various tracts, which is bound in wood; having in the centre, on each side, a large figure, about nine inches high, carved in ivory. This volume is called the *Ivory Book*—and may be of the xivth century. I was well satisfied with turning over the leaves of an old volume of *Homilies* and *Sermons*; some of them of St. Jerom, of the xiiith century; having two or three ancient and well-executed grotesque capital initials; of which the M. and P. struck me as being admirably imagined.

From MSS. it is natural to go to *Printed Books*. When I first took my station among the students, I was much amused on finding, at my left hand, my old friend the porter, or Cicerone, gravely sitting, with “spectacles on nose”, intent upon a modern publication—which was entitled, I think, “*Précis de la Revolution Françoise.*” The generality of the students, few in number, were not remarkable for a very spruce exterior—including even the venerable head Librarian himself: but they sometimes compensate for these outward deficiencies by the respectability and utility of their pursuits. Thus, I saw a dingy looking young man con-

sulting with facility the Arabic Lexicon of Castell, to assist him in the perusal of a large Latin and Arabic folio: while to my right sat an ancient gentleman, busied in a careful examination of the “Index Chronologicus” of Bouquet’s *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*. But this is very immaterial—and we go at once to the **books**: especially to the *Fifteeners*. The oldest work they possess, of the xvth century, is

STI. JERONIMI EPISTOLÆ: *printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz in 1468, 2 vols. folio.* A fair copy, but cropt—in its second binding, and wormed a little at the end.

S. AUGUSTINUS DE CIVITATE DEI, *printed by J. de Spira in 1470, folio.* The largest and finest copy I ever saw of this not very uncommon book. It is in its original binding, with many rough leaves.

MANIPULUS CURATORUM, *printed by Cæsar’s only, (without his partner Stol) in 1473, at Paris, folio.* A very early specimen of the press of this printer: but unluckily this is a very bad copy.

SPECULUM HISTORIALE VINCENTII BELLOVACENSIS, *printed by Mentelin in 1473, in four folio volumes: the name of the printer in each volume.* This copy is much cropt, and soiled.

ZOPHILOLOGIUM; *editum a fratre Jacobo Magin de Parisius ordinis heremitarum sti Augustini. finit feliciter (sic.)* This is a folio volume, without date—distinguishable for the peculiar formation of the letter R; but respecting the name of the printer, all enquiries have been hitherto fruitless. Look into the first volume of the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, and you will find a fac-simile of this long-legged letter. Together with

this work is bound an edition of the **THREE KINGS** of **COLOGNE**, printed by *Guldenschaiff* in 1477, in his best manner. The copy is too much cropt.

**TRACTATUS DE QUESTIONIBUS SEC. BALBUM.** *Printed at Paris, in 1477, 4to. without name of printer.* To me, this type is perfectly new—as a Parisian production. It resembles the small and earlier type of Pynson; but is certainly the model upon which Vostre, Eustace, and Bonfons, &c. formed their character. Perhaps it may have been executed by the printer of the *Chronique de St. Denis*, in three folio volumes, 1476.

**JUSTINUS.** *Printed by Philip Condam Petri, in 1479, folio.* This is the **EARLIEST PRINTED CLASSIC** in the library: but as a specimen of ancient and valuable printing, it is scarcely worth more than a Napoleon or two.

**BIBLIA SACRA.** *Latinè. Printed by Koberger in 1480.* This is their earliest Bible. They ought to have one eighteen years earlier. Take eighteen from 1480, and there remains the number 1462. You understand me.

**LA VIE DES PERES,** 1486, folio. An indifferent copy. M. Gourdin thinks that this is the first and only edition of the work in the xvth century—but “il se trompe.”

**CICERONIS EPISTOLÆ FAMILIARES.** Printed in 1488. The earliest Cicero of the xvth century. There are libraries, *private* as well as public, which contain a few more Fifteeners of the same author!

We may notice, en passant, the **LEGENDA AUREA** of 1486, **LA MER DES HISTOIRES**, by my old friend *Philip*

*Le Rouge*, in 1488, a CATHOLICON of 1489, and LE SONGE DU VERDIER, 1491: the latter the *first edition*. I tried to get a sight of the SACRAMENTO DE LA PENITENCIA, printed at Seville in 1492; but M. Fossard, whose attentions were unremitting, and whose manual exertions covered him with dust and cobwebs, was not able to lay his hand upon it. A word now respecting

MISSALS and BREVIARIES *appertaining to the church service at ROUEN*. They have a “ruled and washed” paper copy of the *Missal*, printed at *Paris*, in 1491, folio; and also of the *Breviary*, printed at Paris by Levet, for Bernard, a Rouen bookseller, in the same year: folio. Also an edition of the Breviary in 1491, printed at Rouen. But the folio editions by *Morin*, in 1495 and 1499, are glorious volumes—especially as they are printed UPON VELLUM. The former is soiled from much *thumbing*: the latter is fresh, beautiful, and splendid: presenting us with a magnificent title-page. They have a duplicate of the latter, equally fine, and also upon vellum: with a difference in the title-page, it being ornamented at bottom. There is, however, a MS. leaf in the middle of this second copy. An edition of the *Winter Part* of the Cathedral Service at Rouen, printed by *Jean de Bourgoys*, in 1492, 8vo. UPON VELLUM, exhibits a beautiful specimen of printing; but the copy is rather cropt. We may vary our book subject by a notice or two of

ALDINE CLASSICS. There is a good, clean, but cropt copy of the first *Theocritus*, 1495: a desirable, clean copy of the *Aristophanes* of 1498: a sound, clean, and perfect copy of the *Epistolæ Diversor. Philos. et*

*Orator*. 1499, 4to. and a very good copy of the second *Demosthenes*, of 1504. But the whole of these form nothing to boast of. I shall conclude my remarks among the Fifteeners, by mentioning

HORATIUS, 1492: 1498, folio. The former has the commentaries of Acro and Porphyrio: the latter has the well known wood-cut decorations: but, singularly enough, a figure seems wanting in the middle compartment at folio lxxxix. As well as I could estimate, there are about 245 articles printed in the xvth century, with dates; and about 88 articles in the same century without dates. But the character and complexion of these FIFTEENERS are, upon the whole, of a very secondary nature. Indeed, two-thirds of them may be easily dispensed with. Of the more rare and curious articles in the *sixteenth century*, I noticed only the following:

VICTORIA PORCHETI ADVERSUS IMPIOS HEBRÆOS, &c. 1520. A beautiful small folio, printed by Desplain for Gourmont and Regnault, UPON VELLUM. It came from the library of the Abbey of Jumieges.

FLOS SANCTORUM. *Toledo*, 1582, folio. A curious volume; abounding with legendary tales of considerable interest—as Mr. Southey, in his occasional references to it, has given us opportunities of knowing.

ACTA SANCTORUM, 52 volumes: including a portion of the month of October. A very desirable copy, in nice old calf binding, with gilt tooling.

Upon the whole, they reckon upon about 20,000 volumes in the public library. Alas! it was once of far greater extent. During the Revolution, they could boast of about 250,000 volumes; but a considerable

portion of this vast number was pillaged from the libraries of the Emigrants. These however have been partly restored to their respective owners. Yet during that maddest of all manias, the revolutionary mania, they sold the greater part of this library for the paltry sum of 20,000 francs, and not fewer than 10,000 volumes are supposed to have been publicly burnt in the *Place des Carmes* . . . within fifty yards of the very spot whence this account of it is penned! Do I still sniff the heart sickening odour of the fire and smoke of this almost sacrilegious conflagration? How many unique Mysteries, Romances, and Chronicles, were possibly destroyed at that eventful crisis? A word now only respecting the *finances* of this public library. The last year 1000 francs—only—were expended upon it. It was all they could spare. But what can you expect—when I learnt, at the last *séance* of their Royal Academy, (in reply to some official questions from the Minister of the Interior) that the annual funds of the society consisted only of 1800 francs?

I attended two Meetings of this Society—which can boast of some very intelligent clever members. They meet once a week, on a Friday, at six o'clock, and terminate the sitting at eight. M. Vitalis, who took the chair of the President, understands English well, and is a very well-informed and respectable man. He gave me a good notion of the French gentleman of former times. There were about thirty Members present. Excellent order was observed, and some discussions took place, in the shape of debates, which were conducted with equal temper and spirit. I heard a paper read relating to some travels in the alpine

parts of Italy, undertaken with a view to botanical researches, which was justly commended. Indeed botany is a favourite subject with nearly all the Members of the Society: but I hope good M. Le Prevost will never lose sight of local Antiquities—in every point of view in which it is capable of affording equal instruction and delight. What a volume they might produce connected with their own city! They print, but do not publish, an *analytical abridgment of the Transactions of the Society*;\* and I should tell you that, had it not been for the kind activity of M. Le Prevost, I should never have procured for Lord Spencer a perfect copy of these Memoirs—upwards of fifteen volumes in octavo. In the *Althorp Library* such a work is absolutely necessary: the more so, as I understood, when I left England, that neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian Library possessed a perfect set.

\* *Memoirs of the Transactions of the Society.*]—The History of these Memoirs is briefly this. The Society was established in 1744; and a “*Précis Analytique*” of its labours, from the date of its foundation to the year of its restoration in 1803, was published in the years 1814, 1816, and 1817. These three volumes comprehend its history in the following manner: that of 1814, called the 1st volume, gives the history from 1744 to 1750: that of 1816, from 1751 to 1760: and that of 1817 “from 1761 to 1770.” What became of the History from the year 1770 to the period of its interruption by the Revolution—or whether it ceased in the year 1770—I am unable to mention; as a supposed perfect copy of these Transactions, supplied by the kindness of M. Le Prevost, only furnishes me with a resumption of the labours of the Academy in 1804. These were published in 1807. From this latter period, that is from 1804, the series goes in a regular succession down to the year 1815—the account of the transactions in *one* year being regularly published in the year following. Thus, including the three volumes published in 1814, 1816, and 1817, supplying an abridged

Farewell now to ROUEN. I have told you all the tellings which I thought worthy of communication. I

history of the labours up to the year 1770, there will be sixteen volumes in the whole. The work is published in an octavo form, upon an indifferent paper, and is indifferently printed. The title is uniformly thus: “ *Précis Analytique des Travaux de l’Académie Royale des Sciences, des Belles Lettres et des Arts de Rouen.* ” “ *De l’Imp. de P. Périaux, Imprimeur du Roi et de l’Académie.* ” There are no engravings—but those which are tabulated, displaying the results of certain calculations and experiments. The generality of the communications are abridged; but there are several “ *Mémoires dont l’Académie a délibéré de l’impression en entier dans ses Actes.* ” These communications, like those of our Royal Society’s Transactions, are almost entirely scientific. Chemistry, Botany, and Medicine are in high request among the Rouennois.

In the last volume, published in 1817, giving an account of the labours of the preceding year, the stream of usual information is diverted a little into political channels—all about LOUIS LE DESIRE’. The French are admirable masters of quick transition. Thus, upon the inauguration of the bust of Louis XVIII., M. Gourdin, the President, “ pronounces a discourse ” beginning thus—“ *Messieurs, la cérémonie qui nous rassemble aujourd’hui est également auguste et touchante. Elle est auguste, puisqu’il s’y agit de l’inauguration du buste de notre Monarque : elle est touchante, puisque ce sont des enfans réunis autour de l’image de leur père pour lui payer le tribut de leur amour. C’est donc une fête de famille. Ah ! Messieurs, qu’elle est douce pour nos cœurs !* ”—This is followed by yet more ardent and more encomiastic language by “ M. Boistard, Ingénieur en chef, chevalier de l’Ordre royal de la Légion d’Honneur,” which concludes with “ *Vivent les Bourbons ! Vive le Roi ! . . . Vive le Roi ! Vivent les Bourbons !* ” My worthy acquaintance M. Duputel—of whose privately-printed lucubrations of the muse, honourable mention has been made in a preceding page, has followed up these testimonies of loyalty in prose, by the effusions of his own muse—entitled and beginning thus :



have endeavoured to make you saunter with me in the streets, in the cathedral, the abbey, and the churches. We have, in imagination at least, strolled together along the quays, visited the halls and public buildings, and gazed with rapture from Mont Ste. Catharine upon the enchanting view of the city, the river, and the neighbouring hills. We have from hence breathed almost the pure air of heaven, and surveyed a country equally beautified by art, and blessed by nature. Our hearts, from that same height, have wished all manner of health, wealth, and prosperity, to a land thus abounding in corn and wine, and oil and gladness. We have silently, but sincerely prayed, that swords may for ever be “turned into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks”:—that all heart-burnings, antipathies, and animosities, may be eternally extinguished; and that, from henceforth, there may be no national rivalries but such as tend to establish, upon a firmer footing, and a more comprehensive scale, the peace and happiness of fellow-creatures, of whatever persuasion they may be:—of such, who sedulously cultivate the arts of individual

HOMMAGE A LOUIS LE DESIRE’.

*Idylle.*

Vous, du docte Parnasse et l’amour et l’honneur,  
 Au son de la trompette,  
 Des vertus de Louis célébrez la grandeur;  
 Une simple musette  
 Sied mieux à mon esprit, et plaît mieux à mon cœur.

&c. &c. &c.

I apprehend there are no similar specimens in the printed Memoirs of our own Societies . . . But what then?

and of national improvement, and blend the duties of social order with the higher calls of morality and religion. Ah! my friend, these are neither foolish thoughts nor romantic wishes. They arise naturally in an honest heart, which, seeing that all creation is animated and upheld by ONE and the SAME POWER, cannot but ardently hope that ALL may be equally benefitted by a reliance upon its goodness and bounty.

From this eminence we have descended somewhat into humbler walks. We have visited hospitals, strolled in flower-gardens, and associated with publishers and collectors of works—both of the dead and the living. Hence we have diverged to witness the silent, and yet eloquent relics of ancient art; from the chissel of the sculptor, to the pencil of the illuminator; and **auld bokes**, like “**auld lang syne**,” have comforted us in our latter and more congenial researches. So now, fare you well. Commend me to your family and to our common friends,—especially to the **Roxburghers**, should they perchance enquire after their wandering Vice President. Many will be the days passed over, and many the leagues traversed, ere I meet them again. No Clarendon festivals for me, till the year of our Lord 1819! Again adieu! . . . I have hired a decent cabriolet, a decent pair of horses, and a yet more promising postilion; and within twenty-four hours my back will be more decidedly turned upon “dear old England”—for that country, in which her ancient kings once held dominion, and where every square mile (I had almost said *acre*) is equally interesting to the antiquary and the agriculturist. I salute you wholly, and am yours ever.

## LETTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM ROUEN. ST. GEORGES DE BOCHERVILLE. DUCLAIR. MARIVAUX. THE ABBEY OF JUMIEGES. ARRIVAL AT CAUDEBEC.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

May, 1818.

MY last letter led you to expect that, in spite of all its grotesque beauties and antiquarian attractions, the CITY OF ROUEN was at length to be quitted—and that we were to pursue our route more in the character of independent travellers, in an hired cabriolet. No more *Diligence*, or *Conducteur*. Our own sagacity and prudence, aided by that of the *garçon de poste*, were henceforth to be our sole guides. Adieu therefore to dark avenues, gloomy courts, overhanging roofs, narrow streets, cracking whips, the never-ceasing noise of carts and carriages, and never-ending movements of countless masses of population :—Adieu !—and in their stead, welcome be the winding road, the fertile meadow, the thickly-planted orchard, and the broad and sweeping Seine.

Accordingly, on the 4th of this month, between the hours of ten and eleven, A. M. the rattling of horses' hoofs, and the echoes of a postillion's whip, were heard within the court-yard of the *Hôtel Vatel*. Monsieur, Madame, Jacques, and the whole fraternity of domestics, were on the alert—"pour faire les adieux à Messieurs les Anglois." This Jacques has been already incidentally noticed. He is the prime minister of

the Hotel Vatel. A somewhat *uncomfortable* detention in England for five years, in the character of "prisoner of war," has made him master of a pretty quick and ready utterance of common-place phrases in our language; and he is not a little proud of his attainments therein. Seriously speaking, I consider him quite a phenomenon in his way; and it is right you should know that he affords a very fair specimen of a sharp, clever, French servant. His bodily movements are nearly as quick as those of his tongue. He rises, as well as his brethren, by five in the morning; and the testimonies of this early activity are quickly discovered in the unceasing noise of beating coats, singing French airs, and scolding the boot-boy. He rarely retires to rest before mid-night; and the whole day long he is in one eternal round of occupation. When he is bordering upon impertinence, he seems to be conscious of it—declaring that "the English make him saucy, but that naturally he is very civil." He always speaks of human beings in the neuter gender; and to a question whether such a one has been at the Hotel, he replies, "I have not seen *it* to-day." I am persuaded he is a thoroughly honest creature; and considering the pains which are taken to spoil him, it is surprising with what good sense and propriety he conducts himself.

But to return. The whole complement of indoor occupants, including even visitors, attended our departure. "Au plaisir de vous revoir" — "Bon voyage"—and other similar exclamations resounded on all sides—when, about eleven o'clock, we sprung forward, at a smart trot, towards the barriers by which

we had entered Rouen. Our postillion was a thorough master of his calling, and his spurs and whip seemed to know no cessation from action. The steeds, perfectly Norman, were somewhat fiery ; and we rattled along the streets, (for the pavé never causes the least abatement of pace with the French driver) in high expectation of seeing a thousand rare sights ere we reached Havre—equally the limits of our journey, and of our contract with the owner of the cabriolet. That accomplished antiquary, M. Le Prevost, whose name you have often heard, had furnished me with so dainty a bill of fare, or *carte de voyage*, that I began to consider each hour lost which did not bring us in contact with some architectural relic of antiquity, or some elevated position—whence the wandering Seine and wooded heights of the adjacent country might be surveyed with equal advantage.

You have often, I make no doubt, my dear friend, started upon something like a similar expedition :—when the morning has been fair, the sun bright, the breeze gentle, and the atmosphere clear. In such moments how the ardour of hope takes possession of one!—How the heart warms, and the conversation flows ! The barriers are approached ; we turn to the left, having the *Grande Route du Havre* rather before us, and commence our journey in good earnest. Previously to gaining the first considerable height, you pass the village of *Canteleu*. This village is exceedingly picturesque. It is studded with water-mills, and is enlivened by a rapid rivulet, which empties itself, in a serpentine direction, into the Seine. You now begin to ascend a very commanding eminence ; at the top of

which are scattered some of those country houses which are seen from Mont Ste. Catharine. The road is of a noble breadth. The day warmed—and we dismounted to let our steeds breathe more freely, as we continued to ascend leisurely. Mr. Lewis ran on before ; took a position,—with the magnificent sweep of the river, and the towers and spires of Rouen at a little distance before him—and drawing forth his ready pencil, transferred, in a fit of extacy, the whole of the enchanting scene \* into his sketch-book. I send it you : matured and mellowed by the magic of light and shade. It is at once a most faithful copy of the particular scene represented, and of the generality of the river and hill scenery in the route from Rouen to Bolbec. Perhaps the distance is too delicately marked ; so as to give you an idea of the hill, to the right of Rouen, (which in fact is Mont Ste. Catharine) being farther situated from the city than it really is. But the whole is delightfully picturesque.

We remounted, having gratified the postilion by granting his request to have a peep at the drawing, which he pronounced to be “ charmant ! ” I love curiosity of this kind, when it does not border upon impertinence ; and I had a shrewd suspicion that our garçon was a lad of no ordinary mettle. Our first halting-place was to be *St. Georges de Bocherville* ; an ancient abbey of the xii<sup>th</sup> century, according to the instructions of M. Le Prevost. This abbey is situated about three French leagues from Rouen. Our route

\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. Lieut. Hall has described the same, or a similar scene, with great truth and animation, in his *Travels in France*, in 1818 ; 8vo. p. 45, 6.







thither, from the summit of the hill which we had just ascended, lay along a road skirted by interminable orchards now in their fullest bloom. The air was absolutely perfumed, to a sort of aromatic excess, by the fragrance of these blossoms. The apple and pear were beautifully conspicuous ; and as the sky became still more serene, and the temperature yet more mild by the unobstructed sun beam, it is impossible to conceive any thing more balmy and more genial than was this lovely day. The minutes seemed to fly away too quickly—when we reached the village of *Bocherville*, where stands the CHURCH ; the chief remaining relic of this once beautiful abbey. We alighted at the auberge ; and while our steeds and postillion were feasting upon their peculiar provenders, we started for the enjoyment of provender of a very different description.

Turning quickly down a lane to the left, thickly shaded by overhanging branches of fruit trees, we hastened onward, still keeping to the left ; when, peeping between the trees, at a little distance, we discerned the venerable ecclesiastical edifice—of a pale and even fresh tone of colour. It appeared to be small, but extremely beautiful, and of a deliciously old aspect. The village was all alive in a moment. Women and children were chiefly visible ; the men being engaged in the fields. The towering *cauchoise* and wooden shoes proved that we were still in the vicinity of Rouen. There seemed to be plenty of dirt and plenty of wretchedness in the village. We inquired for *Le Concierge* ; and in his absence came “madame son épouse.” We surveyed the west front very leisurely, and thought it an extremely beautiful

specimen of the architecture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; for certainly there are some portions more ancient than others. M. Le Prevost had apprised me that Mr. Cotman had designed pretty nearly the whole of the building,\* with the exception of the chapter-house to the left of the west front. A survey of this chapter-house filled me with mingled sorrow and delight: sorrow, that the Revolution and a modern cotton manufactory had metamorphosed it from its original character; and delight, that the portions which remained were of such beautiful forms, and in such fine preservation. The stone, being of a very close-grained quality, is absolutely as white and sound as if it had been just cut from the quarry. The room, where a parcel of bare legged girls and boys were working the respective machineries, had a roof of what may be called interlaced arches of the most delicate construction.

This old building has been recently divided into an upper and ground floor; and it was by means of this artificial division that, while upon the upper floor, we were enabled to make so minute a survey of the arched roof. I imagine the whole of this portion of the building to have been the Chapter House; and that on the scite, which is now occupied by a long front of building, of the usual architecture of modern times, stood the Refectory and Dormitory. It may, however, be just the reverse: nor is it material whether what we saw be the chapter-house or the refectory. The conversion of the whole to the purposes of trade has a very strange

\* Mr. COTMAN has in fact published views of the West Front, the South East, the West Entrance, and the South Transept, with sculptured capitals and basso-relievos, &c. In the whole, seven plates.

effect. But the present is not the first metamorphosis : for the large building, just mentioned, was erected about four-score years ago by a nobleman, or prince, who chose to retire from the bustle of public life, and to devote a large fortune to the erection of this mansion as a monastery for a prior and seventeen lay-monks. A fine piece of ground, or walled park, surrounds it ; which is just now in a most pitiable state of neglect. In short, this general aspect of decay pervades the interior, or manufactory itself. The superintendant, who shewed us every part of this large establishment, told us that the owner was anxious to get rid either of the whole or of the half of it ; and that he would part with the *latter* for 35,000 francs. This apparently trifling sum would startle, at first sound, an English manufacturer : but all things, you know, must be estimated with reference to the country in which they occur. Here, land and labour are cheap and reasonable enough, and the demand (though things are upon the mend) is slow and uncertain.

The very sound of a *Monastery* made me curious to examine the disposition of the building. Accordingly, I followed my guide through suites of apartments up divers stone stair-cases, and along sundry corridors. I noticed the dormitories with due attention, and of course inquired eagerly for the LIBRARY :—but the shelves only remained—either the fear or the fury of the Revolution having long ago dispossessed it of every thing in the shape of a *book*. The whole was painted white. I counted eleven perpendicular divisions ; and, from the small distances between the upper shelves, there must have been a very considerable

number of *duodecimos*. The titles of the respective classes of the library were painted in white letters upon a dark-blue ground, at top. *Bibles* occupied the first division, and the *Fathers* the second: but it should seem that equal importance was attached to the works of *Heretics* as to those called *Litteræ Humaniores*—for each had a division of equal magnitude.

On close inquiry, I found that the ravages of one day, during the Revolution, had gutted the poor library of all its book-furniture. It is, however, a very small room. There was something excessively melancholy in the air of all this premature ruin: stout walls, and spacious chambers, (the paint yet fresh) without occupation!.. On looking out of window, especially from the back part of the building, the eye rests entirely upon what had once been fruitful orchards, abundant kitchen gardens, and shady avenues. Yet in England, this spot, rich by nature, and desirable from its proximity to a great city, would, ere forty moons had waned, have grown up into beauty and fertility, and expanded even into luxuriance of condition. How interesting are the remains of ecclesiastical architecture—and how yet increased in sanctity seems to be the house of God—when surrounded by a domain of this description! I must confess that I quitted this congenial spot (the first which united rural quiet with architectural antiquity, since our ears had been stunned by the “train-train” of Rouen) with sensations of no ordinary kind. We retrod our steps; and reaching the auberge, where stood the horses with the cabriolet ready to receive us, we remounted, and told the postillion to push on for *Duclair*.

The day was now, if possible, more lovely than before. On looking at my instructions I found that we had to stop to examine the remains of an old castle at *De-la-fontaine*—about two English miles from *St. Georges de Bocherville*. These remains, however, are but the fragments of a ruin, if I may so speak ; yet they are interesting, but somewhat perilous : for a few broken portions of a wall support an upper chamber, where appears a stone chimney-piece of very curious construction and ornament. Mr. Lewis contrived in ten minutes to make a slight yet characteristic sketch of it. I call these fragments perilous ; for there is a portion of them of which the superincumbent floor, of flint-stone and mortar, is just giving way—threatening to crush every thing below. On observing a large cavity or loop-hole, about half way up the outer wall, I gained it by means of a plentiful growth of ivy, and from thence surveyed the landscape before me. Here, having for some time past lost sight of the Seine, I caught a fine bold view of the sweep of that majestic river, now becoming broader and broader—while, to the left, softly tinted by distance, appeared the beautiful old church we had just left behind :—the verdure of the hedges, shrubs, and forest trees, affording a rich variety to the ruddy blossoms of the apple, and the white bloom of the pear. For a painter, or rather upon the principles of composition for a well-painted landscape, there was nothing that an artist would think deserving of representing upon canvas : for there was absolutely neither what is called fore-ground, nor middle-ground, nor distance—and yet, altogether, you would have preferred it even to the wooded scenery of Hobbima, to the cool stream-

lets of Rysdael, or to the herbacious richness of Cuyp. I admit, however, that this delicious morceau of landscape was greatly indebted, for its enchanting effect, to the blue splendour of the sky, and the soft temperature of the air; while the fragrance of every distended blossom added vastly to the gratification of the beholder. But it is time to descend from this elevation, and to think of reaching Duclair.

DUCLAIR is situated close to the very borders of the Seine, which has now an absolutely lake-like appearance. We stopped at the auberge to rest our horses; and Mr. Lewis, as usual, betook himself to some favourable spot, at a small distance, for the sake of exercising his pencil. Meanwhile I commenced a discourse with the master of the inn and with his daughter; the latter, a very respectable-looking and well-behaved young woman of about twenty-two years of age. She was preparing a large crackling wood-fire to dress a fish, called the *Alose*, for the passengers of the *diligence*—who were expected within half an hour. The French think they can never butter their victuals sufficiently; and it would have produced a spasmodic affection, in a thoroughly bilious spectator, could he have seen the enormous piece of butter which this active young cuisinière thought necessary to put into the pot in which the ‘*Alose*’ was to be boiled. She laughed at the surprise I expressed; and added “qu’on ne peut rien faire dans la cuisine sans le beurre.” You ought to know, by the bye, that the *Alose*, something like our *mackerel* in flavour, is a large and delicious fish; and that we were always anxious to bespeak it at the table-d’hôte at Rouen. Extricated

from the lake of butter in which it floats, when brought upon table, it is not only a rich, but a very substantial fish ; and I give it decidedly the preference to all the items of every bill of fare presented to us by Juliana Berners or Isaac Walton.

The auberge is situated at the base of rather a lofty chalk cliff, close to the road side; and the opposite side of the road is washed by the waters of the Seine. I took a chair and sat in the open air, by the side of the door—enjoying the breeze, and much disposed to gossip with the master of the place. Perceiving this, he approached, and addressed me with a pleasant degree of familiarity. “ You are from London, then, Sir ? ” “ I am. ” “ Ah Sir, I never think of London but with the most painful sensations. ” “ How so ? ” “ Sir, I am the sole heir of a rich banker who died in that city before the Revolution. He was in partnership with an English gentleman. Can you possibly advise and assist me upon the subject ? ” I told him that my advice and assistance were literally not worth a sou ; but that, such as they were, he was perfectly welcome to both. “ Your daughter Sir, is not married ? ” — “ Non, Monsieur, elle n’est pas encore épousée : mais je lui dis qu’elle ne sera jamais *heureuse* avant qu’elle ne le soit. ” The daughter, who had overheard the conversation, came forward, and looking over her shoulder very archly, replied—“ ou *malheureuse*, mon père ! ” In the discourse which followed, the worthy innkeeper seemed wholly to forget all the agonies of disappointment in not succeeding as heir to the rich banker in London. Nevertheless, I am far from accusing him of falsehood . . . but the French

are admirable masters of variety. Upon ordinary topics of discussion, their conversation darts, with the velocity of an Indian's arrow,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;

The horses were now refreshed—the postillion's whip not only awakened the echoes of the place, but caused Mr. L. to start up from the quiet nook in which he had been pencilling a few surrounding objects. We were solicited to “mount :”—and though we had not spent a sous with the good people of the house, they helped us into the cabriolet, and bade us a hearty farewell. On enquiring for the road to *Jumieges*—“ Ha, vous voulez donc voir, Messieurs, cette fameuse abbaye—maintenant il n'en existe que les débris”—replied the loquacious host. I thanked him for his civility, wished him and his daughter all manner of happiness, and we started at a smart trot for the once far-famed ABBEY OF JUMIEGES.

Do you remember, my dear friend, that exceedingly cold winter's night, when, for lack of other book-entertainment, we took it into our heads to have a rummage among the *Scriptores Historiæ Normannorum* of DUCHESNE?—and finding therein many pages occupied by *Gulielmus Gemeticensis*, we bethought ourselves that we would have recourse to the valuable folio volume ycleped *Neustria Pia* :—where we presently seemed to hold converse with the ancient founders and royal benefactors of that venerable establishment ! I then little imagined that it would ever fall to my lot to be either walking or musing within the precincts of that same Abbey—or rather, of the ruins of what was



once not less distinguished as a school of learning, than admired for its wealth and celebrity as a monastic establishment. Yes, my friend, I have seen and visited the ruins of the Abbey of Jumieges; and I seem to live “mihi charior” in consequence. How \* \* \* will envy me this felicity when he hears of it!

But I know your love of method—and that you will be in wrath if I skip from *Duclair* to *Jumieges* ere the horses have carried us a quarter of a league upon the route. Be it so then: yet remember, if you love chit-chat, you must be prepared for trifles. To the left of *Duclair*, and also washed by the waters of the Seine, stands MARIVAUX; a most picturesque and highly cultivated spot. Here are hanging gardens, and jets d’eaux, and flower-woven arbours, and daisy-sprinkled meadows—for here lives and occasionally revels *La Marquise* \* \* \* \*. I might have been not only a spectator of her splendor, but a participator of her hospitality; for my often-mentioned valuable friend, M. Le Prevost, volunteered me a letter of introduction to her. What was to be done? One cannot be every where in one day, or in one journey:—so, gravely balancing the ruins of still life against the charm of animated society, I was dolt enough to prefer the former—and working myself up into the fantasy of witnessing the spectered forms of DAGOBERT and CLOVIS, (the fabled founders of the Abbey)\* and of hearing

... voices, through the void deep-sounding,

I resolutely turned my back upon *Marivaux*, and as

\* DAGOBERT and CLOVIS, the fabled founders of the Abbey.]—Arthur Du Monstier, author of the *Neustria Pia*, is disposed to give up the

steadily looked forwards to JUMIEGES. “We will eat our cold fowl and drink our vin ordinaire upon the grass within the walls of the abbey,” said I to my companion: “The Marchioness (rejoined he) can afford us nothing so delightful.” Unchivalrous reply! The road became more and more circuitous. We ascended very sensibly—then striking into a sort of bye-road, in a field, we were told that we should

former, but to retain the latter: see pages 259, 261, of the work just mentioned. Yet William Longespée, and his Son William, have doubtless better claims than either; although not a vestige remains of the building as it appeared in the times of the more ancient Rulers of Normandy. I do not conceive indeed that any present portion of the ruins can be older than the beginning of the xii<sup>th</sup> century. That Clovis may have been the original planner of the Abbéy should seem to be not very improbable, from the following verses, taken from an old MS. Life of St. Bathilde, the wife and Queen of the French King:

Jumegia ex natis Clodouæi dicta Gemellis:  
Aucta refulgebat nongentis fratribus olim.

It must have been in Rollo's time, therefore, a noble establishment. Rollo is indeed considered as the great restorer of religious edifices in Normandy:

Tunc fieri delubra iubet, cellasque, domosque;  
Multaque restituit, priscis subuersa ruinis  
Prædia, diuitias, quo possent quæstibus absque,  
Quique Monoptolemi seclusam ducere vitam.

Protinus artificas sponso mercede labori,  
Structuras renouare parant arctando minori  
Schemate, limitibus, domumque locique tenore  
Archetypum: tandem fabrefacti encoenia Templi,

&c. &c. &c.

*Neustria Pia*, p. 306.

William, surnamed Longespée, was the son of Rollo; and it is just possible that he may have the most effectually contributed to the building of the Abbey. The first Abbot was Martinus; or rather St. Martin—for, like St. Ouen, and the generality of first Abbots, he was

quickly reach the place of our destination. A fractured capital, and broken shaft, of the late Norman time, left at random beneath a hedge, seemed to bespeak the vicinity of the abbey. We then gained a height; whence, looking straight forward, we caught the first glance of the spires, or rather of the small towers of the Abbey of Jumieges.\* “La voilà, Monsieur,”—exclaimed the postilion—increasing both his speed and the flourishes of his whip—“voilà la belle Abbaye!”

It was indeed “beautiful” or “fine:” but these are words which carry force only by association of ideas. *It had been* questionless most beautiful. The grey or almost white tint of the stone, contrasted by the wood-covered hills, in which the monastery seemed to be embosomed, struck us with peculiar force: “if these are end-towers (observed my companion) the central tower, now destroyed, must have been of very large dimensions.” We approached and entered the village of Jumieges. Leaving some pretty houses to the right and left, among which is a parsonage residence of more than usually comfortable appearance for France,

canonized. Among the grants of privileges, &c. is one from our Henry I. “Not only (says Du Monstier) did the Norman Dukes love the locality of, and largely endow, the Abbey of Jumieges, but even the Kings of France—and chiefly Charles VII.—who erected there a religious house:” which was standing in Du Monstier’s time—not however without affording evidence of the ravages committed upon it by the Calvinists in the xvth century. It is above observed that AGNES SOREL (mistress of Charles) was buried in the Abbey.

\* Mr. Cotman has published etchings of the West Front: the Towers, somewhat fore-shortened; the Elevation of the Nave—and doorway of the Abbey: the latter an extremely interesting specimen of art. A somewhat particular and animated description of it will be found in *Lieut. Hall’s Travels in France*, 8vo. p. 57, 1819.

we descended—and drove to a snug auberge, evidently a portion of some of the outer buildings, or of the chapter-house, attached to the Abbey. A large gothic roof, and central pillar, upon entering, unequivocally attest the ancient character of the place. The whole struck us as having been formerly of very great dimensions. It was a glorious sun-shiny afternoon, and the villagers quickly crowded round the cabriolet. “Voilà Messieurs les Anglois, qui viennent voir l’Abbaye—mais effectivement il n’y a rien à voir.” I told the landlady the object of our visit. She procured us a guide and a key : and within five minutes we entered the nave of the abbey.

Sacred be the moment, and serene be the heavens, on the first view of this interior ! I can never forget it. It has not the magical effect, or that sort of artificial burst, which attends the first view of *Tintern* abbey : but, as the ruin is larger, there is necessarily more to attract attention. Like *Tintern* also, it is unroofed—yet this unroofing has proceeded from a different cause : of which presently. The side aisles present you with a short flattened arch : the nave has none : but you observe a long pilaster-like or alto-relievo column, of slender dimensions, running from bottom to top, with a sort of Roman capital. The arched cieling and roof are entirely gone. We proceeded towards the eastern extremity, and saw more frightful ravages both of time and of accident. The latter however had triumphed over the former : but for accident you must read *revolution*.

On the first view of each surrounding object, we were struck with a variety of sensations. In the land of Normandy—the land of castles and cathedrals—

we fancied a higher tone of feeling was connected with every thing we saw. But this was only the venial enthusiasm of young travellers. The day had been rather oppressive for a May morning; and we were getting far into the afternoon, when clouds began to gather, and the sun became occasionally obscured. We seated ourselves upon a grassy hillock, and began to prepare for dinner. To the left of us lay a huge pile of fragments of pillars and groinings of arches—the effects of recent havoc: to the right, within three yards, was the very spot in which the celebrated AGNES SOREL, Mistress of Charles VII., lay entombed:—not a relic of mausoleum now marking the place where, formerly, the sculptor had exhibited the choicest efforts of his art, and the devotee had repaired to

Breathe a prayer for her soul—and pass on!

What a contrast, my dear friend, to the present aspect of things!—to the mixed rubbish and wild flowers with which every spot is now well nigh covered! The mistress of the inn having furnished us with napkins and tumblers, we partook of our dinner, surrounded by the objects just described, with no ordinary sensations. The first and only sentiment which we drank, was, (naturally I would hope) “ dear Old England, and all that it contains!”—A more enthusiastic toper would have drunk to the memories of those who slept within the walls of the abbey—but we were content to sacrifice the unknown dead to the cherished living. Yet I will not conceal that, more than once or twice, I felt a sort of romantic twinge come across me, which had

nearly induced me to make a libation to . . . . But it was only a twinge—and, like twinges in general, was perfectly evanescent.

The air now became oppressive ; when, looking through the few remaining unglazed mullions of the windows, I observed that the clouds grew darker and darker, while a faint rumbling of thunder reached our ears. The sun however yet shone gaily, although partially ; and as the storm neared us, it floated as it were round the abbey—affording, by means of its purple, black colour, contrasted with the pale tint of the walls,—one of the most beautiful painter-like effects imaginable. Mr. L. started up from his seat to enjoy a more general view : but I was unwilling to quit the vicinity of Agnes Sorel—and remained tranquilly upon the hillock, even though two smart flashes of lightning had come across me. In an instant almost—and as if touched by the wand of a mighty necromancer—the whole scene became metamorphosed. The thunder growled, but only growled—and the threatening phalanx of sulphur-charged clouds rolled away—and melted into the quiet uniform tint which usually precedes sun-set. Our dinner being dispatched, we rose to make a thorough examination of the ruins which had survived . . . . not only the Revolution, but the cupidity of the present owner of the soil—who is a *rich* man, living at Rouen—and who loves to dispose of any portion of the stone, whether standing or prostrate, for the sake of the lucre, however trifling, which arises from the sale. Surely the whole corporation of the city of Rouen, with the mayor at

their head, ought to stand between this ruthless “rich man,” and the abbey—the victim of his brutal avarice and want of taste.

We ascended the worn stone steps of the left tower of the western extremity as you enter, and walked over the arched roof of the side aisles, which was covered with earth, grass, weeds, and wild flowers. There is nothing above it; so that, in a short time, from its exposure to the vicissitudes of weather, it must soon give way, and add to the enormous heap of rubbish below. Indeed, in one part, (but I forget over which of the aisles) there is a frightful fracture, or opening, threatening to precipitate several ton weight of the roof. The right tower is inaccessible of ascent; but we pursued our *spiral* route to the very top of the left; and, from its summit, enjoyed a glorious view of every thing immediately below and around us. The abbey had a most interesting but somewhat terrific appearance. Nearly the whole of the eastern extremity was in ruins:—while, in the centre, the portion of the lantern, or square tower, which remained, denoted the extent of its original dimensions. The nave was entirely unroofed;—and indeed not a single fragment of any portion of the roof was visible. Such a scene of sacrilegious desolation can scarcely be conceived. What had been the abbot’s lodge, the refectory, the chapter-house and cloisters, with all their appurtenances, is now perhaps only matter of conjecture: but the materials are in a very entire state—that is to say, the stone is yet hard, close-grained, and of a beautiful creamy tint.

The situation of the abbey is delightful. It lies at the bottom of some gently undulating hills, within two or

three hundred yards of the Seine. The river here runs gently, in a serpentine direction, at the foot of wood-covered hills—and all seemed, from our elevated station, indicative of fruitfulness, of gaiety, and of prosperity,—all—save the mournful and magnificent remains of the venerable abbey whereon we gazed!—In fact, Jumieges exists only as a shell. We descended, strolled about the village, (taking every possible view of the Abbey) and mingled in the conversation of the villagers. It was a lovely approach of evening—and men, women, and children were seated, or sauntering in the open air. Perceiving we were anxious to gain information, they flocked around us—and from one man, in particular, I obtained exact intelligence about the havoc which had been committed during the Revolution upon the abbey. The roof had been battered down for the sake of the *lead*—to make bullets; the pews, altars, and iron-work, had been converted into other destructive purposes of warfare; and the great bell had been sold to some speculators in a cannon-foundry at Rouen. The revolutionary mania had even brutalized the Abbot. This man, who must be considered as

....damned to everlasting fame,

had been a monk of the monastery; and as soon as he had attained the headship of it, he took it into his head to dispose of every tangible and moveable piece of furniture, to gratify the revolutionary pack which were daily howling at the gates of the abbey for entrance! Nor could he plead *compulsion* as an excuse. He seemed to enjoy the work of destruction, of which he had the absolute direction. But enough of this wretch.



Having gratified our curiosity, as much as we were enabled, rather than as much as we wished, to do—we returned to the cabaret: ordered the horses, and prepared to quit Jumieges for Caudebec. The landlady seemed loath to part with us, — “tant elle aime Messieurs les Anglois qui venoient voir sa chère Abbaye de Jumieges!” In five minutes we retraced our route through the village, and bade adieu to the Abbey . . . “a long and lingering adieu”—while the two slim western towers seemed to requite us for our solicitude by keeping in view whenever we chose to look behind—even till we came within a league of our next resting-place.

That resting-place was CAUDEBEC; and the road thereto, from the spot we had just quitted, was, if possible, more interesting than the preceding route. The sun was about to sink into the waters of the Seine:—which were in one warm crimson hue for the last hour before we reached Caudebec. An evening of unusual serenity—or rather of splendour—crowned the gratifications of this busy day. The road was frequently winding; but in general we kept pretty close to the banks of the Seine—on the opposite side of which, within about a league of Caudebec, we saw the chateau and terrace of the MARQUISE of——(mentioned a few minutes ago) whither many English resort, and where fruit trees and flowers rejoice the wondering eye and make sweet the circumambient air! A ferry conducts you straight to the spot—which my imagination peopled with valorous knights and courtly dames. Indeed I almost sighed as I passed this supposed magical residence . . . and pressed onwards for Caudebec:

*Caudebec* is a very considerable village, or rather a small town. You go down a steep descent, on entering it by the route we came. As you look about, there are singular appearances on all sides — of houses, and hanging gardens, and elaborately cut avenues—upon summits, declivities, and on the plain. But the charm of the view, at least to my old-fashioned eyes, was a fine old gothic church, and a very fine spire of what *appeared* to belong to another. As the evening had completely set in, we resolved to reserve our admiration of the place till the morrow. We had forgotten the name of the best inn—always a most important memento—and accordingly, in compliance with the instructions received from the people in the street, we drove to the first auberge which presented itself. It was certainly of the sorriest possible aspect, and of the most straightened dimensions. But we were tired, and heartily glad of a resting-place. After securing beds, we strolled about the village. An avenue of trees, close to the water's edge, (I am speaking of the Seine) quickly caught our attention—and the light from a spruce *caffée* as quickly induced us to enter and bespeak refreshment. It was now quite dark. Remote as was this solitude, and humble as appeared almost every mansion, we were equally surprised and delighted by the appearance of neatness and comfort of every thing within this coffee-house. We ordered tea: when the sound of this well-known English beverage brought forth a middle-aged, respectable looking woman, who addressed us in French—which instantly struck me as an Anglo-gallican *mélange*. My reply helped to throw off the mask completely; and we were glad to recog-

nise each other as English. She told us she had been fourteen years domesticated in that mansion, of which the mistress was a woman of beauty and virtue, but overwhelmed with misfortune—"but," says she, "let me go and tell the girl how to make your tea, and then we will talk more at leisure."

On her return, we quickly resumed our promiscuous chit-chat. To be sure she dearly loved talking: but the tea was good, and so was the cream, and so were the eggs, and eke the bread and butter:—and a delicious repast we made. Meanwhile some straggling, countrified-looking customers, came with their sous to enjoy their draught of *eau de vie*, but without the least tendency to inebriety. There was a brightly-burning lamp suspended to the cieling of the coffee house, and as Englishmen were rarely seen in the retired village of Caudebec, these customers gazed at us with a wonder-smitten eye. "You must come to-morrow morning and take your coffee here"—observed our good countrywoman—"they make excellent coffee at this house." We agreed to come on the morrow to breakfast, and so took our leave: retiring to our humble auberge, where two good beds, and sheets yet whiter than the freshest looking remaining stone in the abbey of Jumieges, awaited our return. Here I finished the journal of the occurrences of the day before I went to rest. . . . and here methinks is a fair and fitting opportunity to wish my friend good night. So fare you well: and open the leaves of your *Neustria Pia*, to make yourself master of the Antiquities of the ABBEY OF JUMIEGES.

## LETTER XI.

CAUDEBEC. LILLEBONNE. BOLBEC. TANKARVILLE.  
MONTMORENCI CASTLE. HAVRE DE GRACE.

My last concluded with a night-scene at Caudebec. The present opens with a morning scene at the same place. Mr. Lewis, who generally contrives to borrow the wings of the lark, was stirring before six o'clock : and put his pencil in requisition a very short time after he had reached a favourable spot. I told you in my last that Caudebec was a sort of an up-and-down place : with hanging gardens, villas, and commanding terraces. Upon one of these latter, Mr. L. took his station. It commanded a good bird's-eye view of the principal street in the town. The sun was shining beautifully bright, lighting up the broad meandering Seine, the tower, and spire of the church, and the curiously cut avenues of the public gardens : which latter, indeed, have the effect, upon paper, of an ancient aqueduct. In the foreground, upon the walled terrace, some girls were sitting and gathering vegetables. One of them was reading. A dexterous artist knows how to seize such an opportunity—and accordingly Mr. L. contrived to put his whole picture together in a manner which perfectly enchanted me—when we met at the forementioned caffèé at breakfast. Look at it—\* and fastidious as you are, dare you venture to say that it hath a single defect ?

\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.

I was however myself, for a miracle, stirring before nine. The church was the first object of attraction. For the size of the place, it is really a noble structure : perhaps of the early part of the sixteenth, or latter part of the fifteenth century. I speak of the exterior generally, and of a great portion of the interior. A little shabby green-baise covered door (as usual) was half open, and I entered with no ordinary expectations of gratification. The painted glass seemed absolutely to warm the place—so rich and varied were its colours. There is a great abundance of it, and especially of figures of families kneeling—rather small, but with great appearance of portrait-like fidelity. They are chiefly of the first half of the sixteenth century : and I own that, upon gazing at these charming specimens of ancient painting upon glass, I longed to fix an artist before every window, to bear away triumphantly, in a portfolio of elephantine dimensions, a faithful copy of almost every thing I saw. In some of the countenances, I fancied I traced the pencil of **LUCAS CRANACH**—and even of **HANS HOLBEIN**. But I must not omit informing you of an interesting occurrence, which helped to give additional magic to the scene. I have told you that, in France, there is a perpetual ingress and egress of devotees—especially of females. The nave and aisles are plentifully sprinkled with rush-bottomed chairs, upon which the devotees kneel—but always with a slanting or see-saw position of the chair. Upon one of these chairs, in such slanting position, knelt a young woman of the most regular set of features and interesting expression. Her profile, even to your own severe taste, might have been considered

perfect. She had large circular ear-rings, and was dressed in the Norman attire of blue and crimson. Her lips appeared to be exercised in prayer before a statue of the Virgin, and her raised eye and clasped hands denoted an intensity of devotion. The sun shone full upon the window which faced her, and which threw a warmth of colour over her whole figure. Her eye turned towards me, but her lips and hands were yet occupied in devotion. Perhaps, for *effect*, no devotional figure ever presented itself in a more interesting manner—both personally and locally considered.

This church has numerous side chapels, and figures of patron-saints. The entombment of Christ in white marble, (at the end of the chapel of the Virgin,) is rather singular; inasmuch as the figure of Christ itself is ancient, and exceedingly fine in anatomical expression; but the usual surrounding figures are modern, and proportionably clumsy and inexpressive. I noted one mural monument, to the memory of *Guillaume Tellier*, which was dated 1184. This date was undoubtedly only a repetition of the ancient one. Few churches have more highly interested me, than this at Caudebec.\* From the church I strolled to the *Place*, where stood our *café*, by the banks of the Seine. The morning view of this scene perfectly delighted me. Nothing can be more picturesque: The river cannot be much less than a mile in width, and it makes a perfect bend in the form of a crescent. On one side, that on which the village stands, are walks and gardens

\* *the Church at Caudebec.*—Lieutenant Hall has well described it. I did not see his description till more than a twelvemonth after my

through which peep numerous white villas—and on the other are meadows, terminating in lofty rising grounds—feathered with coppice-wood down to the very water's edge. This may be considered, in fact, only a portion of the vast *Forest de Bretonne*, which rises in wooded majesty on the opposite heights. As the morning was fine, the effect was really exhilarating: but the recollection of Richmond Hill suggested to me how this infinitely more magnificent sweep of river would have been improved, in a picturesque point of view, by vessels and sailing boats, with gay streamers, in perpetual motion! The spirit and the wealth of our countrymen would make Caudebec one of the most enchanting summer-residences in the world. The population of the town is estimated at about five thousand.

We assembled at the *café* a little after nine, and there met the good Englishwoman who had procured

own had been written. A part may be worth extracting . . . . "The principal object of attraction is the CHURCH, the gothic spire of which is encircled by fillets of roses, beautifully carved in stone, and continued to the very summit of the steeple. The principal portal too is sculptured with no less richness and delicacy than that of St. Macloud at Rouen. Its interior length is about 250 feet by 72 of width. The central aisle [nave] is flanked on either side by ten massive circular columns, the capitals of which represent vine leaves and other decorations, more fanciful, and not less rich, than the Corinthian acanthus. . . In one of the chapels there is a rude monumental effigy of the original architect of this church. It consists of a small skeleton, drawn in black lines, against a tablet in the wall: a mason's level and trowel, with the plan of a building, are beside it, and an inscription in gothic characters, relating that the architect endowed the church he had built with certain lands, and died Anno 1184." *Travels in France*, p. 47, 1819, 8vo. I take this to be GUILLAUME TELLIER—mentioned above.

us tea "according to art" the preceding evening. The coffee, I must own, was even better than we were taught to expect. Our conversation was directed chiefly to a knowledge of the *locale*, and of the general character of the inhabitants. There was a brewery; which, said our loquacious guide, was conducted by a Scotchman; who had also entered into partnership in the coal trade. This latter will excite your astonishment—considering that Normandy abounds in woods. But the truth is, the present generation is entirely thoughtless of that which is to succeed. Within the immediate vicinity of great towns, even of Rouen, the country is denuded of trees; and yet no one thinks of planting. Thus, let only twenty-five years pass away, and where will be the Frenchman's fuel? Even as it is, that article is of excessive high price—throughout the whole of France. Understanding that our friends in \* \* \* \* \* had some thoughts of hiring a house for the summer in this neighbourhood, I told our female acquaintance of the circumstance, and begged that she would interest herself for me. "Let us," said she, "set off immediately—for at this precise moment, there is an excellent vacant residence close to the river side." We paid our reckoning, (three francs a-head) and left the coffee-house immediately.

But judge of my astonishment, when, on going out of doors, I saw the river in a state of extreme agitation: the whole mass of water rising perpendicularly, as it were, and broad rippling waves rolling over each other. It was the *coming in of the tide* . . . and within a quarter of an hour it appeared to have risen upwards of two feet. You may remember that, in our own



country, the Severn-tides exhibit the same phenomenon; and I have seen the river at Gloucester rise *at once* to the height of eight or ten feet, throwing up a shower of foam from the gradually narrowing bed of the river, and causing all the craft, great and small, to rise up as if by magic, and to appear upon a level with the meadows. The tide at Caudebec, though similar in kind, was not so in degree; for it rose gradually yet most visibly—and by the time we had reached the “house to let,” the elevation could not have been less than *seven or eight* feet.

As you ought to have a picture of a bettermost house to let in Normandy, you must read patiently what follows. An outer-wall with a carriage entrance first arrested our attention. We could not see what was behind—and “*omne ignotum pro magnifico*” you know. We pulled a wire, expecting that wire to cause a bell to sound; but we pulled a long time without being favoured with any such sound. Effects are only adequate to their causes, and vice versa. Now the bell happened to have no connection with the wire, simply because the wire happened to have no connection with the bell: in other words, because the said wire had been broken these six months. We knocked with our fists, and obtained admission. To the left was a remise, or place to put a carriage in: above was a good hay loft, and below was a stall (without divisions, as usual) for five horses. The mansion house was long and low: covered with white thick venetian blinds, half open, and half in want of repair. The suite of apartments was considerable, but in a most melancholy looking plight: the furniture be-

low was withdrawn. The dining room, with a brick floor, was of goodly dimensions—and the end-rooms were in the character of boudoirs. The kitchen, hard by, exhibited but sorry capabilities—and neither spit, pot, nor pan, was visible. Above stairs, there were bed rooms furnished with beds, and a good drawing room—with yellow velveteen furniture, even to the bottoms of the chairs. The view of the garden, and of the river, immediately in front, was extremely interesting—and English neatness would have rendered the former a little “paradise of sweets.” The end rooms, like those below, in the character of boudoirs, had each a view of the bend of the river;—and that, to the left, might have warmed the most cold-hearted observer of nature. The situation was undoubtedly charming; but a rubbishing look pervaded even the very laburnums, which were streaming with gold. As for the box, which flanked the gravel walks, both box and walk wanted a thorough revolutionising—in other words, clipping, turning up, and rolling. The furniture must have been hired; and exclusively of this extra cost, we were told that the house could not be let for three months under forty Napoleons:—undoubtedly a very considerable price for the remote town of Caudebec.

Having followed up this expedition by a walk upon the heights of the town, with which I was much gratified, we returned to our humble auberge, ordered the cabriolet to be got ready, and demanded the reckoning:—which, considering that we were not quite at an hôtel-royale, struck us as being far from moderate. Two old women, of similar features and age, presented

themselves as we were getting into the carriage: one was the mistress, and the other the *fille de chambre*. “ Mais, Monsieur (observed one of them) n’oubliez pas, je vous prie, la-fille-de-chambre—rappelez-vous que vos souliers ont été supérieurement décrottés.” I took out a franc to remunerate the supposed *fille-de-chambre*—but was told it was the *mistress*. N’importe, Monsieur, c’est à ce moment que je suis *fille-de-chambre*—quand vous serez parti, je serai la *maîtresse*.” The postillion seemed to enjoy this repartee as much as ourselves: and bidding adieu to the worthy Englishwoman, who had so long resided in this place, and who appeared to look upon her countrymen as the rarest of all rare birds, we started forward for LILLEBONNE.

We were scarcely out of the town half a mile, when we began to ascend. We found ourselves quickly in the middle of those rising grounds which are seen from the promenade or *Place du Caffé*, and could not look without extraordinary gratification upon the beautiful character of spring in its matured state. The larch was even yet picturesque: the hazel and nut trees were perfectly clothed with foliage, of a tender yet joyous tint: the chestnut was gorgeously in bloom; the lime and beech were beginning to give abundant promise of their future luxuriance—while the lowlier tribes of laburnum and box, with their richly clad branches, covered the ground beneath entirely from view. The apple and pear blossoms still continued to variegate the wide sweep of foliage, and to fill the air with their delicious perfume. It might be Switzerland in miniature—or it might not. Only this I know—that it seemed as though one could live embosomed and en-

chanted in such a wilderness of sweets—reading the *fabliaux* of the old Norman bards till the close of human existence. We continued visibly, and even sharply, to ascend; and when we caught glimpses of the reach or winding of the river, nothing more beautifully picturesque could be imagined. But it was a picture of Spring scenery—lighted up by a bright blue sky, and golden glow of sun shine. Nor must my favourite church, before so particularly described, be forgotten in this joy-inspiring panorama. It stood, grey and venerable, (yet full of projecting gothic ornament), like age in the midst of youth: attempering and harmonising every thing around it. Still we continued to mount higher and higher. We had some time past quitted the cabriolet, and walked on foot. “Ma foi Messieurs (exclaimed our postillion) “il me paroît que nous allons monter jusqu’au ciel.” “Mais pour mes pauvres chevaux, Monsieur—ils seront bien fatigués. Il faut qu’ils mangent un bon diné.” “Ils le mangeront à Lillebonne,” replied I.—“A la bonne heure, donc, Messieurs, montez, je vous prie: Lillebonne est un peu loin d’ici—et pour y arriver à midi, il faut les fouetter un peu.” So saying, we mounted—having gained the summit, and one of the animals becoming hot and restive, the postillion forgot all his compassionate feelings, and never ceased to belabour him, with spur and whip, at a smart gallop, for nearly half a French league. In five minutes we left all that was picturesque behind us; and striking off through byeroads, across fields, (of which every inch was in an admirable state of cultivation) enquired at almost every turn for the nearest route to Lillebonne.

We found ourselves on a hard, strait, chalky old road—evidently Roman : and in due time perceived and entered the town of LILLEBONNE. But the sky had become overcast : soft and small rain was descending, and an unusual gloom prevailed . . . when we halted, agreeably to our instructions, immediately before the gate of the ancient *Castle*.\* Venerable indeed is this Norman castle, and extensive are the ruins which have survived. I shall never forget how it peeped out upon us—through the light leaf of the poplar, and the pink blossom of the apple. It lies close to the road, on the left. An old round tower, apparently of the time of William the Conqueror, very soon attracts your attention. The stones are large, and the interstices are also very considerable. It was here, says a yet current report, that William assembled the Barons of Normandy, and the invasion of England was determined upon. Such a spot therefore strikes an English beholder with no ordinary emotions. We alighted; sent the cabriolet to the inn, and wished both postillion and horses to get their dinners without delay. For ourselves, we had resolved

\* *the ancient Castle*.]—This Castle is well described by Lieut. Hall; who has also given a wood-cut representation, but in too rude a manner, of the discovered walls in the adjacent *Roman theatre*. He thinks this latter the *Julia Bona* of Ptolemy and Antoninus. He supposes the old circular Norman tower, above mentioned, to be the donjon-keep. Upon the key-stone of the vaulting of the upper story, which had fallen in, was carved an escutcheon, “ bearing quarterly 1 and 4, three manacles upon barulets; 2 and 3, five bosses, (perhaps besants) with an escutcheon of pretence, three barulets.”

*Travels in France, p. 52.*

to reserve our appetites till we reached *Bolbec*; and there was food enough before us, of a different description, to exercise our intellectual digestion for at least the next coming hour. We knocked at the massive portals, and readily obtained admittance.

The area, entirely a grass-plat, was occupied by several cows. Before us were evidently the ruins of a large chapel or church—perhaps of the xivth century. The outer face of the walls went deeply and perpendicularly down to the bottom of a dry fosse; and the right angle portion of the building was covered with garden ground, where the owner showed us some peas which he boasted he should have at his table within five days. I own I thought he was very likely to carry his boast into execution; for finer vegetables, or a finer bed of earth, I had scarcely ever noticed. How things, my dear friend, are changed from their original character and destination! “But the old round tower,” say you!—“to the old round tower” then let us go. The stair-case is narrow, dark, and decayed. We reached the first floor, or circular room, and Mr. L. made a rough drawing of the peculiarity of the construction of the window seats—all of rough, solid, and massive stone. No silken settees, or chintz sofas, ever adorned the interior of this prison-like abode! We ascended to the second floor; which, if I remember rightly, was strewn with a portion of the third floor—that had fallen in from sheer decay. Great must have been the crash—as the fragments were huge, and widely scattered. On gaining a firm footing upon the outer wall, through a loop-hole window, we gazed around us with equal wonder and delight. Bunches

of wall-flower, in full bloom, were growing at our feet, and regaling us with their fragrance; while shrubs of different species had contrived to take root in the interstices of the wall, and to make our immediate foreground a representation of youth compared with old age, . . . the latter arising from the character of the surrounding ruins. The wall of this round castle could not be less than ten feet in thickness. A young woman, the shepherdess of the spot, attended us as guide.

“What is that irregular rude mound, or wall of earth, in the centre of which children are playing?” “It is the *old Roman Theatre*, Sir.” I immediately called to mind M. Le Prevost’s instructions—and if I could have borrowed the wings of a spirit, I should have instantly alighted upon the spot—but it was situated without the precincts of the old castle and its appurtenances, and a mortal leap would have been attended with a mortal result. “Have you many English who visit this spot?” said I to my guide.—“Scarcely any, Sir—it is a frightful place—full of desolation and sadness . . .” replied she. We gazed around, and in the distance, through an aperture in the orchard trees, we saw the little fishing village of *Quillebeuf*,\* quite buried, as it were, in the waters of the Seine. An arm of the river meanders towards Lillebonne. Having gratified our picturesque and antiquarian propensities, from this elevated situation, we retrod, with more dif-

\* *the little fishing village of Quillebeuf.*—Small as may be this village, and insignificant as may be its aspect, it is one of the most important places, with respect to navigation, in the whole course of the river Seine. Seven years ago there were not fewer than *four-score*

ficulty than toil, our steps down the stair-case. A second stroll about the area, and along the skirts of

pilots settled here, by order of government, for the purpose of guarding against accidents which arise from a want of knowledge of the navigation of the river. In time of peace this number would necessarily be increased. In the year 1789 there were upwards of 250 English vessels which passed it—averaging, in the whole, 19,000 tons. It is from *Quillebeuf* to *Havre* that the accidents arise. The author of a pompous, but very instructive memoir, “*Sur la Topographie et la Statistique de la Ville de Quillebeuf et de l’embouchure de la Seine, ayant pour objet-principal la navigation et la peché,*” (published in the Transactions of the Rouen Society for the year 1812, and from which the foregoing information has been obtained) mentions three or four wrecks which have taken place in the immediate vicinity of *Quillebeuf*: and it should seem that a *calm* is, of all things, the most fatal. The currents are strong, and the vessel is left to the mercy of the tides in consequence. There are also rocks and sand banks in abundance. Among the wrecks, was one in which a young girl of eighteen years of age fell a victim to the ignorance of the pilot. The vessel made a false tack between *Hode* and *Tancarville*, and running upon a bank was upset in an instant. An English vessel once shared the same calamity. A thick fog suddenly came on, when the sloop ran upon a bank near the *Nez de Tancarville*, and the crew had just time to throw themselves into the boat and escape destruction. The next morning, so sudden and so decisive was the change wrought by the sand and current, that, of the sloop, there remained, at ebb-tide, only ten feet of her mast visible! It appears that the *Quillebois*, owing to their detached situation, and their peculiar occupations, speak a very barbarous French. They have a sort of sing-song method of pronunciation; and the *g* and *j* are strangely perverted by them. Consult the memoir here referred to; which occupies forty octavo pages: and which forms a sequel to a previous communication (in 1810) “upon the Topography and Medical properties of *Quillebeuf* and its adjacent parts.” The author is M. Boismare. His exordium is a specimen of the very worst possible taste in composition!” One would suppose it to be a prelude to an account of the discovery of another America!



the wall, was sufficient to convince us only—how slight and imperfect had been our survey! This I am quite sure of:—our friend \* \* \* \* would have breakfasted, dined, and supped, within the walls of the castle of Lillebonne: or, rather, he would have gone without breakfast, dinner, and supper, could he only have had a fair sky and a good *Brookman and Langdon* pencil, with kindly drawing-paper, in his hand!

On quitting the portal through which we had entered, and bidding adieu to our Shepherdess and guide, we immediately hastened towards the Roman Theatre. The town of Lillebonne has a vastly pretty, picturesque appearance from the old mound, or raised terrace, along the outer walls of the castle. In five minutes we mingled with the school boys who were amusing themselves within the ruins of all that is left of this probably once vast and magnificent old theatre. It is only by clearing away a great quantity of earth, with which these ruins are covered, that you can correctly ascertain their character and state of preservation. M. Le Prevost bade me remark that the walls had much swerved from their original perpendicularity,—and that there was much irregularity in the laying of the bricks among the stones. But time, design, and accident, have each in turn (in all probability) so contributed to decompose, deface, and alter the original aspect of the building, that there is no forming a correct conjecture as to its ancient form. Earth, grass, trees, flowers, and weeds, have taken almost entire possession of some low and massive outer walls; so that the imagination has full play to supply all deficiencies which appear to the eye.

From the whole of this interesting spot we retreated, with mixed sensations of melancholy and surprise—to our little auberge of the *Three Negroes*, in the centre of the town. It had begun to rain smartly as we took shelter in the kitchen—where, for the first time since leaving England, I saw a display of utensils which might have vied with our own, or even with a Dutch interior, for neatness and order of disposition. Some of the dishes might have been as ancient as—not the old Round Tower—but as the last English Duke of Normandy who might have banquetted there. The whole was in high polish and in full display. On my complimenting the good *Aubergiste* upon so creditable a sight, she laughed, and replied briskly—“Ce n’est rien, ceci : Pentecôte est tout près, et donc vous verrez, Monsieur.”—It should seem that Whitsuntide was the season for a general household purification. Some of her furniture had once belonged to the Castle: but she had bought it, in the scramble which took place at the dispersion and destruction of the moveables there, during the Revolution. Wherever we went, traces of that curse of France seemed to come across us! I recommend all travellers to take a lunch, and enjoy a bottle of vin ordinaire, at *Les Trois Nègres*—as we did. I was obliged to summon up all my stock of knowledge in polite phraseology, in order to decline a plate of soup. “It was delicious above every thing”—“but we had postponed taking dinner till we got to Bolbec.” “Bon—vous y trouverez un hôtel superbe.” We parted in the utmost good humour, upon my making no doubt that “her soup was the best in the world.” The French are easily pleased, and civility is

so cheap and current a coin abroad, that I wish our countrymen would make use of it a little more frequently than they appear to do. We started about two for Bolbec.

The rain continued during the whole of our route thither; but it did not prevent us from witnessing a land of plenty and of picturesque beauty on all sides. Indeed it is scarcely possible to conceive a more rich and luxuriant state of culture. To our left, about half a league from Lillebonne, we passed the domain of a once wealthy, and extremely extensive abbey. I think they call it the *Abbey of Beauclouis*. A long rambling bare stone wall, and portions of a deserted ruin, kept in sight for full half an English mile. What a country is Normandy for ecclesiastical remains! The immediate approach to BOLBEC is that of the entrance to a modern and flourishing trading town, which seems to be beginning to recover from the effects of the Revolution. After Rouen, and even Caudebec, it has a stiff modernized air. We drove to the principal inn, opposite the church, and bespoke dinner and beds. The church is perfectly modern, and equally heavy and large. Crowds of people were issuing from *Vespers*; when, ascending a flight of steps, (for it is built on ground considerably above the ground-floor of the inn) we resolved to wait for the final departure of the congregation, and to take a leisurely survey of the interior, while our dinner was getting ready.

The sexton was a perfect character in his way; old, shrewd, communicative, and civil. We saw several confessionals. "What—you confess here pretty much?" "Yes, Sir; but chiefly females, and among

them many widows." I had said nothing to provoke this ungallant reply. "In respect to the *sacrament*, what is the proportion between the communicants, as to sex?" "Sir, there are one hundred women to twelve men." I wish I could say that this disproportion were confined to *France*.

We quitted this heavy and ugly, but large and commodious fabric, and betook ourselves to our inn and dinner. The cook was in every respect a learned professor in his art, and the produce of his skill was equally excellent and acceptable. We had scarcely finished our repast, and the *Gruyere* cheese and nuts yet lingered upon our table, when the soft sounds of an organ, accompanied by a youthful voice, saluted our ears in a very pleasing manner. "C'est LE PAUVRE PETIT SAVOYARD, Messieurs"—exclaimed the waiter—"Vous allez entendre un air touchant! Ah, le pauvre petit!"—"Comment ça?" "Messieurs, il n'a ni père ni mère; mais pour le chant—oh Dieu, il n'y a personne qui chante comme le pauvre petit Savoyard!" We were well disposed to hear the song, and to admit the truth of the waiter's observation. The little itinerant stopped opposite the door, and sung the following airs:—

*Bon jour, Bon soir.*

Je peindrai sans détour  
Tout l'emploi de ma vie:  
C'est de dire *bon jour*  
Et *bon soir* tour-à-tour.  
*Bon jour* à mon amie,  
Lorsque je vais la voir.  
Mais au fat qui m'ennuie,  
*Bon soir.*

*Bon jour* franc troubadour,  
 Qui chantez la bombance ;  
 La paix et les beaux jours ;  
 Bacchus et les amours.  
 Qu'un rimeur en démençe  
 Vienne avec vous s'asseoir,  
 Pour chanter la romance,

*Bon soir.*

*Bon jour*, mon cher voisin,  
 Chez vous la soif m'entraîne :  
*Bon jour*—si votre vin  
 Est de Beaune on du Rhin ;  
 Mon gosier va sans peine  
 Lui servir d'entonnoir ;  
 Mais s'il est de Surêne,

*Bon soir.*

Aussi content qu'un roi  
 Quand mes vers vous font rire,  
 Je suis de bonne foi.  
 C'est un bon jour pour moi.  
 Si ma muse en délire  
 A trahi mon espoir,  
 Je n'ai qu'un mot à dire,

*Bon soir.*

*Le Vaillant Troubadour.\**

BRULANT d'amour, et partant pour la guerre,  
 Un Troubadour, ennemi du chagrin,

\* I subjoin a version of this popular French air, from "*Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*," p. 211. It is worthy of juxtaposition, because it may be considered as fully equal to the original.

*The Troubadour.*

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,  
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,  
 Beneath his Lady's window came,  
 And thus he sung his last good morrow :

Dans son délire, à sa jeune Bergère,  
 En la quittant répétait son refrain :  
     Mon bras à ma patrie,  
     Mon cœur à mon amie ;  
 Mourir gaîment pour la gloire ou l'amour,  
 C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour.  
 Dans le bivouac le Troubadour fidèle,  
 Le casque au front, la guitare à la main,  
 Toujours pensif et regrettant sa Belle,  
 Allait partout en chantant son refrain :

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“ My arm it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my true love's bower ;  
 Gaily for love and fame to fight  
 Befits the gallant Troubadour.”

And while he march'd with helm on head  
 And harp in hand, the descant rung,  
 As faithful to his favourite maid,

The minstrel burthen still he sung :  
 “ My arm it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my Lady's bower ;  
 Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,  
 I come a gallant Troubadour.”

Even when the battle's roar was deep,  
 With dauntless heart he hew'd his way  
 Mid splintering lance, and falchion sweep,  
 And still was heard his warrior lay ;  
 “ My life it is my country's right ;  
 My heart is in my Lady's bower ;  
 For love to die, for fame to fight,  
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Alas ! upon the bloody field  
 He fell beneath the foeman's glaive ;  
 But still, reclining on his shield,  
 Expiring sung the exulting stave ;  
 “ My life it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my Lady's bower ;  
 For love and fame to fall in fight  
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Mon bras à ma patrie, etc.

Dans les combats déployant son courage,  
Des ennemis terminant le destin,  
Le Troubadour, au milieu du carnage,  
Faisait encore entendre ce refrain :

Mon bras à ma patrie, etc.

Ce brave, hélas ! pour prix de sa vaillance  
Trouva bientôt le trépas en chemin ;  
Il expira sous le fer d'une lance  
Nommant sa belle et en chantant son refrain :

Mon bras à ma patrie,

Mon cœur à mon amie ;

Mourir gaîment pour la gloire ou l'amour,  
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour.

I know not how it was, but had the "petit Savoyard" possessed the cultivated voice of a chorister, I could not have listened to his notes with half the satisfaction with which I dwelt upon his history, as stated by the waiter. He had no sooner concluded and made his bow, than I bought the slender volume from which his songs had been chanted, and had a long gossip with him. He slung his organ upon his back, and "ever and anon" touching his hat, expressed his thankfulness, as much for the interest I had taken in his welfare, as for the trifling piece of silver which I slipt into his hand at parting. Meanwhile all the benches, placed on the outside of the houses, were occupied—chiefly by females—to witness, it should seem, so novel and interesting a sight as two Englishmen holding familiar discourse with a poor wandering Savoyard ! Our friend the sexton was among the spectators, and from his voice and action, appeared especially interested. "Que le bon Dieu vous bénisse."

exclaimed the Savoyard as we bade him farewell. On pursuing our route for a stroll upon the heights near the town, we had occasion to pass these benches of spectators. The women, almost without any exception, inclined their heads by way of a gracious salute; and Monsieur *le Sacristain* pulled off his enormous cock'd hat with the consequence of a drum-major. He appeared not to have forgotten the donation which he had received in the church. We smiled; and continuing our pursuit, gained an elevated situation: whence, looking down upon the spot where we had left the Savoyard, we observed him surrounded by the aforesaid females—each and every one of them apparently convulsed with laughter! Even the little musician appeared to have forgotten his “orphan state.”

The environs of *Bolbec*, especially in the upper part, are sufficiently picturesque. At least they are sufficiently fruitful: orchards, corn and pasture land—intermixed with meadows, upon which cotton was spread for bleaching—produced altogether a very interesting effect. The little hanging gardens, attached to labourers' huts, contributed to the beauty of the scene. A warm crimson sun-set seemed to envelope the coppice wood in a flame of gold. The road was yet reeking with moisture—and we retraced our steps, through devious and slippery paths, to the hôtel. Evening had set in: the sound of the Savoyard's voice was no longer heard: we ordered tea and candles, and I added considerably to my journal before I went to bed. As we were to sleep directly opposite the church, we were compelled the live-long night to hear the striking of every quarter of every passing hour—in sounds the



most harsh and penetrating. Mr. Lewis, who boasts of having a patent for sleeping, (and who had hitherto scarcely known the deprivation of slumber) was equally awake and restless with myself. As dawn and sun-rise appeared, we determined upon an immediate departure ; and though we had told the post-boy that we should not want him till eight, his good nature was not to be ruffled by our impatience. We rose at five ; and before six the horses were harnessed to the cabriolet. Having obtained the necessary instructions for reaching *Tancarville*, (the ancient and proud seat of the MONTMORENCIS) we paid our reckoning, and left Bolbec in a very cross and almost irritable mood. In proportion to the comfort of body, and elasticity of mind, arising from a night of sweet slumber, is the misery of a heated frame, and an oppressive head-ach—the effect of the *want* of that delicious slumber ! The latter was *my* lot in particular—for my companion's nerves had not been shattered like my own by repeated nights of wakefulness and weariness. Allow, my friend, that the misery endured in consequence, is just in proportion to the joy and rapture with which one looks upon every gilded piece of scenery, and every transparent vapour, within an hour or two after sun-rise ! A fine day, fresh objects, and strange occurrences—how they make the heart dance with exultation ! As we ascended a long and rather steep hill, and, looking to the right and left, saw every thing in a state of verdure and promise, we did all we could to persuade ourselves that the journey would be agreeable, and that the castle of Montmorenci could not fail to command our admiration. We were now in

the high and broad "*route royale*" to Havre le Grace ; but had scarcely been a league upon it, when, looking at our instructions, we struck out of the high road, to the left, and followed a private one through flat and uninteresting arable land. I cannot tell how many turns we took, or through how many pretty little villages we passed—till, after a long and gradual ascent, we came upon a height, flanked the greater part by coppice wood, through one portion of which—purposely kept open for the view—we saw at a distance a marvellously fine group of perpendicular rocks (whose grey and battered sides were lighted up with a pink colour from the morning sun) in the middle, as it were, of the *Seine*—which now really assumed an ocean-like appearance. In fact, these rocks were at a considerable distance, and appeared to be in the broadest part of the embouchure of that river. We halted the cabriolet ; and almost forgot the sound of the Bolbec clock—as we gazed upon this truly magnificent and fascinating scene ! . . for the larks were now mounting all around us, and their notes, added to those of the " songsters of the grove," produced an effect which I even preferred to that arising from the organ and voice of the " pauvre petit Savoyard." The post-boy partook of our rapture. " Voilà, Messieurs, des rochers terriblement perpendiculiers—eh, quelle belle vue de la rivière, et du paysage !" It was impossible to make any thing of so expansive a scene with the *pencil*—at least, by travellers who had wanted the refreshment of sleep, and who were beginning to grow hungry and impatient for their breakfast. But I shall always bear in remembrance these " terribly

perpendicular rocks," and the foreground from which it was our good fortune to view them.

Leaving this brilliant panorama, we kept onward, turning rather to the left, and then found our descent proportionably gradual with the ascent. The Seine was now right before us, as hasty glimpses of it, through partial vistos, had enabled us to ascertain. Still we deemed *Tancarville* a terrible way off; first we were to go up, and then we were to go down—now to turn to the right, and afterwards to the left—a sort of *πολλα δ' ἀναγὰ καὶ ἀναγὰ* route—when a prepossessing young paysanne, with a decidedly-pointed finger and a well-regulated voice, told us that, after passing through such a wood, we should reach an avenue, from the further end of which the castle of *Montmorenci* would be visible . . . “une petite lieue de distance.” Every thing is “une petite lieue!” It is the answer to every question relating to distance. Though the league be double a German one, still it is “une petite”—Here however the paysanne happened to be right. We passed through the wood, gained the avenue, and from the further end saw—even yet towering in imposing magnitude—the far-famed *Chateau de Montmorenci*. It might be a small league off. We gained spirits and even strength at the sight: told the postillion to mend his pace—of which he gave immediate and satisfactory demonstration, while the echoes of his whip resounded along the avenue. A closer road now received us. The hazel and filbert occasionally brushed our faces, and the lad could with difficulty quarter the ruts—almost broad and deep enough to bury a Lincolnshire ox. We still continued to descend, and at length began to discern

the form and colour of the castle, to the right. As we descended, the castle seemed to gain in height and magnitude—but that descent brought us into the very heart of a neighbourhood, in which Mrs. Ratcliffe would have placed troops of retainers, or of banditti, to listen to the warder's horn from the turrets of the castle. It was on all sides woody : at this period, of a bright, yellowish green—but in autumn, rich must be the tints, and dark and deep must be the shadows. Knolls of moss-interwoven grass, on the summits of which the beech and lime threw up their sturdy stems, now enclosed the road—which began to widen and to improve in condition. At length, turning a corner, a group of country people appeared—"Est-ce ici la route de Tancarville?"—"Tancarville est tout près : c'est là, où on voit la fumée des cheminées." Joyful intelligence !—The post-boy increased his speed . . . the wheels seemed to move with a readier play, and in one minute and a half we were upon the beach of the river Seine, and alighted at the door of the only auberge in the village.

I know you to be both a lover of and connoisseur in Rembrandt's pictures ; and especially of those of his *old* characters. I wish you could have seen the old woman, of the name of *Bucan*, who came out of this same auberge to receive us. She had a sharp, quick, constantly moving black eye ; keen features, projecting from a surface of flesh of a subdued mahogany tint ; about her temples, and the lower part of her cheeks, were all those harmonizing wrinkles which become old age—*upon canvas*—while, below her chin, communicating with a small and shrunken neck, was that sort

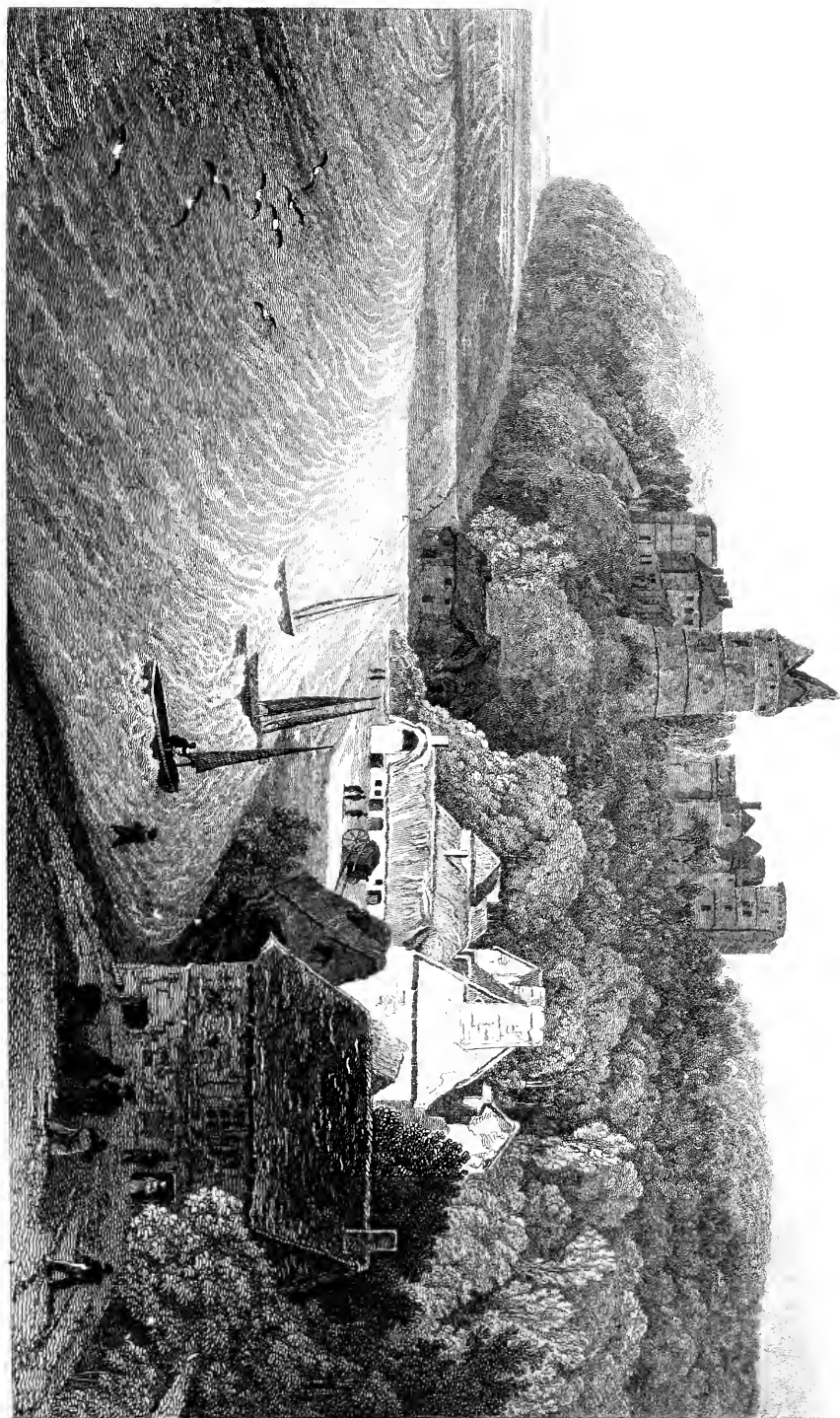
of concavity, or dewlap, which painters delight to express with a minuteness of touch, and mellowness of tint, that contribute largely to picturesque effect! This good old woman received us with perfect elasticity of spirits and of action. It should seem that we were the first Englishmen who had visited her solitude this year. Her husband approached, but she soon ordered him "to the right about"—to prepare fuel, coffee, and eggs. We were promised the best breakfast that could be got in Normandy, in twenty minutes. The inn being sufficiently miserable, I was anxious for a ramble—and Mr. L. of course for a sketch. The tide was now coming up, as at Caudebec; but the sweep and breadth of the river being upon a considerably larger scale, its increase was not yet so obvious—though I am quite sure that all the flats, which we saw on our arrival as a bed of mud, were, within a quarter of an hour, wholly covered with water: and, looking up to the right, we perceived the perpendicular walls of *Montmorenci Castle* to be washed by the reflux wave. It was a sort of ocean in miniature before us. A few miserable fishing boats were moored upon the beach; while a small number of ill-clad and straggling villagers lingered about the same spot, and seemed to look upon us as beings dropt from the sky! We strolled to the left—quickly mounted a wooded cliff—and, gaining a considerable eminence, Mr. Lewis saw the village of Tancarville at his feet . . . while the tide was coming up in a more agitated manner, and the Castle of Montmorenci appeared to gain a most imposing height and magnitude. A dark shadow flitted across the whole range of intermediate forest scenery, and an angry atmosphere seemed to

threaten to overwhelm castle, trees, village, and river, in a deluge of rain. The view was so striking, that my companion hastened to transfer it to his sketch book ;—and you shall not only see, but be charmed with it, on our return from this wild region of solitude and romance.\*

I continued my route—still ascending, and leaving Mr. L. to his sketch. From the beach I had observed two very singular mushroom-shaped rocks: and I was resolved to stand upon their summits. They project from the cliff as if they had been cut out by art, and the bottom parts have been so worn, or scooped away by a strong current of water—that nothing can afford more decisive proof of ancient diluvian havoc. You have here the slight but faithful sketch of them taken by Mr. Lewis.



\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.







A winding path leads to them, which you must retrace if you wish to gain, as I did, a higher part of the cliff. The whole is covered with coppice-wood. I had now the gratification of viewing *Quillebeuf* a little more nearly. It was almost immediately opposite: while, to the right, I looked up the wide sweep of the river towards its embouchure, and fancied I could see *Havre*. The group of rocks, which had so charmed us on our journey, now assumed a different character. Meanwhile the threatening tempest passed on—rolling over the forest of Montmorenci: the sun was restored, and the day and the scenery equally broke upon us with an effulgence which cannot easily be described. But twice twenty minutes had elapsed—and where were our coffee and eggs? On descending, we could discover, although at a considerable distance, the old woman standing at the door of the cabaret—apparently straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of us; and she was almost disposed to scold us for having put her reputation of giving good breakfasts to so hazardous a trial. The wood was blazing, and the room was almost filled by smoke—but a prolonged fast, and a stage of sixteen or eighteen miles, in a keen morning air, made us think only of allaying our hunger. In every public house, however mean, you see the white metal fork, and the napkin covering the plate. A dozen boiled eggs, and a coffee-pot and cups of perfectly Brobdingnagian dimensions, with tolerable bread and indifferent butter, formed the subject matter of our breakfast: and heartily and satisfactorily did we get through that meal. The postboy having stabled and refreshed his horses, was regaling himself in the

kitchen—but how do you think he was regaling himself?—Truly, in stretching himself upon a bench, and reading, as old Ascham expresses it, “a merry tale in Boccace.” In other words, he was reading a French version of the *Decameron* of that celebrated author. Now, my friend, whether he had ever heard of the *Valdarfer Boccaccio*,\* is truly beyond my power of divination to affirm : but most certain it is that he *was* so occupied—thereby putting to shame perhaps the whole tribe of postillions in Great Britain ! Indeed, I had already received sufficient proof of the general propensity of the common people to *read*—whether good or bad books . . . but let us hope and believe the former. We left the bibliomaniacal postboy to his Boccaccio, and prepared to visit the CASTLE . . . the once proud and yet commanding residence of the family of MONTMORENCI.

We ascended—with fresh energies imparted from our breakfast. The day grew soft, and bright, and exhilarating . . . but alas ! for the changes and chances of every thing in this transitory world. Where was the warder ? He had ceased to blow his horn for many a long year. Where was the harp of the minstrel ? It

\* *the Valdarfer Boccaccio*.]—At the sale of the present Duke of Marlborough’s Library, in 1819, this far-famed volume was purchased by the House of Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Brown, and Orme for £918. it having cost the Duke, at the sale of the ROXBURGHE LIBRARY (see the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 62), in 1812, not less a sum than £.2260. Earl Spencer, who was the Duke’s opponent, obtained this desirable volume of Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co. for precisely the same sum which they had given for it. Such a purchase was equally honourable to both parties.

had perished two centuries ago, with the hand that had struck its chords. Where was the attendant guard?—or pursuivants—or men at arms? They had been swept from human existence, like the leaves of the old limes and beech trees by which the lower part of the building was surrounded. The moat was dry; the rampart was a ruin:—the rank grass grew within the area . . . nor can I tell you how many vast relics of halls, banqueting rooms, and bed rooms, with all the magnificent appurtenances of old castellated architecture, struck the eager eye with mixed melancholy and surprise! The singular half-circular, and half square, corner towers, hanging over the ever-restless wave, interested us exceedingly. The guide shewed us where the prisoners used to be kept—in a dungeon, apparently impervious to every glimmer of day-light, and every breath of air. I cannot pretend to say at what period even the oldest part of the Castle of Montmorenci was built: but I saw nothing that seemed to be more ancient than the latter end of the xvth century.\* Perhaps the greater portion may be of the beginning of the xvith; but, amidst the unroofed rooms, I could not help admiring the painted borders, chiefly of a red colour, which run along the upper part of the walls, or wainscoats—giving indication not only of a good, but of a splendid, taste. Did I tell you that this sort of ornament was to be seen in some parts of the eastern end of the Abbey of Jumieges? *Here*, indeed, they afforded evidence—an evidence, mingled with melancholy sen-

\* Mr. Cotman has a view of the gateway of Tancarville, or Montmorenci Castle.

sations on conviction—of the probable state of magnificence which once reigned throughout the castle. Between the corner towers, upon that part which runs immediately parallel with the Seine, there is a noble terrace, now converted into garden ground—which commands an immediate and extensive view of the embouchure of the river. It is the property of a speculator residing at Havre. Parallel with this terrace, runs the more modernised part of the castle, which the last residing owner inhabited. It may have been built about fifty years ago, and is—or rather the remains of it are—quite in the modern style of domestic architecture. The rooms are large, lofty, and commodious;—yet nothing but the shells of them remain. The revolutionary patriots completely gutted them of every useful and every valuable piece of furniture: and even the bare walls are beginning to grow damp, and threaten immediate decay. I made several memoranda upon the spot, which have been unluckily, and I fear irretrievably, misplaced; so that of this once vast, and yet commanding and interesting edifice, I regret that I am compelled to send you so short and so meagre an account. Farewell—a long and perhaps perpetual farewell—to the CASTLE OF MONTMORENCI!

The cabriolet met us at the bottom of the mound upon which the castle is built. We had paid our reckoning before we left the inn—so that we had nothing to do but to step in, and push forward for *Havre*. We retraced the road through which we came; and having repassed the village of *St. Romaine*, (containing a very picturesque sprinkling of houses) we darted

into the *Route Royale*, and got upon one of the noblest high roads in France. Between *Tancarville*, and *Havre* lie *Hocher* and *Harfleur*; each almost at the water's edge. I regretted I could not see the former; but in our approach to Harfleur we observed, to the right, some delightfully situated, and not inelegantly built, country villas or modern chateaux. The immediate run down to Harfleur is exceedingly pleasing; and though we trotted sharply through the town, the exquisite little porch of the church was not lost upon us. It resembles that of St. Ouen—in miniature. The town, but especially the church,\* is of the time of Francis I. Few places, I believe, for its dimensions, have been more celebrated in the middle ages than Harfleur. The Seine to the left becomes broader and bolder; and, before you, beneath some wooded heights, lies HAVRE. Every thing gave indication of commerce and prosperity as we gained upon the town. The houses increased in number and respectability of appearance—"Voyez-vous là, Messieurs, à droit, ces belles maisons de plaisance? — (exclaimed our charioteer)— "C'est là où demeurent Messieurs vos compatriotes : ma foi, ils ont un joli gout." The first glance upon these stone houses confirmed the sagacity of our postilion. They are gloriously situated—facing the ocean; while the surrounding country teems with game of every species. Isaac Walton might have contrived to interweave a pretty ballad in his description of the trout streams.

But we approach the town. The hulls of hundreds

\* Mr. Cotman has given a view of the Spire only.

of vessels are seen in the commodious docks ; and the flags of merchantmen, from all quarters of the globe, appear to stream from the mast-heads. It is a scene of bustle, of business, and variety ; and perfectly English. What a contrast to the gloomy solitude of Montmorenci ! The outer and inner gates are passed. Diligences issue from every quarter. The centinels relieve guard. The sound of horns, from various packet-boats immediately about to sail, echoes on all sides . . . . We drove up the high street, and approached the hôtel of the *Aigle d'Or*,\* kept by Justin, and considered to be the best. We were just in time for the table d'hôte, and to bespeak excellent beds. Travellers were continually arriving and departing. What life and animation ! . . and could I have shaken off my jaded spirits, arising from a sleepless and restless night, I should have relished, with a keener delight, the multitudinous objects before me. We sat down upwards of forty to dinner : and a good dinner it was. Two English ladies, and three English gentlemen, were among the guests ; and though we were too distant to interchange a word, I could perceive and feel that we each thought ourselves a protection to the other. After dinner, I settled for the cabriolet, and bade the postboy adieu ! —nor can I suppress that, in wishing him well, I felt ten times more than I had ever felt upon taking leave of a postillion. Was it because I found him reading a French version of Boccaccio ? Something better, I should hope, mingled itself with my sensations ; and I would willingly be-

\* I am not sure whether this inn be called the *Armes de France*, or as above.

lieve, although he knows not my name, that the said postillion will not think the worse of "Messieurs les Anglois" . . . for having conducted a Bibliomaniac and a craniology-loving artist from Rouen to Havre. And now, fare you well, till I reach the opposite shore . . . and take up my residence at CAEN.

## LETTER XII.

HAVRE DE GRACE. HONFLEUR. JOURNEY TO CAEN.

*Caen, May, 1818.*

WELL, my friend! . . . I have at length visited the interior of the Abbey of St. Stephen, and have walked over the grave of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and of MATHILDA his wife. I am here very comfortably situated, and shall not think of quitting this place for a week at least. But as you dearly love the gossip of a travelling journal, I shall take up the thread of my narrative from the spot in which I last addressed you :—particularly as our route hither was marked by some circumstances not unworthy of recital. First, however, for *Havre*.

We staid there only long enough to express our regret that the time of our residence could not be extended. It happened to be a very fine afternoon, and I took a leisurely stroll upon the docks and ramparts,\*

\* Evelyn, who visited Havre in 1644, when the Duke de Richlieu was governor, describes the citadel as “ strong and regular, well stored with artillery, &c. The works furnished with faire brass canon, having a motto, “*Ratio ultima Regum.*” The allogiaments (continues he) of the garrison are uniforme ; a spacious place for drawing up the soldiers, a pretty chapell, and a faire house for the governor, &c. The citadel was built by the late Cardinal Richlieu, unkle of the present Duke, and is very strong. The haven is very spacious.”

*Life and Writings of John Evelyn*, edit. 1818, vol. i. p. 51.

Indeed Havre seems always to have been a place of note and dis-



while Mr. Lewis ascended the heights upon which we had observed the “maisons de plaisance” pointed out to us by our postillion. The principal street is broad, straight, and seems surmounted at one end by these heights; though there can be little short of a French league between them and its extremity: the other extremity of the street ending with the harbour. The rectangular and parallel streets are narrower and of less length; but there are more interesting pieces of architectural antiquity in them. As far as I could observe, or could receive information, there was no house older than of the time of Francis I. Few of the churches could boast of a much more remote antiquity. The population of Havre is estimated at 20,000; and I should think this is no exaggerated statement. The town is full of animation—whether as relating to business or pleasure. For the former, you must visit the quays; for the latter, you must promenade the high street, and more especially the *Boulevards*, towards the heights. The sun shone merrily, as it were, upon the thousands of busy, bustling, and bawling human creatures . . . who were in constant locomotion in this latter place.

Resolving to postpone my visits to the *Booksellers* till evening, I took advantage of every quarter of an

tion in more senses than one. In Zeiller's *Topographia Gallie*, (vol. iii.) there is a view of it, about the period in which Evelyn saw it, by Jacques Gomboust, Ingénieur du Roy, from which it appears to have been a very considerable place. Forty-two principal buildings and places are referred to in the directions; and among them we observe the BOULEVARDS DE RICHLIEU. There are windmills in abundance in the neighbourhood.

hour of day-light, after four, to make myself master of the *locale* of the harbour. The docks are the “great guns” of the place; and in these you see three American vessels for one English. In fact, the business with America is of very considerable extent. I recognised among the vessels a beautiful little three-masted merchantman, which I had seen, about five years ago, lying within Ramsgate pier—and any thing which reminds you of your own country, though at no very terrific distance from it, is looked upon with a fonder and more frequent eye. Just so it was upon viewing this tightly trimmed vessel. I wished, for a minute only, that I could leap on board—command a prosperous breeze, unfurl the sails by magic,—and be gently landed upon that said pier at Ramsgate! But where would have been *Caen*—and *Bayeux*—and *Coutances*—whither my steps were bending? What a difference between the respective appearances of the quays of Dieppe and Havre? Although even *here* things would assume a rubbishing and littered aspect compared with the quays at *Liverpool* or at *Hull*, yet it must be admitted, for the credit of Gallico-Norman commerce, that the quays of Havre make a very respectable appearance. You see men fiddling, dancing, sleeping, sitting, and of course talking à pleine gorge, in groupes without end—but no drunkenness! . . . not even a G——m saluted my ear. The Southampton packets land their crews at Havre. I saw the arrival of one of these packets; and was cruel enough to contrast the animated and elastic spirits of a host of French *laquais de place*, tradespeople, &c.—attacking the passengers with cards of

their address—with the feeble movements and dejected countenances of the objects of their attack. Meanwhile a packet would sail in the evening for *Harfleur*, but nothing could shake the determination I had made of stopping (and sleeping, if possible) at Havre. Again the packet masters caused the “note of departure” to be sounded; and again the high street reverberated its echoes—while trucks and wheel-barrows, laden with goodly or with sorrowful looking furniture, appeared in motion on all sides—hastening to be in time for the moment of departure.

From the quays, I sauntered along the ramparts, which are flanked by broad ditches; (of course plentifully supplied with water) and passing over the draw-bridge, by which all carriages enter the town—and which absolutely trembles as if about to sink beneath you, as the *diligence* rolls over it.—I made for the boulevards and tea-gardens; to which, business being well nigh over, the inhabitants of Havre flock by hundreds and by thousands. A fine afternoon throws every thing into “good keeping”—as the artists say. The trees, and meadows, and upper lands were not only bright with the sun-beam, but the human countenance was lighted up with gladness. The occupations partook of this joyful character. Accordingly there was dancing and singing on all sides; a little beyond, appeared to sit a group of philosophers, or politicians, upon a fantastically cut seat, beneath laburnums streaming with gold—while, still further, gradually becoming invisible from the foliage and winding path, strolled pairs in more gentle discourse! Meanwhile the whoop and halloo of school-boys, in rapid and

ceaseless evolutions, resounded through the air, and heightened the gratification of the scene.

And young and old came out to play  
Upon a sun-shine holiday.

On looking up a winding road, I saw Mr. Lewis busied with his pencil. Knolls of rich verdure, with fine spreading trees, and elegant mansions, were in the foreground—in the middle-ground, and quite at his feet, stood the town of Havre:—in the distance, rolled and roared the expansive ocean! The sun was visibly going to rest; but his departing beams yet sparkled upon the more prominent points of the picture. There was no time for finishing the subject. After a stroll of nearly a couple of hours, on this interesting spot, I retraced my steps over the draw-bridge, and prepared for objects of *still* life; in other words, for the examination of what might be curious and profitable in the shape of a *boke*. Yet I could not turn my back upon the rising ground, which I had just contemplated, without thinking that your friends in London—or any friends in any part of England—would do very wisely to spend an occasional summer and autumn upon the heights of Havre: and I will tell you why. In the first place, the *locale* is perfectly picturesque: there are both town and country gratifications: sea and landscape in abundance—while the air is pure and elastic. In the second place, the time (that engenderer of spleen, and deadly weight upon the shoulders of too many of our countrymen) may be pleasingly and even usefully divided: in the morning you are mixing with the inhabitants of the town: in the

evening, with those of the country : the walks are commodious, and the roads are, in that season of the year, perfectly excellent. But you begin to grow tired both of town and country. Be it so. In the third place, then, take a trip to Rouen, for a week or ten days ; (to say nothing of the intermediate and interesting spots, so superficially described in my late dispatch) return, and then tell me how you like the *heights of Havre*!! Or, cross an arm of the sea, (as I have just done) ramble about *Honfleur*, and make a leisurely journey to Caen—or, go yet further :—then return, and tell me how you like the *heights of Havre* ? Remember, that the streams abound with trout, and the adjacent hills in variety and plenty of game ; also do not fail to call to mind that one *shipment*, at Southampton, brings you direct to your place of destination. A prosperous wind may make you dress at one place, and undress at another. Where then shall be the rationally founded objection to a residence upon the HEIGHTS OF HAVRE ?

The lamps were lighted when I commenced my *bibliomaniacal* voyage of discovery among the book-sellers. But what poverty of materials, for a man educated in the schools of FUST and CAXTON! ? To every question, about rare or old books, I was told that I should have been there when the allies first got possession of Paris. In one of the shops of a respectable bibliopolist, I heard an animated, and even somewhat fierce, discussion about the good or bad effects of the respective dynasties of the Bourbons and Buonaparte. Each of the two disputants defended his own side with warmth and eloquence. Each took

snuff, and took it pretty copiously; and the more vehement the argument, the more frequent the supply of that spirit-stirring stimulant. Perceiving me to be an Englishman, I began to be apprehensive that I should be appealed to — or peradventure, abused with equal heartiness by both parties. But the result was very different, and afforded an admirable illustration of the facility and sang-froid with which the French can take up, or discard, any subject, however interesting or important. “You are from England, Sir,”—remarked the Buonapartist, taking off his hat, and inclining his head towards me, with a gracious salutation. “I am, Sir.” “How go on your House of Lords and House of Commons?” “As usual, Sir,—very sound and very active: at least they *were* so. At present the latter exists no longer.” “Exists no longer!—what has happened then, Sir?—Ha! you do right to visit these shores in such a crisis of alarm! Did I not (turning to his Bourbon antagonist) did I not predict that things could not long last as they had been going on in England!” Whereupon, the said Prophet added sundry other sympathetic exclamations, without allowing me to say one word in explanation of the cause of the dissolution of our far-famed House of Commons! At length, an opening presenting itself, I observed, with a mock solemnity of manner, that it was “the period of a *general election*.” Qu’est-ce que ce mot là veut signifier?—je n’ai jamais entendu parler de cela.” I explained it as briefly and as perspicuously as I was able: but both Buonapartist and Bourbonist (to my astonishment) continued to express their ignorance and surprise. I then explained to them how

these respective houses carried on their proceedings ; and that the members of the house of Lords sat uncovered, with scarlet robes trimmed with ermine—but that those of the House of Commons sat with their hats on, and appeared in the dresses which they happened to wear during the day—booted, or otherwise, just as they pleased. It is impossible for me to convey to you an idea of the shrug, and exclamation of contempt, with which these opposite-principled disputants simultaneously treated our unfortunate Commoners : nor could these political champions separate the eloquence and importance of the debates from the *vilain* appearance of hats and boots : while the Upper House was pronounced by them to be the only proper arena for the display of intellectual strength and national wisdom. “ Enfin, mon ami, (exclaimed the one, turning to the other) il faut avouer que ces choses sont du plus mauvais gout ; et je ne puis pas concevoir comment les Anglois, qui sont vraiment de braves gens, peuvent se conformer à des règlements qui doivent avoir un résultat si funeste. A ça ! partons. Neuf heures vient de sonner. Monsieur je vous souhaite le bon soir. Adieu, adieu.” These adieus were directed, the first to the bookseller, the second to myself . . . and both Bourbonist and Buonapartist marched off, arm in arm, forgetting the dynasties which they had advocated, but uniform in their expressions of surprise, and predictions of evil from the homely costume of the Members of the House of Commons ! I could scarcely refrain from loud laughter as they shut the door of the shop, and disappeared. Doubtless these gentlemen had never consulted our Blackstone !

Luckily, at that moment, a copy of the *Habiti antichî moderni*, from the supposed designs of Titian, and printed in 1590, 8vo. happened to catch my eye, and make me forget the scene which had just taken place. It was a sound, but somewhat cropt copy, and attired in a goodly jacket of calf-skin. The price demanded was twelve francs: in our own country it brings double that price . . . and even more than treble might be given for such a copy as Mr. Grenville possesses. “C’est un peu fort, ce prix,” observed I. “Comment fort, Monsieur? voilà un joli livre, rempli de planches en bois—dont on ne pourroit, aujourd’hui, exécuter un pareil, sans en exiger au moins trois fois le prix.” This is any thing but an argument; but it is the common observation used by very many booksellers, whether near the banks of the Seine or the Thames. I counted down nine francs . . . and made a pause, looking at my bibliopolist. “Hé bien, comme vous le désirez, je prendrai les neuf francs et vous prendrez le livre. C’est ça.” This was droll enough. I laid the book aside, and sought about for more . . . but a torn *Sauvage Monstrelet*, and a thumbbed and defective *Gaguin’s Chronicle*, (these are technical phrases) were the only fruits—or rather results—of a very anxious forage for full three quarters of an hour. In three shops, previously visited, there was scarcely any thing to be seen but Voltaire and Rousseau. I made the most of my supposed prize, returned to the hôtel, drank a late and excellent cup of coffee, and after comparing notes with Mr. Lewis, as to what we had severally seen and heard, retired to rest, thoroughly worn out, and oppressed with sleep.



The packet was to sail by nine in the morning ; precisely. For a wonder, (or rather no wonder at all, considering what had occurred during the last twenty-four hours) I had an excellent night's rest, and was prepared for breakfast by eight. Having breakfasted, we immediately accompanied our luggage to the inner harbour. Of course we had plenty of offers for the conveyance of it : so that in five minutes we were close to the water's edge, and observed the *Honfleur* packet swarming with passengers, and crammed with every species of merchandize: especially tubs, casks, trunks, cordage, and earthen-ware. We descended; saw our luggage stowed, took our stations near the helm—and after experiencing a good deal of *uncomfortable* heaving of the ocean, got clear from the mouth of the harbour, and stood out to sea. The tide was running briskly and strongly into the harbour; and a good deal of see-sawing of the vessel was the consequence of such current. We were in truth very closely stowed; and as these packets are built with flattish bottoms, and low sides,—a rough sea would not have failed to give to a crew, thus exposed, the appearance of half-drowned rats. Luckily the wind began to subside, and by degrees old ocean wore a face of undisturbed serenity. Not however that very many of the passengers were not *inconvenienced* by the agitation, however trifling, which had occurred. Our crew was a motley one; but among them, a parchment-visaged Abbess, with her broad streaming bands, seemed to experience particular distress. She was surrounded by some hale, hearty market women, whose robust forms, and copper-

tinted countenances, formed a striking contrast to her own. A little beyond was an old officer or two, with cocked hats of the usually capacious dimensions. But the poor Abbess was cruelly afflicted ; and in a gesture and tone of voice, of the most piteous woe, implored the steward of the vessel for accommodation below. Mr. Lewis seized an opportunity of transferring the whole foreshortened picture to his sketch book ; and I think you will allow it to be an admirable piece of composition.



Fortunately, as I was not in the least annoyed by sickness, I had leisure to survey the heights of Honfleur before we landed. These heights may be called counterparts to those of Havre; but they are less lofty, though equally well wooded. Looking towards the course of the River Seine, as it narrowed in its windings, I discovered *Harfleur* and *Hocher* nearly opposite; and, a good deal lower down, the little fishing town of *Quillebeuf*, apparently embedded in the water. I necessarily had a different view of those rocks which so much astonished our postillion on the approach to Tancarville; and indeed on all sides I contemplated nothing but picturesque beauty and agricultural plenteousness. Honfleur itself is surely among the most miserable of fishing towns\*—or whatever be the staple commodity that supports it. But the environs make amends for the squalidness of the town. A few years of peace and plenty would work wonders even in the improvements of these environs. Perhaps no situation is more favourable for the luxury of a summer retirement. Across this arm of the sea, or rather the very embouchure of the river Seine, you observe Havre—(some eight English miles distant) yet a consequential looking town. We paid only eight sous apiece for our passage; and having no passport to be *viséd* (which indeed was the case at Havre,) we selected a stout lad or

\* It was so in Evelyn's time: in 1644, "It is a poore fisher towne (says he) remarkable for nothing so much as the odd yet usefull habites which the good women weare, of beares and other skinns, as of raggs at Dieppe, and all along these coasts."

*Life and Writings of J. Evelyn*; 1818, 4to. vol. i. p. 51.

two, from the crowds of lookers on, as we landed, to carry our luggage to the inn from which the diligence sets off for CAEN. It surprised us to see with what alacrity these lads carry the luggage up a steep hill in their trucks, or barrows ; but we were disgusted with the miserable forms, and miserable clothing, of both sexes, which we encountered as we proceeded. Most fortunately we were in time to secure our places, and the horses were in the very act of being put to, as we paid our fares beforehand.

All this, you will say, is very trifling ; but the fact is, you tell me that I must make you accompany me wherever I go, and in whatever transaction I am concerned. “*Paullo majora.*” Judge of our surprise and gratification upon seeing two well-dressed and well-bred Englishmen, in the very act of securing their places. It is not always that, at first sight, Englishmen associate so quickly, and apparently so cordially, as did these gentlemen with ourselves. They were the Messrs. D \* \* \* of L \* \* \* \* *Hall* in Yorkshire : the elder brother an Oxford man of the same standing with myself. The younger, a Cantab. We were all bound for Caen ; and right gladly did we coalesce upon this expedition. I shall not easily forget the shower of rain which fell as we set off ; and most thankfully did I prefer the shelter of the roof of the coach to the security of an umbrella in an open packet-boat. The mode of starting was peculiar to this part of the world. My love of out-door comforts, and of witnessing the scenery of a new country, made me solicitous to secure a place in the cabriolet ; but our acquaintances had previously obtained two places, and the driver and con-

ducteur (on this occasion the same individual) claimed the third place as a matter of right and necessity, for himself; from whence he exercised the office of the whip—a singular, and rather ticklish, situation for the management of four horses, unaided by a postillion! But what was my astonishment, when, on his good-nature ceding to me this third place, he took his station upon *the roof*—and from thence, with the reins in one hand, and a whip in the other, he essayed to guide four high-mettled Norman stallions, down one descent and up another ascent . . . the rain at the same moment pouring down in torrents! To say that I was not nervous, would be foolish . . . I will own that I was even terrified—for what a machine was behind me! . . . and if we had been overset, what a result must have ensued! Fortunately we had not got out of the town, and had scarcely cleared the first descent, when one of the horses got his leg completely over the rope traces, and it was impossible to proceed. I now saw the danger of retaining my place in the cabriolet to the exclusion of the worthy driver, and instantly gave it up. He said very coolly “Ce sont des diables de chevaux, et il faut être un peu plus près pour les chatouiller.” Leaving him in full possession to “tickles” the animals as he pleased, I got inside the diligence; and as the rain continued to descend yet more heavily and steadily, I was not chagrined at the change: the leathern curtains of the cabriolet proving but a sorry defence.—Nothing, however, could discompose the gravity, or ruffle the good-humour of the conducteur. In the midst of the descending rain, and while the horses appeared to be sprawling all over the

road, he whistled and sang alternately, as if nothing had taken place.

We now proceeded at a good sharp pace, and as we ascended the very high hill on the direct road to Caen, with fine leafy trees on each side, and upon a noble breadth of road, I looked out of the diligence to enjoy the truly magnificent view of the Seine—with glimpses of *Harfleur* and *Havre* on the opposite coast. The cessation of the rain, and the slow movement of the vehicle, enabled me to do this in a tolerably commodious manner. The ground however seemed saturated, and the leaves glistened with the incumbent moisture. There was a sort of pungent freshness of scent abroad—and a rich pasture land on each side gave the most luxuriant appearance to the landscape. Nature indeed seemed to have fructified every thing in a manner at once spontaneous and perfect. The face of the country is pasture-land throughout ; that is to say, there are comparatively few orchards and little arable. I was told to pay attention to the cattle, for that the farmers prided themselves upon their property of this kind. They may pride themselves—if they please : but their pride is not of a lofty cast of character. You know I am rather more conversant in *Caxtons* than in cows ; but I have been in Lincolnshire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire—and have seen and enjoyed, in these said counties, groups of cattle which appeared calculated for the land and the table of giants, compared with the Lilliputian objects, of the bucoline species, which were straying in thin flocks, throughout the luxuriant pastures of Normandy. That triumphant and immutable maxim of “ small bone and

large carcase" seems, alas! to be unknown in these regions. Nor are the cows extraordinary good milchers.

However, on we rode—and on all sides we gazed. At length we reached *Pont L'Eveque*, a pretty long stage; where we dined (says my journal) upon roast fowl, asparagus, trout, and an excellent omelette, with two good bottles of vin ordinaire—which latter, for four Englishmen, was commendably moderate. During dinner the rain came down again in yet heavier torrents—the gutters foamed, and the ground smoked with the unceasing fall of the water. In the midst of this aquatic storm, we toasted Old England right merrily and cordially; and the conducteur, seeing us in good humour, told us that “we need not hurry, for that he preferred a dry journey to a wet one.” We readily assented to this position; but within half an hour, the weather clearing, we remounted: and by four o'clock we all got inside—and politics, religion, literature, and the fine arts, kept us in constant discourse and good humour as we rolled on for many a league. All the way to *Troarn* (the last stage on this side of Caen) the country presents a truly lovely picture of pasture land. There are occasionally some wooded heights, in which English wealth and English taste would have raised villas of the prettiest forms, and with most commanding views. Yet there is nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with the country about Rodwell in Gloucestershire. Nor are the trees of the same bulk and luxuriant foliage as are those in our own country. A fine oak is as rare as an uncut *Wynkyn De Worde*: but creeping rivulets, rich coppice wood, avenues of elms and limes, and meadows begemmed with butter-cups—these are the characteristics

of the country through which we were passing. It is in vain however you look for neat villas or consequential farm houses : and as rarely do you see groups of villagers reposing, or in action . . A dearth of population gives to French landscape a melancholy and solitary cast of character. It is in cities that you must look for human beings—and *for* cities the French seem to have been created. Not any thing like an exemplification of Watteau's enchanting pieces . . but I check myself—ladies and gentlemen do not stir abroad to dance, swing, romp, and enjoy a fête champetre,

When storms and clouds obscure the sky,  
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly!

Yet I shall not easily forget the sweep of country, or continuation of pasture land, between Pont L'Eveque and *Troarn*. This latter village is sufficiently poor. We passed a good house to the left, and a delicious trout stream to the right ; but the road itself was absolutely flooded with rain. It was at Troarn, I think, or at some halting place beyond, that our passports were demanded, and the examination of our trunks solicited. We surrendered our keys most willingly. The gentlemen with their cocked hats and blue jackets—having a belt from which a sword was suspended—consulted together for a minute only—returned our keys, and telling us that matters would be thoroughly looked into at Caen, said they would give us no trouble. We were of course not sorry at this determination—and the Messrs. D \* \* \* and myself getting once more into the cabriolet, (a postboy being secured for the leaders) we began to screw up our spirits and curio-



sity for a view of the steeples of CAEN. The country, from Troarn to Caen, gets more into the arable kind ; but, though flatter and less ornamented with trees, it is fruitful and agreeable to the eye. Unluckily the sun had set, and the horizon had become gloomy, when we first discovered the spires of *St. Stephen's abbey*—the principal ecclesiastical edifice at Caen. It was hard upon nine o'clock ; and the evening being extremely dusky, we had necessarily a very indistinct view of the other churches—but, to my eye, as seen in a lengthened view, and through a treacherous atmosphere, Caen had the appearance of *Oxford* upon a diminutive scale. The town itself, like our famous University, is built in a slanting direction ; though the surrounding country is yet flatter than about Oxford. As we entered it, all the population seemed collected to witness our arrival. From solitude we plunged at once into tumult, bustle, and noise. We stopped at the *Hotel d'Espagne*—a large, but black and begrimed mansion. Here our luggage was taken down ; and here we were assailed by garçons de place, with cards in their hands, intreating us to put up at their respective hotels. We had somehow got a recommendation to the *Hotel Royale* in the *Place Royale*,—and such a union of *royal* adjuncts was irresistible.—Accordingly, we resolved upon moving thither. In a trice our trunks were placed upon barrows : and we marched behind, “ in double quick time,” in order to secure our property. The place appeared to improve as we made our different turnings, and gained upon our hotel. “ *Le voilà, Messieurs*”—exclaimed our guides and baggage conductors—as we got into a goodly square,

and saw a fair and comely mansion in front. The rush of landlord, waiting maids, and garçons de place, encountered us as we entered. "Messieurs, je vous salue,"—said a huge, ungracious looking figure—which said figure was nothing less than the master of the hotel—yclep'd Lagouelle. We were shown into a small room on the ground floor to the right—and ordered tea ; but had scarcely begun to enjoy the crackling blaze of a plentiful wood fire, when the said ungracious figure took his seat by the side of us ... to tell us "all about THE DUEL."

I had heard (from an English gentleman in the packet boat from Havre to Honfleur,) something respecting this most extraordinary duel between a young Englishman and a young Frenchman : but as I mean to reserve my *Caen budget* for a distinct dispatch, and as I have yet hardly tarried twenty hours in this place, I must bid you adieu, only adding that I dreamt, last night, about some English antiquaries trying to bend the bow of William the Conqueror !—Can this be surprising ? Again farewell.

## LETTER XIII.

CAEN. SOIL. SOCIETY. EDUCATION. A DUEL. OLD HOUSES. THE ABBEY OF ST. STEPHEN. CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE DE DERNETAL. ABBÉ DE LA SAINTE TRINITÉ. OTHER PUBLIC EDIFICES.

I HAVE now resided upwards of a week at Lagouelle's, the Hotel Royale, and can tell you something of the place and of the inhabitants of CAEN. But do not expect such a copious or curious sketch of these as you received of Rouen and of the *Rouennois*. Caen is still-life after Rouen : but it has been, and yet is, a town exceedingly well-deserving the attention of the lounging traveller and of the curious antiquary. Its ecclesiastical edifices are more ancient, but less vast and splendid, than those of Rouen ; while the streets and the houses are much more wide and comfortable. This place is the capital of the department of CALVADOS, or of LOWER NORMANDY : and its population is estimated at forty thousand souls. It has a public library, a school of art, a college, mayoralty, and all the etceteras of a corporate society. But I must first give you something in the shape of political economy intelligence. Caen with its arrondissemens of *Bayeux*, *Vire*, *Falaise*, *Lisieux*, and *Pont L'Eveque*, is the country of pasturage and of cattle. It is also fertile in the apple and pear ; but from recent experiments made at *Argences*, they have abandoned all further attempts to cultivate the vine. There are beautiful and most abun-

dant market gardens about Caen ; and for the last seventy years they have possessed a garden for the growth and cultivation of foreign plants and trees. Just about the establishment of Buonaparte's power they could boast of three thousand plants of this kind, classed according to the systems of Linnæus and Tournefort ; but, now, that number is even increased. It is said that more than nine hundred species of plants and trees are to be found in the department of CALVADOS, of which Caen is the capital ; of which some (but I know not how many or how few) are considered as indigenous. Of forests and trees, the number is comparatively small ; and upon that limited number great injuries were inflicted by the Revolution. In the arrondissement of Caen itself, there are only 344 *hectares*.\* The truth is, that, in the immediate neighbourhood of populous towns the French have no idea of planting. They suffer plain after plain, and hill after hill, to be denuded of trees, and make no provision for the supply of those who are to come after them. Thus, not only a great portion of the country about Rouen—(especially in the direction of the road leading to Caen—) is gradually left desolate and barren, but even here, as you approach the town, there is a dreary flatness of country, unrefreshed by the verdure of foliage : whereas the soil, kind and productive by nature, requires only the slightest attention of man to repay him a hundred fold ! What they will do some fifty years hence for *fuel*, is quite inconceivable. It is true that the river Orne, by means of the tide, and of its proximity to the sea, brings up

\* Somewhere about 150 English acres.

vessels of even 200 tons burden, in which they may stow plenty of wood ; but still, the expenses of carriage, and duties of a variety of description—together with the *dependence* of the town upon such accidental supply—would render the article of fuel a most expensive concern. It is also true that they pretend that the soil, in the department of Calvados, contains *coal* ; but the experiments which were made some years ago at Littry, in the arondissement of *Bayeux*, should forbid the Caennois to indulge any very sanguine expectations on that score.

In respect to the trade of the town, the two principal branches are *lace* and *cap* making. The former trade is divided with Bayeux ; and both places together give occupation to twenty thousand pair of hands. People of all ages may be so employed ; and the annual gross receipts have been estimated at four millions of francs. But the manufactures of *Lisieux* form the chief supplies of the department of Calvados. Yet in cap making only, at Caen, four thousand people have been constantly engaged, and a gross produce of two millions of francs has been the result of such branch of trade. A great part of this manufacture was consumed at home ; but more than one half used to be exported to Spain, Portugal, and the colonies belonging to France. They pretend to say, however, that this article of commerce is much diminished both in profit and reputation : while that of *table linen* is gaining proportionably in both.\* There were formerly great *tanneries* in

\* *that of table linen gaining proportionably in both.*—Caen was celebrated for its table linen three centuries ago. “ Et si ne me puis

Caen and its immediate vicinity, but lately that branch of trade has suffered extremely. The revolution first gave it a violent check, and the ignorance and inattention of the masters to recent improvements, introduced by means of chemistry, have helped to hasten its decay. To balance this misfortune, there has of late sprung up a very general and judiciously directed commercial spirit in the article of *porcelaine*; and if Caen be inferior to its neighbouring towns, and especially to Rouen and Lisieux, in the articles of cloth, stuffs, and lace, it takes a decided lead in that which relates to *pottery* and *china*: no mean articles in the supply of domestic wants and luxuries. But it is in matters of higher “pith and moment” that Caen may claim a superiority over the towns just noticed. There is a better spirit of *education* abroad; and, comparatively for its size, more science and more literature. This place has been long famous for the education of lawyers. There are two distinct academies—one for “Science and Belles-Lettres”—the other for agriculture and commerce. The *Lycée* is a noble building, close to the Abbey of St. Stephen: but I wish its façade had been Gothic, to harmonise with this latter. Indeed, Caen has quite the air of Oxford, from the prevalent appearance of *stone* in its public

taire qu'il n'y a ville en Europe où il se face de plus beaux & singulier  
 LINGE DE TABLE que l'on appelle *hautelice*—sur lequel les artisans  
 telliers representent toutes sortes de fleurs, bestes, oyseaux, arbres, me-  
 dalles, & armoiries de Rois, Princes, Seigneurs, voire aussi naïfue-  
 ment & proprement que le plus estimé Peintre pourroit rapporter  
 avecques son pinceau, &c. BOURGUEVILLE; *Antiquitez de Caen*; 1588,  
 8vo. p. 26.

buildings. The environs of the town afford quarries, whence the stone is taken in great blocks, in a comparatively soft state—and is thus cut into the several forms required with the greatest facility. It is then exposed, and every succeeding day appears to add to its white tint and durable quality. I saw some important improvements making in the outskirts of the town,\* in which they were finishing

\* *improvements making in the outskirts of the town.*]—The faux-bourgs of Caen, in the present day, wear a melancholy contrast to what they appear to have been in the middle of the xvth century. Listen to the pleasantly penned description of them by the first topographer of the place . . . “auxquelles les habitans et ieunesse se pourmeinent, prennent plaisir à la saison du printemps, et de l'esté, même les écoliers de l'Université; les vns à sauter, lutter, courir, iouer aux barres, nager en la rivière qui les enclot, tirer de l'arc, et prendre toutes honnestes recreations, comme aussi font les damoiselles, dames, et bourgeoises, à y estendre et secher leur beau linge, duquel les dites prairies sont aucunes fois si couuertes quelles semblent plustot blanches que vertes—et au jour des festes après le souper s'y assemblent les grandes compagnies, tant de seigneurs, officiers, dames, damoiselles, bourgeoises, en nombre de trois à quatre mille personnes qui s'y pourmenent par troupes, pour y auoir leur plaisir et recreation & voir les passe temps, &c.”—Mais encores le plus grand plaisir qui se treuve en telles assemblées, c'est qu'en ce beau printemps vernal l'on y voit le chant et ramage melodieux des rossignols qui fleurissent, fredonnent et degoissent, dedans cette circle et iardins prochains, rapportans par leur chant la mémoire de l'histoire de Philomene, &c.” Again, a few pages further: “Je diré aussi, avecques assurance, qu'il croist aux beaux prairies et iardins de cette ville & fauxbourgs des plus excellens et delicats fruits de toutes sortes que en autre ville de France, et de toutes fleurs odoriferentes en de belles & plaisantes trailles, gallerie, pallisades & parterres.” BOURGUEVILLE: *Antiquitez de Caen*: pp. 5, 6, 26.

It may be worth subjoining, from the same interesting authority, that long after the time even of the publication just referred to,

shafts and capitals of columns in a manner the most correct and gratifying. Still further from the

the town of Caen was surrounded by lofty and thick stone walls—upon the tops of which three men could walk a-breast; and from thence the inhabitants could discern “the vessels sailing in the river Orne, across those large and beautiful meadows, and unloading their cargoes by the sides of the walls.” It appears indeed to have been a sort of a lounge or fashionable promenade—by means of various ladders for the purposes of ascent and descent.

Among the old prints and bird's-eye views of Caen, which I saw in the collection of DE BOZE at the Royal Library at Paris, there is one accompanied by three pages of printed description; which latter begins with the lines of Guillaume Breton “*Villa potens, opulenta,*” &c.; see post. There is also a very large print of *Caen*, by P. Buache, of the date of 1747: in which, however, the trees are made of more consequence than the houses. Also a bird's-eye print of the city, from the pencil of Gomboust. This latter I take to be from Zeiller's *Topographia Galliæ*, vol. iii. in which the towers of the *Abbaye de la Trinité*, and of *St. Etienne*, having two stories, as it were, are unlike any thing we now observe. The view, in other respects, gives a good idea of the town (of the date of 1640-50) and of the precincts of St. Stephen's abbey. The *Place Royale* seems to have been the *Place de la Chaussée*; where we observe a gallows to be erected. Among the drawings, &c. in the royal collection, is one of the castle of Caen, of the date of 1702, rather interesting. The castle is now destroyed. There is also an imposing view of the *Abbaye de la Trinité*: or rather of the monastery or hospital now attached to it: also of the date of 1702: a wretched performance. An equally faithless view of the abbey of St. Stephen; of the same date. Evelyn, in 1644, thus describes the town of Caen. “The whole town is handsomely built of that excellent stone so well knowne by that name in England. I was lead to a pretty garden, planted with hedges of *Alaternus*, having at the entrance, at an exceeding height, accurately cut in topiary worke, with well understood architecture, consisting of pillars, niches, freezes, and other ornaments, with greate curiosity, &c.

*Life and Writings of J. Evelyn*; 1818, 4to. vol. i. p. 52.



immediate vicinity of Caen, they find stone of a closer grain; and with this they make stair-cases, and pavements for the interior of buildings. Indeed the stone stair-cases in this place, which are usually circular, and projecting from the building, struck me as being equally uncommon and curious. It is asserted that they have different kinds of *marble* in the department of Calvados, which equal that of the south of France. At *Basly* and *Vieux* white marble is found which has been judged worthy of a comparison with Parian; but this is surely a little presumptuous. However, it is known that Cardinal Richelieu brought from Vieux all the marble with which he built the chapel in the college of the Sorbonne.

Upon the whole, as to general appearance, and as to particular society, Caen may be preferable to Rouen. The costume and manners of the common people are pretty much, if not entirely, the same; except that, as to dress, the *cauchoise* is here rather more simple than at Dieppe and Rouen. The upper *fille-de-chambre* at our hotel displays not only a good correct model of national dress, but she is well-looking in her person, and well-bred in her manners. Mr. Lewis prevailed upon this good-natured young woman to sit for her likeness, and for the sake of her costume. The girl's eyes sparkled with more than ordinary joy at the proposal, and even an expression of gratitude mingled itself in her manner of compliance. I send you, as a rival to the *cauchoise* *Dieppoise*,\* the figure and dress

\* See p. 32.

of the *fille-de-chambre* at the *Hotel Royale* of Caen.\* And as a counterpart to it, pray examine this pleasing little group, of the same character, or order in society, which Mr. L. brought in this morning—from a perambulation in the suburbs of the town before breakfast. It is thus that Norman women sit, and gossip, and work, out of doors, betimes in the morning.



Caen is called the *dépôt* of the English.† In truth there is an amazing number of our countrymen here,

\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE

† *dépôt* of the English.]—It was a similar *dépôt* in Ducarel's time.



FILLE DE CHAMBRE.  
CAEN.



and from very different causes. One family comes to reside from motives of economy ; another from those of education ; a third from those of retirement ; and a fourth from pure love of sitting down, in a strange place, with the chance of making some pleasant connection, or of seeking some strange adventure. Good and cheap living, and novel society, are doubtless the main attractions. But there is desperate ill blood just now between the *Caennois* (I will not make use of the enlarged term *François*) and the English ; and I will tell you the cause. Do you remember the emphatic phrase in my last, “ all about the duel ? ” Listen. About three weeks only before our arrival,\* a duel was fought between a young French law student and a young Englishman, the latter the son of a naval captain. I will mention no names ; and so far not wound the feelings of the friends of the parties concerned. But this duel, my friend, has been “ the duel of duels ”—on the score of desperation and of a fixed purpose to murder. It is literally without precedent, and I trust will never be considered as one. You must know then, that Caen, in spite of all the “ bouleversemens ” of the Revolution, has maintained its ancient reputation of possessing a very large seminary, or college for students at law. These students amount to nearly 600 in number. Most young gentlemen under twenty years of

\* The story was in fact told us the very first night of our arrival, by M. Lagouelle, the master of the hotel royale. He went through it with a method, emphasis, and energy, rendered the more striking from the obesity of his figure and the vulgarity of his countenance. But he frankly allowed that “ Monsieur l’Anglois se conduisoit bien.”

age are at times riotous, or frolicsome, or foolish. Generally speaking, however, the students conduct themselves with propriety : but there had been a law-suit between a French and English suitor, and the Judge pronounced sentence in favour of our countryman. The hall was crowded with spectators, and among them was a plentiful number of law-students. As they were retiring, one young Frenchman either made frightful faces, or contemptible gestures, in a very fixed and insulting manner, at a young Englishman—the son of this naval captain. Our countryman had no means or power of noticing or resenting the insult, as the aggressor was surrounded by his companions. It so happened that it was fair time at Caen ; and in the evening of the same day, our countryman recognised, in the crowd at the fair, the physiognomy of the young man who had insulted him in the hall of justice. He approached him, and gave him to understand that his rude behaviour should be noticed at a proper time and in a proper place : whereupon the Frenchman came up to him, shook him violently by the arm, and told him to “ fix his distance on the ensuing morning.” Now the habit of duelling is very common among these law-students ; but they measure twenty-five paces, fire, and of course . . . miss—and then fancy themselves great heroes, and there is an end of the affair ! Not so upon the present occasion. “ Fifteen paces,” if you please—said the student sarcastically, with a conviction of the backwardness of his opponent to meet him. “ FIVE, rather”—exclaimed the provoked antagonist—“ I will fight you at FIVE paces :”—and it was agreed that they

should so meet and fight on the morrow, at five paces only asunder.

Each party was under twenty; but I believe the English youth had scarcely attained his nineteenth year. What I am about to relate will cause your flesh to creep. It was determined by the seconds, as *one* must necessarily *fall*, from firing at so short a distance, that only *one* pistol should be loaded with *ball*: the other having nothing but powder:—and that, as the Frenchman had challenged, he was to have the first choice of the pistols. They parted: the seconds prepared the pistols according to agreement—and the fatal morning came. The combatants appeared, without one jot of abatement of spirit or of cool courage. The pistols lay upon the grass before them: one loaded only with powder, and the other with powder and ball. The Frenchman advanced: took up a pistol, weighed and balanced it most carefully in his hand, and then . . . laid it down. He seized the other pistol, and cocking it, fixed himself upon the spot from whence he was to fire. The English youth was necessarily compelled to take the abandoned pistol. Five paces were then measured . . . and on the signal being given, they both fired . . . and the Frenchman fell . . . DEAD UPON THE SPOT! He had in fact taken up and laid down the very pistol which was loaded with the fatal ball, on the supposition of its being of too light a weight; and even seemed to compliment himself upon his supposed sagacity upon the occasion. But to proceed. The ball went through his heart, as I understood. The second of the deceased, upon seeing his friend a reeking corpse at his feet, became mad and

outrageous . . and was for fighting the survivor immediately ! Upon which the lad of mettle and courage replied, that he would not fight a man without a *second*—" But go," said he, (drawing his watch coolly from out of his fob) I will give you twenty minutes to come back again with your second." He waited, with his watch in his hand, and by the dead body of his antagonist, for the return of the Frenchman ; but on the expiration of the time, his own second conjured him to consult his safety and depart ; for that, from henceforth, his life was in jeopardy. He left the ground ; obtained his passport, and quitted the town instantly ; but he had scarcely lost sight of the field of action a dozen minutes, ere a multitude of students came, determined to avenge the death of their countryman by that of his destroyer ! . . The dead body of the duellist was then placed upon a bier : and his funeral was afterwards attended by several hundreds of his companions—who, armed with muskets and swords, threatened destruction to the civil and military authorities if they presumed to interfere . . for the Mayor had, in fact, prohibited the funeral rites to be performed within consecrated ground. All this, my dear friend, has necessarily increased the ill-blood which is admitted to exist between the English and French . . but the affair is now beginning to blow over—and when one of our fair young countrywomen, who has been visiting in the best circles here, with her mother, (for the last eight or ten months) asked me " how often I had been insulted since my arrival?"—and I replied " not once"—she expressed herself astonished beyond measure.



A truce to such topics of vexation and dismay. Only let us admit that, at this present moment, after what has passed, the wonder may be that the breach is not *wider* between the Caennois and our countrymen. It is now high time to furnish you with some details relating to your favourite subjects of ARCHITECTURAL and BOOKISH ANTIQUITIES. The former shall take precedence. First of the *streets*; secondly of the *houses*; and thirdly of the *public buildings*, ecclesiastical and civil. Yet a word upon the antiquity of the town itself. Its name, CAEN, (*Cadomi* in Latin) is supposed to be derived from CAD-HOM: a compound word, half Celtic and half Saxon—denoting, in the opinion of Bochart, the place of war. Hence the old words *Cad-hom*, *Cathien*, *Cahem*—and finally *Caen*. Let this suffice for etymological research. As to the antiquity of the place, it is supposed never to have been inhabited by the Romans: in other words, not to have existed as a town when they occupied the country: I shall say nothing about its condition during the time of the *Saxons*; who, it should seem, made no settlement here;\* but it may be fairly stated that, on the introduc-

\* *the Saxons . . . made no settlement here.*—“It was not, however, a great many years after, [the possession of the *northern* parts of Gaul by the Danes] that it was esteemed one of the chief towns in the province, as we find in the account of the interview at Rouen, in the year 942, between Louis Ultramarinus, King of France, and Rollo, Duke of Normandy, as given us in a very ancient chronicle of that dukedom. Monsieur De Bras assures us, that in a MS. of the customs of Normandy, written in the time of Duke Rollo, and which had fallen into his hands, Caen is spoken of as a town which then made no contemptible appearance; and in the charter of dotation given by Richard II.

tion and establishment of Christianity, Caen was at least a more insignificant place than *Bayeux*; inasmuch as the Diocesan's see is established at this *latter* place—whereas, had Caen been of more local importance, we should not have heard of the Bishop of Bayeux, but of the Bishop of Caen. Let me therefore take you at once to the beginning of the tenth century, when, under the government of the famous *Rollo*, this place attained strength and celebrity. It appears to have increased in wealth and distinction during the following century. William the Conqueror built a noble abbey here, and chose it as the spot for his interment; and such was its population and magnificence during the thirteenth century, that a poet of that period has noticed it in the most pointed and commendatory manner.\* Before the Revolution it had thirteen parishes, a college, and twenty public establishments for either sex. At present the number of parishes is reduced to *two*; and of the thirteen churches, seen in Ducarel's time, I should

Duke of Normandy, to his daughter Adela, upon her marriage with Raynald Count of Burgundy, THE TOWN OF CAEN, together with its *churches, markets, custom-house, quay*, and other dependencies, are amply specified." *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*; p. 48.

\* *a poet has noticed it in the most pointed and commendatory manner.*]

—This poet is William Le Brito, or Guillaume Breton, who tells us, in his *Philipidos*, that it was so well peopled, and so magnificently built, that there was no town in all France comparable to it, except Paris. His words are these :

Villa potens, opulenta, situ spatiosa decora;  
 Fluminibus, pratis, et agrorum fertilitate,  
 Merciferasque rates portu capiente marino;  
 Seque tot ecclesiis, domibus, et civibus ornans,  
 Ut se Parisio vix annuat esse minorem.

think it probable that a fourth part has been demolished. At least I know that, on the further extremity of the town, beyond the Abbey of St. Stephen, there is little more than the shell of an ancient church, (St. Nicholas,\* I think) of which the western end, betraying the architecture of the thirteenth century, is converted into a blacksmith's shop, and the nave and side aisles are mere stabling for horses. The Revolution taught the importance of this adaptation to time and circumstances!

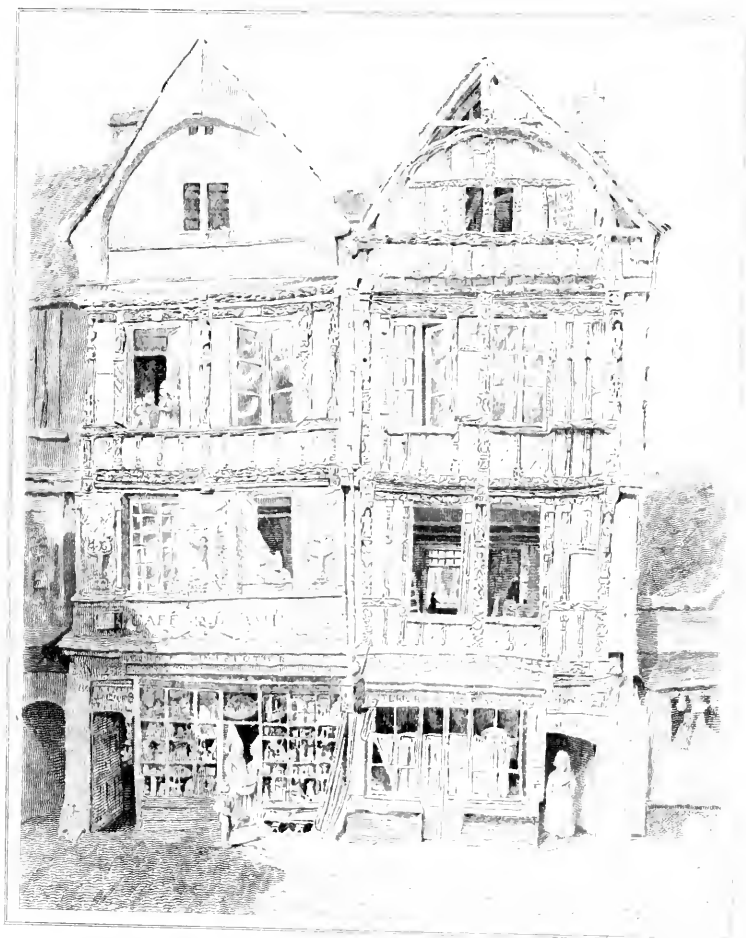
However, to begin with the Streets. Those of *St. Pierre*, *Notre Dame*, and *St. Jean* are the principal for bustle and business. The first two form one continuous line, leading to the abbey of St. Stephen, and afford in fact a very interesting stroll to the observer of men and manners. The shops are inferior to those of Rouen, but a great shew of business is discernible in them. The street beyond the abbey, and those called *Guilbert*, and *des Chanoines*, leading towards the river, are considered among the genteelest. Ducarel pronounced the *houses* of Caen "mean in general, though usually built of stone;" but I do not agree with him in this conclusion. The open parts about the *Lycée* and the *Abbey of St. Stephen*, together with the *Place Royale*, where the library is situated, form very agreeable spaces for the promenade.

\* All that Ducarel says of it, is "that it is remarkable on account of its great age." He calls it *St. NICHOLAS DES CHAMPS*, p. 75. Huet observes that time and the new fortifications had much changed the limits of this parish—which formerly extended as far as the *Isle Renaud*, out of the enclosure of the town, behind St. Stephen's. *Origines de Caen*; p. 258.

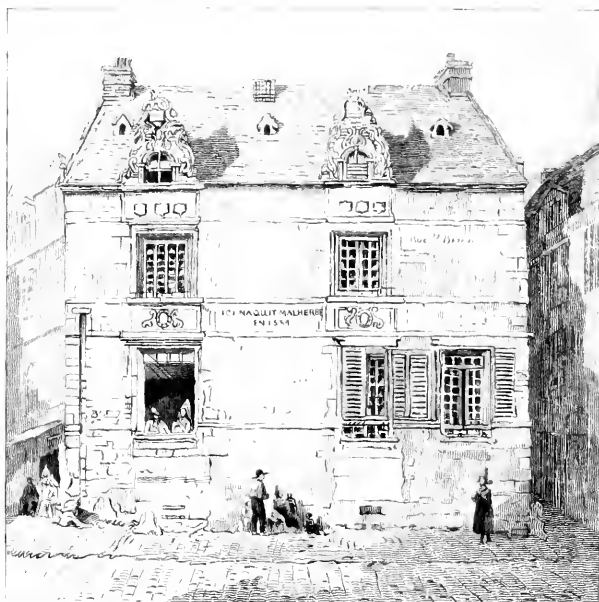
of the ladies and the exercise of the National Guard. The *Courts* are full of architectural curiosities, but mostly of the time of Francis I.—Indeed that monarch seems to have been particularly anxious, both here and at Rouen, to revive a taste, whether good or bad, for gothic architecture ;\* and it is not only in courts, but in public edifices, wherever situated, that you observe specimens of architecture of the early part of the sixteenth century. Of the houses, those with elaborate carvings in wood, beneath a pointed roof, are doubtless of the greatest antiquity. There are a great number of these ; and some very much older than others. M. PIERRE-AIMÉ LAIR (a worthy gentleman, of whom I shall by and by speak in ample terms) conducted Mr. Lewis and myself to two of these houses—which he deemed the oldest in the town. They are in the *Rue St. Pierre* : but modern innovations had begun to make encroachments in the one to the left. Mr. L. obtained permission to sit in a room on the first floor, on the opposite side of the way, and occupied two mornings in making drawings of these old-fashioned residences. Cast your eye upon them : and tell me whether you are not charmed by the brilliancy and minuteness of touch

\* *a taste, whether good or bad, for Gothic architecture.*]—Francis not only introduced a taste for “architecture,” but for spectacles, festivities, and gaities of almost every class and description. The account of the triumphal entry of that Monarch and the Dauphin, in the year 1532, by Bourgueville, (taken apparently from his own curious and contemporaneous publication) may be placed alongside of any thing which has been said of the triumphal entries of Henry II. at Rouen—though even at Caen, Henry took pains to rival the regal pomp of his predecessor. Consult the *Antiquités de Caen*, p. 103—121, &c.

which the artist has exhibited. At the same time they will remind you of the general character of our older houses in the city of Chester, and elsewhere. They are covered with coats of plaister, the work of succeeding generations.



A third curious old house is to the right hand corner of the street *St. Jean* ; as you go to the Post Office. But talking of houses, I must inform you that the residence of the famous MALHERBE yet exists in the street leading to the *abbey St. Etienne*. This house is of the middle of the sixteenth century : and what CORNEILLE is to *Rouen*, Malherbe is to *Caen*. ICI NAQUIT MALHERBE, &c. as you will perceive from the annexed drawing of this said house, is inscribed upon the front of the building. But Malberbe has been doomed to receive greater honours. His head was the first struck, in a series of medals, to perpetuate the resemblances of the most eminent literary characters (male and female) in France : and it is due to the amiable Pierre-Aimé Lair to designate him as the FATHER of this medallic project.

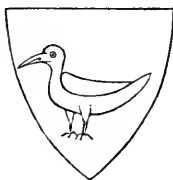
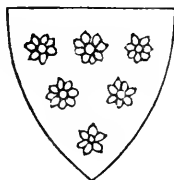


Drawn by G. Lewis.

Engraved by Miss Elliot Byrne

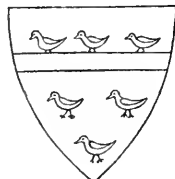
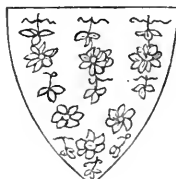
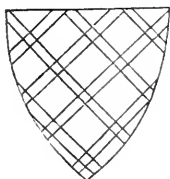
Towards the street *La belle Croix*, is this inscription with the subjoined arms,

FRANCISCVS MALHERBVS  
HASCE AEDES EXTRVI CVRAVIT



Towards la Rue de L'Odeon :

CIVITATIS ORNAMENTO  
LARIVMQUE AVITORVM MEMORIÆ.



In perambulating this town, one cannot but be surprised at the non-appearance of *fountains* — those charming and commodious pieces of architecture and of street embellishment. In this respect, Rouen has infinitely the advantage of Caen : where, instead of the trickling current of translucent water, we observe nothing but the partial and perturbed stream issuing from ugly wells,\* as tasteless in their structure as they

\* *ugly wells.*]—Bourgueville seems bitterly to lament the substitution of wells for fountains. He proposes a plan, quite feasible in his

are inconvenient in the procuring of water. Upon one or two of these wells, I observed the dates of 1560 and 1588.

The PUBLIC EDIFICES, however, demand a particular and appropriate description : and first of those of the ecclesiastical order. Let us begin therefore with the ABBEY OF ST. STEPHEN ; for it is the noblest and most interesting on many accounts. It is called by the name of that Saint, inasmuch as there stood formerly a chapel, on the same scite, dedicated to him. The present building was completed and solemnly dedicated by William the Conqueror, in the presence of his wife, his two sons Robert and William, his favourite Archbishop Lanfranc, John Archbishop of Rouen, and Thomas Archbishop of York—towards the year 1080 : but I strongly suspect, from the present prevailing character of the architecture, that nothing more than the west front and the towers upon which the spires rest, remain of its ancient structure. The spires (as the Abbé De La Rue conjectures, and as I should also have thought) are about two centuries later than the towers.

The outsides of the side aisles appear to be of the thirteenth rather than of the end of the eleventh, century. The first exterior view of the west front, and of the

own estimation, whereby this desirable object might be effected : and then retorts upon his townsmen by reminding them of the commodious fountains at *Lisieux, Falaise and Vire*—of which the inhabitants “ n’ont rien espargné pour auoir ceste decoration et commodité en leurs villes.”—spiritedly adding—“ si j’estois encore en auctorité, j’y ferois mon pouuoir, et ie y offre de mes biens.” p. 17.



towers, is extremely interesting ; from the grey and clear tint, as well as excellent quality of the stone, which, according to Huet, was brought partly from Vaucelle and partly from Germany. One of the corner abutments of one of the towers has fallen down ; and a great portion of what remains seems to indicate rapid decay. The whole stands indeed greatly in need of reparation. The prettily fashioned Norman stone-tile upon the spires, cannot fail to attract the attention of the antiquary. Ducarel, if I remember rightly,\* has made, of this whole front, a sort of elevation as if it were intended for a wooden model to work by : having all the stiffness and precision of an erection of forty-eight hours standing only. As the eye runs along the body of the building, towards the eastern end, a proportionate disgust prevails. The central tower is cropt close, and overwhelmed by a roof in the form of an extinguisher. This, in fact, was the consequence of the devastations of the Calvinists ; who absolutely sapped the foundation of the tower, with the hope of overwhelming the whole choir in ruin—but a part only of their malignant object was accomplished. The component parts of the eastern extremity are strangely and barbarously miscellaneous. However, no good commanding exterior view can be obtained from the

\* *Ducarel, if I remember rightly.*] The plate of Ducarel, here alluded to, forms the fourth plate in his work : affording, from the starch manner in which it is engraved, an idea of one of the most disproportioned, ugly buildings imaginable. Mr. Cotman has favoured us with a good bold etching of the West Front, and of the elevation of compartments of the Nave : The former is at once faithful and magnificent ; but the lower part wants characteristic markings.

*place*, or confined square, opposite the towers. You must therefore turn to the right about, and procure a survey from the more open space, (assuming the character of boulevards) facing also the *Lycée*—which embraces a view of the eastern end, taking in the towers in a very picturesque manner. Hither Mr. Lewis and myself resorted; and while I was seated upon a bench, reading the Abbé De la Rue's recent treatise upon the *Armoric Bards* (which the venerable author had presented to me on the same morning,) Mr. Lewis was occupied with his pencil in transferring one of the prettiest representations imaginable of the objects before him to his sketch book. It unites the fidelity of antiquarianism with all the picturesqueness of which the subject is capable.\*

But let us go back again to the west-front; and opening the unfastened green baize covered door, enter softly and silently the venerable interior—sacred even to the feelings of Englishmen! Of this interior, very much is changed from its original character. The side aisles retain their flattened arched roofs and pillars; and in the nave you observe those rounded pilasters—or alto-relievo-like pillars—running from bottom to top, which are to be seen in the abbey of Jumieges. The capitals of these long pillars, are comparatively of modern date. To the left on entrance, within a side chapel, is the burial place of MATILDA, the wife of the Conqueror. The tombstone attesting her interment is undoubtedly of the time. Generally speaking, the interior is cold, and dull of effect. A desolate nakedness

\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.





prevails, and you are disappointed that you do not see more objects of costliness or curiosity. The side chapels, of which not fewer than sixteen encircle the choir, have the discordant accompaniments of Grecian balustrades to separate them from the choir and nave. There is a good number of *confessionals* within them; and at one of these I saw, for the first time, *two* women, kneeling, in the act of confession to the *same* priest. “*C’est un peu fort,*” observed our guide, in an under-voice, and with a humourous expression of countenance! Meanwhile Mr. Lewis, who was in an opposite direction in the cathedral, was exercising his pencil in the following delineation of a similar subject.



To the right of the choir (in the sacristy, I think,) is hung the huge portrait, in oil, within a black and gilt frame, of which Ducarel has published an engraving,\* on the supposition of its being the portrait of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. But nothing can be more ridiculous than such a conclusion. In the first place, the picture itself, which is a palpable copy, cannot be older than a century; and, in the second place, were it an original performance, it could not be older than the time of Francis I. :—when, in fact, it purports to have been executed—as a faithful copy of the figure of King William as it appeared to the Cardinals in 1522, who were seized with a sacred phrenzy to take a peep at the body as it might exist at that time! The costume of the oil painting is evidently that of the time of our Henry VIII.; and to suppose that the body of William—even had it remained in so surprisingly perfect a state as Ducarel intimates, after an interment of upwards of four hundred years—could have presented such a costume, when, from Ducarel's own statement, another whole-length representation of the same person is *totally different*, and more decidedly of the character of William's time, is really quite a reproach to any antiquary who plumes himself upon the possession even of common sense.

In the middle of the choir, and just before the high

\* *the huge portrait . . . of which Ducarel has published an engraving.*] Ducarel shall tell his own prosing tale; lest, by abridging it, I should be suspected of partiality. I only beg that a second perusal of the text may follow the first perusal of this note: of which latter, indeed, a small portion is not divested of interest. See the next note but two, at page 292.

altar, the body of the Conqueror was entombed with great pomp; and a monument erected to his memory of the most elaborate and costly description.\* Nothing

\* “ In the middle of the choir, and just before the high altar, was deposited the **BODY OF THE FOUNDER**, William the Conqueror, King of England, and Duke of Normandy, under a most stately monument, erected at the expence of his son, William Rufus, and richly adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones, by one Odo, a goldsmith of Caen. The top stone of the monument was of *touch*, supported on each side by three pilasters of white marble; and thereon lay the figure of the King, as large as life, dressed in his robes of state; and at the foot, was the following epitaph, composed by Thomas, Archbishop of York. :

QUI REXIT RIGIDOS NORTHMANOS ATQUE BRITANOS,  
AUDACTER VICIT FORTITER OBTINUIT  
ET CŒNOMANENSIS VIRTUTE COERCUIT ENSIS  
IMPERIIQUE SUI LEGIBUS APPLICUIT  
REX MAGNUS PARVA JACET HAC GULIELMUS IN URNA  
SUFFICIT ET MAGNO PARVA DOMUS DOMINO  
TER SEPTEM GRADIBUS SE VOLVERAT ATQUE DUOBUS  
VIRGINIS IN GREMIO PHŒBUS ET HIC OBIIT.

1087.

In the year 1522, one of the cardinals, attended by an archbishop and several dignified ecclesiastics, visiting the town of Caen, was prompted by a strong curiosity to see the body of the Conqueror; and having, for that purpose, obtained permission from Peter de Martigny, bishop of Castres, who was at that time abbot of St. Stephen, they caused the tomb to be opened. Upon removing the cover stone, the body, which was corpulent, and in stature greatly exceeded the tallest man then known, appeared as entire as when it was first buried. Within the tomb lay a copper plate gilt, on which was engraven the like epitaph with that on the outside of the monument, and beneath it was the following inscription in old French :

Ie Guillaume tres magnanime  
Duc de Neustrie pareil a charlemaigne

now remains but a flat black marble slab, with a short inscription, of quite a recent date.

Passay le mer par un doux vent de sust  
 Pour conquerer toute la grand bretagne  
 Puis desployer fis mainte noble enseigne  
 Et dresser tentes et pavillons de guerre  
 Et ondrier fis comme fil d'araigne  
 Neuf cent grand's nefz si tost qui euz pied a terre  
 Et puis en armes de la partis granderre  
 Pour coups recenz au doubte roy herault  
 Dont come preux l'euz toute la deferre  
 Non pas sans dur et merveilleux assault  
 Pour bien joustier le desloyal ribault  
 Je mis a mort et soixante et sept mille  
 Neuf cents dixhuict et par ainsi d'un sault  
 Fuz roy d'anglois tenant toute leur isle  
 Or n'est il nue tant soit fort et habile  
 Qui quant c'est fait apres ne se repose  
 Mort m'a deffait que suis il cendre vile  
 De toute choses ou jouit une pose.

The cardinal, who, as well as the rest of the spectators, was greatly surprised at finding the body in so perfect a state, after having been buried near four hundred and fifty years, in order to perpetuate the memory of so remarkable an incident, procured a picture of the royal remains, in the condition they then appeared, to be painted on board, by the most eminent painter of the place, and caused it to be hung up, together with the before-mentioned original inscription, on the wall of the abbey church, opposite to the monument. The tomb being again carefully closed, remained undisturbed until the year 1562, when the Calvinists, in a religious fury, forced it open, in expectation of meeting with immense treasures, but finding nothing more than the bones of the Conqueror, wrapt up in red taffeta, they threw them about the church in great derision, after having broken in pieces the monument, together with the royal effigies which lay thereon. Most of the bones were afterwards collected together by Monsieur de Bras, and delivered into the custody of Father Michael de Canalle one of the monks and bailly of the abbey, who carefully lodged them in his cell, with an in-



- In the present state of the abbey, and even in that of Ducarel's time, there is, and was, a great dearth of sepulchral monuments. Indeed I know not whether

tent to restore them to their ancient place of sepulture, as soon as the troubles should be ended ; but the town being some time after taken by Admiral Chastellion, the religious were driven from the abbey, and the royal remains once more dispersed. However, the Viscount de Falaise having at the time of these disturbances obtained from the rioters one of the thigh bones, it was by him afterwards deposited in the royal grave. About the same time the picture of the Conqueror's remains, as they appeared lying in the tomb, in the year 1522, fell in the hands of Peter Hodé, gaoler of Caen, and one of the rioters, who converted one part thereof into a table, and used the other as a cupboard door ; but these being four years after discovered and reclaimed by Monsieur de Bras, remained in his possession till his death, since which time it is unknown what is become of them. *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*; p. 51-4.

It should be noticed that, " besides the immense benefactions which William in his life time conferred upon this abbey, he, on his death, presented thereto the *crown* which he used to wear at all high festivals, together with his *sceptre and rod* : a cup set with precious stones ; his candlesticks of gold, and all his regalia ; as also the ivory bugle-horn which usually hung at his back." p. 51. note. The story of the breaking open of the coffin by the Calvinists, and finding the Conqueror's remains, is told by Bourgueville—who was an *eye witness* of these depredations, and who tried to " soften the obdurate hearts" of the pillagers, but in vain. This contemporaneous historian observes that, in his time " the abbey was filled with beautiful and curious stained-glass windows and harmonious organs, which were all broken and destroyed—and that the seats, chairs, &c., and all other wooden materials were consumed by fire," p. 171. Huet observes that a " Dom Jean de Baillehache and Dom Matthieu de la Dangie, religious of St. Stephen's, took care of the monument of the Conqueror in the year 1642, and replaced it in the state in which it appeared in Huet's time." *Origines de Caen*; p. 248. The revolution was still more terrible than Calvinistic fury:—for no traces of the monument are now to be seen.

you need be detained another minute within the interior; except it be to add your share of admiration to that which has been long and justly bestowed upon the huge organ\* at the west end of the nave, which is

\* *the huge organ*—“The west window is almost totally obscured by a most gigantic organ built close to it, and allowed to be the finest in all France. This organ is so big, as to require eleven large bellows, &c.” *Ducarel*, p. 57. He then goes on to observe, that “amongst the plate preserved in the treasury of this church, is a curious SILVER SALVER, about ten inches in diameter; gilt, and inlaid with antique medals. Tradition assures us, that it was on this salver, that king William the conqueror placed the foundation charter of the abbey when he presented it, at the high altar, on the dedication of the church. The edges of this salver, which stands on a foot stalk of the same metal, are a little turned up, and carved. In the centre is inlaid a Greek medal; on the obverse whereof is this legend, *Λυσανδερ Λυκονος*: but it being fixed in its socket, the reverse is not visible. The other medals, forty in-number, are set round the rim, in holes punched quite through; so that the edges of the holes serve as frames for the medals. These medals are Roman, and in the highest preservation. They were probably collected by Duke Robert, father of the Conqueror, during his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and after his death fell into the hands of his son.”

“The convent is a fine stone building, consisting of two quadrangles; one whereof hath of late been partly rebuilt; three of its sides being already finished. The galleries and cells for the monks are upon the principal and second stories. Under them, on the ground-floor, is a large refectory, fronting the garden, and near it a handsome room, well fitted up, called *la Salle de compagnie*, where, over the chimney, I was shewn a diminished picture of William the Conqueror, copied from the original, still preserved in the porter’s lodge, and of which I shall speak hereafter. In the same room are likewise the pictures of the present king and queen of France, that of Cardinal Fleury, formerly abbot of this convent; and some others. The south side of this quadrangle, which was formerly the abbatial house, is now in a ruinous condition, but is intended to be soon rebuilt.

considered to be the finest in all France. But Normandy abounds in church decorations of this kind. Leaving therefore this venerable pile, endeared to the British antiquary by a thousand pleasing associations of ideas, we strike off into an adjoining court yard, and observe the ruins of a pretty extensive pile of building, which is called by Ducarel the *Palace of the Conqueror*.\* But in this supposed palace, in its

The second, or inner quadrangle, is very large, but not closely built. Some of the windows of the apartments have pointed arches, but others are circular, as are likewise those of the house at present appropriated for the abbot's residence, and which was part of the ancient palace. The whole of these buildings is encompassed with large and extensive gardens." *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*; p. 57.

\* *called by Ducarel the palace of the Conqueror.*]—It may be as well to give the whole of Ducarel's account of this palace, as time (even fifty years !) has now given it a so decidedly altered character. That the building, in its present construction, was ever inhabited by William the Conqueror is utterly absurd to imagine. Ducarel has endeavoured to render his description more palatable by the addition of a copper plate representation of a portion of this supposed regal residence. But he shall speak for himself.

" Within the precinct of this abbey, adjoining to the church, king William the Conqueror built a STATELY PALACE, for his own residence : several parts of it still remain ; particularly one apartment, which is very large, and makes a noble appearance. The rooms in this apartment are at present used as granaries, but were formerly called the *Guard chambers* and *Baron's hall*. These are perhaps as well worth the notice of an English antiquary, as any thing within the province of Normandy. One of these rooms, and indeed the principal now remaining, was distinguished by the name of the Great Guard Chamber. This room, the cieling whereof is vaulted, and forms a most magnificent arch, is lofty, and well proportioned, being one hundred and fifty feet in length, and ninety in breadth. The windows on the east and west sides are decorated with fluted pillars, and at each end is

*present* state, most assuredly William I. *never* resided : for it is clearly not older than the thirteenth century: if

a beautiful rose window of stone work, glazed with painted glass of exquisite workmanship. On the north sides are two magnificent chimneys in good preservation ; and round the whole of the room runs a stone bench intended for the convenience of the several persons doing duty therein. The floor is paved with tiles, each near five inches square, baked almost to vitrification. Eight rows of these tiles, running from east to west, are charged with different coats of arms, generally said to be those of the families who attended Duke William in his invasion of England. The intervals between each of these rows are filled up with a kind of tessellated pavement ; the middle whereof represents a maze, or labyrinth, about ten feet in diameter, and so artfully contrived, that, were we to suppose a man following all the intricate meanders of its volutes, he could not travel less than a mile before he got from the one end to the other. The remainder of this floor is inlaid with small squares of different colours, placed alternately, and formed into draught or chess boards, for the amusement of the soldiery whilst on guard. Turning out of this room on the left hand, you enter into a smaller room, called the *Baron's Hall*, twenty-four feet in breadth and twenty-seven feet in length ; paved with the same sort of tiles as the former—but with this difference, that instead of coats of arms they are stained with figures of stags, and dogs in full chase. The walls of this room seem to have been ornamented with escutcheons of arms painted on *heater* shields, some of which are still remaining."

The fertile fancy of Ducarel will here have it that " it was in this guard chamber, and the baron's hall adjoining, that King William the Conqueror, as tradition tells us, in the most sumptuous manner entertained *his mother Arlette* with her WEDDING DINNER on the day of her marriage to Harluin Count de Conteville, by whom she had Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, &c. &c."

It is further remarkable, that, notwithstanding these rooms have been used as granaries for upwards of four hundred years, neither the dampness of the wheat, the turning and shifting of the grain, nor the wooden shoes or spades of the peasants constantly employed in bring-

ancients. Ducarel saw a great deal more than is now to be seen ; for, in fact, as I attempted to gain entrance into

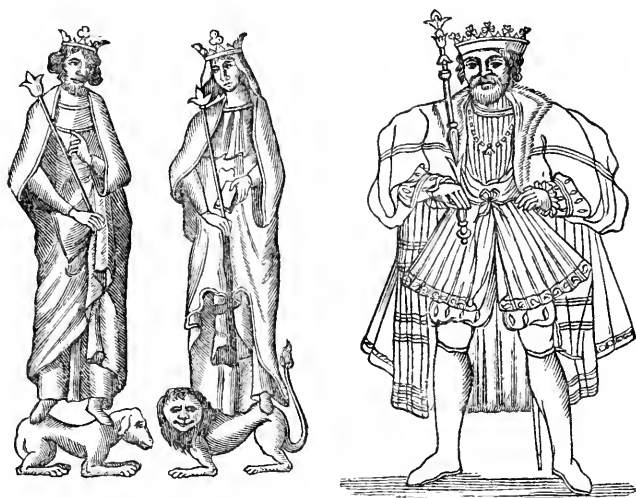
ing in and cleansing the wheat, have in the least damaged the floor, or worn off the painting from the tiles. The only injury this floor hath received, is the taking up some few of the tiles, in order to open funnels through the floor for the more ready conveyance of the corn into the rooms beneath. The great door of the guard room is very curious, and shows the skill of the workmen of those times. It is loaded with fine carvings, and though injured by time and the putting on and pulling off its locks, is well worth observation. Under these rooms is another apartment, supported by fine columns. They were formerly used as waiting rooms for persons of inferior rank, but are now likewise converted into granaries.

“ Opposite to the great wall, which was taken down about twenty years since, and till that time had for many years served as a dormitory for the monks, stood an *ancient chapel*, built before the abbey was founded; upon the outside of the wall of this chapel, were painted in fresco, *four portraits*, as big as life, representing *William the Conqueror*, his wife *Matilda*, and their two sons, *Robert and William*. The Conqueror was drawn as a very tall man, clothed in a royal robe, and standing on the back of an hound couchant: on his head was a diadem, ornamented with trefoils, his left hand pointed to his breast; and in his right he held a sceptre surmounted with a fleur de lys. Queen Matilda was dressed in a kirtle and mantle, and had on her head a diadem similar to that of her husband; from the under part whereof hung a veil, which was represented as falling carelessly behind her shoulders; in her right hand was a sceptre, surmounted with a fleur de lys, and in her left, a book: her feet were supported by the figure of a lion. Duke Robert was represented as standing on a hound, and clad in a tunique, over which was thrown a short robe, or mantle, his head was covered with a bonnet; upon his right hand, clothed with a glove, stood a hawk; and in his left hand was a lure. The picture of Duke William represented him as a youth bare headed, dressed in the same habit as his brother, and standing upon a fabulous monster, probably intended for a double-bodied harpy, it having only one head with the face of a virgin, and two bodies, each resembling in shape

what appeared to be the principal room, I was stopped by an old woman, who assured me “ qu'il n'y avoit

that of a bird ; each of the bodies of this monster terminated in the tail of a cat, and had the hind legs of a swine ; the left hand of this Prince was clothed with a glove, and supported a falcon, which he was feeding with his right. These paintings are supposed to have been coeval with the foundation of the abbey of St. Stephen ; and to have been drawn from the life : [of course !] They were destroyed in the year 1700, when the chapel was pulled down ; but fortunately father Montfaucon had previously procured drawings of them to be made ; and from those drawings I have caused them to be engraven.” *Anglo-Norman Antiquities* ; p. 59.

I have caused reduced, but faithful, copies of the two first, and the last of these figures to be taken ; and I here put it to the reader how it is possible that such figures, as the first and the last, in such different costumes, can be meant to represent the same person ?



In regard to this supposed regal palace, I am surprised how Huet could observe that the abbey and the palace were “ of the same structure.” They are surely quite different—unless Huet saw what has since been demolished. That cautious antiquary observer, however,

rien que du chauffage." It was true enough: the whole of the untenanted interior contained nothing but wood fuel. Returning to the principal street, and making a slight digression to the right, you descend somewhat abruptly by the side of a church in ruins, called *St. Etienne le Vieil*. In Ducarel's time this church is described as entire. On the exterior of one of the remaining buttresses is a whole length figure, about four English feet in height (as far as I could guess by the eye) of a man on horseback—mutilated—trampling upon another man at its feet.

It is no doubt a curious and uncommon ornament. But would you believe it?—this figure also, in the opinion of M. Le Bras,\* was intended for WILLIAM

properly rejects the supposition that the coat armours are of the time of William the Conqueror. He adds, very judiciously, that, in respect to *residence*, "he is persuaded that that monarch was more frequently at his castle than at his palace." *Origines de Caen*; p. 247.

\* See the *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*; p. 74. Bourgueville favours the same hypothesis; but his description of the group, as it appeared in his time, trips up the heels of this conjecture. He says that there were, besides the two figures above mentioned, "vn autre homme et femme à genoux, comme s'ils demandoient raison de la mort de leur enfant, qui est vne antiquité de grand remarque dont ie ne puis donner autre certitude de l'histoire." *Antiquitez de Caen*; p. 39. Now it is this additional portion of the group (at present no longer in existence) which should seem to confirm the conjecture of my friend Mr. Douce—that it is a representation of the received story, in the middle ages, of the Emperor Trajan being met by a widow who demanded justice against the murderer of her son. The Emperor, who had just mounted his horse to set out upon some hostile expedition, replied, that "he would listen to her on his return." The woman said, "What, if you never return?" "My successor will satisfy you"—he replied—"But how will that benefit you,"—resumed the widow. The

THE CONQUEROR—representing his triumphant entry into Caen! As an object of art, even in its present mutilated state, it is highly interesting; and I rejoice that M. Cotman is likely to preserve the little that remains from the hazard of destruction by the fidelity of his own copy of it. It is quite clear that, close to the figure, you discover traces of style which are unequivocally of the time of Francis I. The interior of what remains of this consecrated edifice is converted into a receptacle for . . . carriages for hire. Eheu! Not far from this spot stood formerly a magnificent CROSS—demolished during the memorable visit of the Calvinists. I was told that drawings and prints of it were yet in existence.\* In the way to the abbey of the Trinity, quite at the opposite or eastern extremity

Emperor then descended from his horse, and enquiring into the woman's case, caused justice to be done to her. Some of the stories say that the murderer was the Emperor's own son.

\* *prints of it [the cross] yet in existence.*—Bourgueville has furnished us with a very minute description of this cross—such as it was before its destruction by the Calvinists. “Ceste grande et belle Croix estoit d'une structure singuliere, dont la masse contenoit quinze pieds de haut, et trente de tour, sur laquelle masse y auoit cinq coulottes de vingt pieds de haut, & n'auoient que demy pied de diametre pour chacun chapiteau; sur les dites coulottes y auoit vne masse de sept pieds de haut & de deux pieds & demy diametre, & entour estoient posées quatre images de cinq pieds de haut, et sur l'amortissement du chapiteau estoit une belle Croix plantée de cinq pieds de hauteur avecques autres imaginaires, et graueures memorables de belle et forte pierre, & tour au tour d'icelle vn grand escalier de degrez, par les quelz les Catholiques amontoient & receuoient ce signe de Croix au jour des Rameaux, qui leur reduisoit en mémoire de la passion de nostre Seigneur. Et en ce quel quartier de St. Estienne, residoient du temps de ma ieunesse vn bon nombre d'officiers en de belles et magnifiques maisons, &c.” *Antiquitez de Caen*; p. 17.



of the town, you necessarily pass along the *Rue St. Pierre*, and enter into the market-place, affording an opening before the most beautiful church in all Normandy. It is the church of ST. PIERRE DE DERNETAL\* of which I now speak, and from which the

\* *the church of St. Pierre de Dernetal.*—“ Situate in the middle of the town, and remarkable for the elegance and beauty of its spire, which is extremely lofty, and so admirably contrived, that, at what part soever of the church you enter, the eye does not discover either of the four columns on which the spire rests. This elegant piece of masonry was completed in the beginning of the xivth century, by [the cost and charges of] one *Nicholas*, AN ENGLISHMAN, who was at that time a burgess of Caen, and treasurer of this church. At the time of his death, which happened in June, in the year 1317, the following epitaph, preserved by Monsieur de Bras, was composed; but it is not altogether certain whether it was ever placed over his grave, or not :

LE VENDREDY DEVANT TOUT DROICT  
LA SAINT CLERQUE LE TEMPS N'EST FROIT  
TRESPASSA NICOLLE L'ANGLAIS  
L'AN MIL TROIS CENS ET DIX SEPT  
SON CORPS GIST CY L'AME A DIEU SOIT  
CHASCUN EN PRIE CAR C'EST BIEN DROICT.

BOURGLOIS ESTOIT DE NOBILE GUISE  
MOULTE DE BIEN FIST EN CESTE EGLISE  
TRESORIER EN FUT LONGUEMENT  
ET PAR LUY ET PAR SA DEVISE  
FUT LA TOUR EN SA VOYE MISE  
D'ESTRE FAICTE SI NOBLEMENT,

PRUD' HOMS ESTOIT COURTOIS ET SAGE  
ET SANS ORGUEIL ET SANS OUTRAGE  
DE TOUS GENS CHERY ET AIME  
DE SA MORT SE FUT GRAND DOMMAGE  
SON ESPRIT SOIT EN L'HERITAGE  
DE PARADIS SOIT HOIR CLAME.

name of the street is derived. The tower and spire, the effect of **ENGLISH LIBERALITY**, are of the most admirable

The remainder (two stanzas), is devoted to his wife—who died the 2d October, in the same year :

GRAND DOMMAGE FUT COMME ON SCAIT  
CAR ELLE ESTOIT BIEN SAGE ET SOBRE  
OR PRIEZ PAR DEVOTION  
QU'ILS AYENT PLEINE REMISSION.

The body of another of our countrymen, **MICHAEL TREGORE**, the first rector of the University of Caen, lies buried at the entrance of the choir of this church, where his effigies still remains. *Te Deum* is constantly sung in this church upon all high festivals and other solemn occasions, and from hence it is, that the clergy and religious of Caen set out, in order to make their public processions." *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, p. 72.

Ducarel, in saying that the above epitaph was preserved by **M. Le Bras**, appears to have been unacquainted with its preservation by **Bourgueville** a century and a half before. **Bourgueville** is extremely particular and even eloquent in his account of the tower, &c. He says that he had "seen towers at Paris, Rouen, Toulouse, Avignon, Narbonne, Montpellier, Lyons, Amiens, Chartres, Angiers, Bayeux, Constances, (qu. Coutances?) and those of St. Stephen at Caen, and others, in divers parts of France, which are built in a pyramidal form—but **THIS TOWER OF ST. PETER** exceeded all the others, as well in its height, as in its curious form of construction." *Antiq. de Caen*; p. 36. He regrets, however, that the *name of the architect* has not descended to us. His more particular eulogy upon this tower is worth transcription: "C'est vn grand cas & bien digne de remarque que neanmoins la hauteur de ceste tour piramide, qui semble auoisiner les nues, le soufflement et violence des vents, la rigueur des gellees, la froideur des nieges, gresles, & frimats, l'abondance des pluyes, la vehemence des chaleurs du soleil, et orages, la lueur et humidité de la lune, n'ont faict aucun dommage, ny apparence de froissure à aucunes des pierres de ceste tour depuis son edification." &c. p. 38. At page 145 he relates a hardy adventure of a young man who mounted on the outside to the very summit, to take down the weather cock,





form and workmanship. Mr. Lewis went to the left, facing the great window, at right angles with the *Rue St. Pierre*, and made the beautiful drawing, of which a copy is here sent you.\* Observe the extreme delicacy

which had grown stiff, and would not turn—" Il auoit (concludes he) vn cerveau bien assuré, & plus de temerité que de sagesse."

Huet is somewhat particular in his account of the locale of the parish of St. Pierre de Darnetal; observing, first, that it had the names of *S. Pierre sous Caen*, and *S. Pierre du Châtel en rive*. Of the appellation "Darnetal," he thus remarks. "Mais le nom qu'on luy a donné, plus communément, a été S. Pierre de Darnetal. C'étoit l'ancien nom du principal lieu de cette paroisse, et peut-être de la paroisse toute entière: car le Pont de Saint Pierre, et un moulin sur l'Odon, dont il est parlé dans la Chartre de fondation de l'Abbaye de S. Etienne, ont porté le nom de Darnetal." Again: "Le nom de Darnetal que l'on donnoit à ce lieu, semble marquer un bourg, un village, ou une seigneurie." Of the different periods of the completion of the church, he goes on to say: "Quoy qu'il en soit, le bâtiment a été fait à diverses reprises. M. de Bras en a marqué quelques dates: celle du clocher, en l'an 1308; celle de l'aile du côté du Carrefour, en l'an 1410; celle de l'autre aile quelque tems après: le rond-point et les voutes du chœur et des aîles, l'an 1521. Jacques de Caluignes a donné rang parmi les illustres citoyens de Caen, à HECTOR SOMIER, célèbre architectes pour avoir fait les voutes du chœur et des aîles de cette Eglise." *Origines de Caen*; p. 263, 4, 7, 8; 1702, 8vo. Huet says not one single word in commendation of the building. He is among the driest of dry antiquaries. Reverting, however, to old BOURGUEVILLE, I cannot take leave of him without expressing my hearty thanks for the amusement and information which his unostentatious octavo volume—entitled *Les Recherches et Antiquitez de la Ville et Université de Caen*, &c. (A Caen, 1588, 8vo.) has afforded me. And as we love to be made acquainted with the *persons* of those, from whom we have received instruction and pleasure, so take, gentle reader, a representation of the PORTRAIT of BOURGUEVILLE—as it appears on the reverse of the title of the book just mentioned.

\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE.



Ce Pourtrait & maint liure  
 Par le Peintre & l'escriit,  
 Feront reuoir et viure  
 Ta face & ton esprit. I. V. D. L. F  
 Hoc pictoris opus, vigilataque scripta labore  
 Et vultum & mentem post tua busta ferent.

*I. Vauquelinus F.*

and picturesque effect of the stone tiles, with which the spire is covered, as well as the lightness and imposing consequence given to the tower upon which the spire rests! The whole has a charming effect. But severe criticism compels one to admit that the body of the church is defective in point of fine taste and unity of parts. The style is not only florid Gothic, but it is luxuriant, even to rankness, if I may so speak. The parts are capriciously put together: filled, and even crammed, with ornaments of apparently all ages: concluding with the Grecian mixture introduced in the reign of Francis I. The buttresses are, however, generally, lofty and airy. Towards the opposite extremity of this view, a branch of the river *Orne*, if not the river itself, runs: and from the promenade, or part where the post office is established, the body of the church is seen with all its grotesque and multi-form divisions. In the midst of this complicated and corrupt style of architecture, the tower and spire rise like a structure built by preternatural hands; and I am not sure that, at this moment, I can recollect any thing of equal beauty and effect in the whole range of ecclesiastical edifices in our own country. Look at this building, from any part of the town, and you must acknowledge that it has the strongest claims

The author, who tells us he was born in 1504, lived through the most critical and not unperilous period of the times in which he wrote. His plan is perfectly artless, and his style as completely simple. Nor does his fidelity appear impeachable. Such ancient volumes of topography are invaluable—as preserving the memory of things and of objects, which, but for such record, must perish without the hope or chance of recovery.

to unqualified admiration. The body of the church is of very considerable dimensions. I entered it on a Sunday morning, about eleven o'clock, and found it quite filled with a large congregation, in which the *cauchoise*, as usual, appeared like a broad white mass—from one end to the other. The priests were in procession; one of the most magnificent organs imaginable was in full intonation, with every stop opened; the voices of the congregation were lustily exercised: and the offices of religion were carried on in a manner which should seem to indicate a warm sense of devotion among the worshippers. There is a tolerably good set of modern paintings (the best which I have yet seen in the interior of a church) of the *Life of Christ*, in the side chapels. The eastern extremity, or the further end of *Our Lady's Chapel*, is most horribly bedaubed and overloaded with the most tasteless specimens of what is called Gothic art, perhaps ever witnessed! The great bell of this church, which has an uncommonly deep and fine tone, is for ever

Swinging slow with solemn roar!

that is to say, is tolling from five in the morning till ten at night, for the performance of the several offices of religion, so incessantly, in one side-chapel or another, are these offices carried on within this maternal parish church.

I saw, with momentary astonishment, the leaning tower of a church in the *Rue St. Jean*, which is one of the principal streets in the town: and which is



terminated by the *Place des Cazernes*, flanked by the river Orne. In this street I was asked, by a bookseller, two pounds two shillings, for a thumbed and cropt copy of the *Elzevir-Heinsius Horace* of 1629; but with which demand I did not of course comply. In fact, they have the most extravagant notions of the prices of Elzevirs, both here and at Rouen. We shall see how this rage increases, or cools, as we approach Paris. But you must now attend me in a visit to the most interesting public building, perhaps all things considered, which is to be seen at Caen: I mean the *Abbey of the Holy Trinity*, or L'ABBAYE AUX DAMES.\* This abbey was founded by the wife of the Conqueror, about the same time that William erected that of St. Stephen. It was founded for nuns of the Benedictin order. Ducarel's description of it, which I have just seen in a copy of the *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, in a bookseller's shop, is sufficiently meagre, as are also his plates sufficiently miserable: but things are strangely altered since his time. The nave of the church is occupied by a manufactory for making cordage, or twine, and upwards of a hundred lads are now busied in their *flaxen* occupations, where formerly the nun knelt before the cross, or was occupied in auricular confession. The entrance at the western extremity is entirely stopped up: but the exterior gives manifest proof of an antiquity equal to that of the Abbey of St.

\* Of this building M. Cotman has published the West front, east end, exterior and interior; great arches under the tower; crypt; east side of South transept; elevation of the North side of the choir: elevation of the window; South side exterior; view down the nave, N.W. direction.

Stephen. A representation of the western front of this exterior will be drawn and engraved by M. Cotman ; together with one of the subterraneous Saxon-called arches. The upper part of the towers are palpably of the fifteenth, or rather of the early part of the sixteenth century. I had no opportunity of judging of the neat pavement of the floor of the nave, in white and black marble, as noticed by Ducarel, on account of the occupation of this part of the building by the manufacturing children ; but I saw some very ancient tomb-stones (one I think of the twelfth century) which had been removed from the nave or side aisles, and were placed perpendicularly, or rather leaning a little against the sides of the north transept. The nave is entirely *walled up* from the transepts, but the choir is fortunately preserved ; and a more perfect and interesting specimen of its kind, and of the same antiquity, is perhaps no where to be seen in Normandy. All the monuments as well as the altars, described by Ducarel, are now taken away. Having ascended a stone staircase, we got into the upper part of the choir, above the first row of pillars—and walked along the wall. This was rather adventurous, you will say : but a more adventurous spirit of curiosity had nearly proved fatal to me : for, on quitting day-light, we pursued a winding stone staircase, in our way to the central tower—from hence to have a view of the town. I almost tremble as I relate it. There had been put up a sort of temporary wooden staircase, leading absolutely to . . . nothing : or rather to a dark void space. I happened to be foremost in ascending this, yet groping in the dark—with the guide luckily close behind

me : and having reached the topmost step, was raising my foot to a supposed higher or succeeding step . . . but there was *none* ! A depth of eighteen feet at least was below me. The guide caught my coat, as I was about to lose my balance—and roared out “ *Arretez—tenez !* ” The least balance or inclination, one way or the other, is sufficient, upon these critical occasions : when luckily, from his catching my coat, and thereby pulling me slightly backwards, my fall . . and my life . . were equally saved ! I have reason from henceforth to remember the *ABBAYE AUX DAMES* at Caen.

However, let us proceed. We gained the top of the central tower, which is not of equal altitude with those of the western extremity, and from thence surveyed the town, as well as the drizzling rain would permit us. I saw enough however to convince me that the scite of this abbey is fine and commanding. Indeed it stands nearly upon the highest ground in the town. Ducarel had not the glorious ambition to mount to the top of the tower ; and did not even possess that most commendable of all species of architectural curiosity, a wish to visit the *CRYPT*. Thus, in either extremity—whether to gaze upon the starry heavens, or to commune with the silent dead—we evinced a more laudable spirit of enterprise than did our old-fashioned predecessor. Accordingly, from the summit, you must accompany me to the lowest depth of the building. We descended by the same (somewhat intricate) route, and I took especial care to avoid all “ temporary wooden stair-cases.” The crypt, beneath the choir, is perhaps of yet greater interest and beauty than the choir itself. Within an old, very old stone coffin—at

the further circular end—are the pulverized remains of one of the earliest Abbesses. I gazed around with mixed sensations of veneration and awe, and threw myself back into centuries past, fancying that the shrouded figure of MATILDA herself glided by, with a look as if to approve of my antiquarian enthusiasm. Having gratified our curiosity by a careful survey of this subterraneous abode, we revisited the regions of day-light, and made towards the large building, now a manufactory, which in Ducarel's time had been a nunnery.\*

\* *in Ducarel's time had been a nunnery.*]—Ducarel's account of this nunnery, is as follows :—“ I was not permitted to see any other part of the Abbey, except the *Lady Abbess's parlour*, which is a small room commanding a most delightful prospect of the country, extending to a great distance, this abbey being situated on a very high hill. Among the muniments preserved here, is a very curious manuscript, containing an account of the foundress, Queen Matilda's wardrobe, jewels, toilette, &c. but I was not able to procure a copy of it, neither would the abbess admit me to a sight of a very ancient picture which hangs in one of the rooms, and is generally thought to be that of Matilda, their first abbess, dressed in the habit of a nun; though some are rather inclined to believe it to be the picture of the royal foundress. Cicely, eldest daughter of William the Conqueror, having in the year 1075, made her profession at Fescamp, was, upon the dedication of this church, removed hither, in order to be educated under the care of Matilda the first abbess, upon whose decease she succeeded to the government of the abbey; which she managed with singular piety, for the space of fifteen years, and dying upon the 13th day of July in the year 1126 was buried in the church of the monastery, having worn a religious habit for the space of fifty-two years. From that time the government hath constantly been conferred on ladies of the first rank. All the nuns are likewise daughters of persons of high birth, no others being admitted to take the veil here.”—*Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, p. 66. There is of course an end to every thing of the kind at the present day.

The revolution has swept away every human being in the character of a nun; but the director of the manufactory shewed us, with great civility, some relics, of oldc rosses, rings, veils, lachrymatories, &c. which had been taken from the crypt we had recently visited—on account of erecting some tomb, or elevating some portion of the ground, to the remains of a person of distinction—whether of old or modern times, I cannot just now recollect. These relics savoured of considerable antiquity. Tom Hearne would have set about proving that they *must* have belonged to Matilda herself; but I will have neither the presumption nor the merit of attempting this proof. They seemed indeed to have undergone half a dozen decompositions. Upon the whole, if our Antiquarian Society, after having exhausted the cathedrals of their own country, should ever think of perpetuating the principal ecclesiastical edifices of Normandy, by means of the *Art of Engraving*, let them begin their labours with the ABBAYE AUX DAMES at Caen.

The foregoing, my dear friend, are the principal ecclesiastical buildings in this place. There are other public edifices, but comparatively of a modern date. And yet I should be guilty of a gross omission were I

Bourgueville describes the havoc which took place within this abbey at the memorable visit of the Calvinists in 1562. From plundering the church of St. Stephen (as before described p. 286,) they proceeded to commit similar ravages here:—“ sans auoir respect ni reuerence à la Dame Abbessé, ni à la religion et douceur feminine des Dames Religieuses.”—“ plusieurs des officiers de la maison s’y trouuerent, vsans de gracieuses persuasions, pour penser flechir le cœur de ces plus que brutaux :” p. 174.

to neglect giving you an account, however superficial, of the remains of an apparently CASTELLATED BUILDING, a little beyond the Abbaye aux Dames—or rather to the right, upon elevated ground, as you enter the town by the way we came. As far as I can discover, this appears to have escaped Ducarel.\* It is doubtless a very curious relic. Running along the upper part of the walls, is a series of basso-relievo heads, medallion-wise, cut in stone, evidently intended for portraits. They are assuredly not older than the reign of Francis I. but may be even as late as that of Henry II. Among these rude medallions, is a female head, with a ferocious-looking man on each side of it, either saluting the woman, or whispering in her ear. But the most striking objects are the stone figures of two men—upon a circular tower—of which one is in the act of shooting an arrow, and the other as if holding a drawn sword. We got admittance to the interior of the building; and ascending the tower, found that these were only the *trunks* of figures,—and removable at pleasure. We could only stroke their beards and

\* *appears to have escaped Ducarel.*]—Unless it be what he calls “the FORT OF THE HOLY TRINITY OF Caen; in which was constantly kept a garrison, commanded by a captain, whose annual pay was 100 single crowns. This was demolished by Charles, king of Navarre, in the year 1360, during the war which he carried on against Charles the dauphin, afterwards Charles V., &c.” *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, p. 67. This castle, or the building once flanked by the walls above described, was twice taken by the English: once in 1346, when they made an immense booty, and loaded their ships with the gold and silver vessels found therein—and the second time in 1417,—when they established themselves as masters of the place for 33 years. *Annuaire du Calvados*; 1803-4; p. 63.

shake their bodies a little, which we of course did with impunity. Whether the present be the *original* place of their destination may be very doubtful. The Abbé de la Rue, with whom I discoursed upon the subject yesterday morning, is of opinion that these figures are of the time of Louis XI. : which makes them a little more ancient than the other ornaments of the building. As to the interior, I could gather nothing with certainty of the original character of the place from the present remains. The earth is piled up, here and there, in artificial mounds covered with grass : and an orchard, and rich pasture land (where we saw several women milking cows) form the whole of the interior scenery. However the *Caennois* are rather proud of this building.

Leaving you to your own conclusions respecting the date of its erection, and “ putting the colophon ” to this disquisition respecting the principal public buildings at Caen, it is high time to assure you how faithfully I am always yours.

## LETTER XIV.

LITERARY SOCIETY. ABBÉ DE LA RUE. MESSRS.  
 PIERRE-AIMÉ LAIR AND LAMOUREUX. MEDAL OF  
 MALHERBE. BOOKSELLERS. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.  
 MEMOIR OF THE LATE M. MOYSANT, PUBLIC LIBRA-  
 RIAN. MANUSCRIPTS AND PRINTED BOOKS. PRO-  
 TESTANT PLACE OF WORSHIP. COURTS OF JUSTICE.

FROM the dead let me conduct you to the living. In other words, prepare to receive some account of *Society*,—of *Libraries*—and of things appertaining to the formation of the intellectual character. Caen can boast of a public Literary Society, and of the publication of its memoirs.\* But these “memoirs” consist at present of only six volumes, and are in our own country extremely rare. My excellent friend, Pierre-Aimé Lair, made me a present of a set, which I intend for Lord Spencer’s library. The volumes are in crown octavo, tolerably well printed.

Among the men whose moral character and literary reputation throw a sort of lustre upon Caen, there is no one perhaps that stands upon *quite* so lofty an emi-

\* *Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles Lettres de Caen.* Chez Jacques Manoury, 1757, 4 vols. crown 8vo. *Rapport générale sur les travaux de l'Académie des Sciences, Arts, et Belles Lettres de la ville de Caen, jusqu'au premier Janvier, 1811.* Par P. F. T. Delarivière, Secrétaire. A Caen, chez Chalopin. An. 1811—15. 2 vols. on different paper, with different types, and provokingly of a larger form than its precursor.



nence as the ABBÉ DE LA RUE ; at this time occupied in publishing a *History of Caen* in two quarto volumes. As an archæologist, he has no superior among his countrymen ; while his essays upon the *Bayeux Tapestry* and the *Anglo-Norman Poets*, published in our *Archæologia*, prove that there are few, even among ourselves, who could have treated those interesting subjects with more dexterity or better success. The Abbé is, in short, the great archæological oracle of Normandy. He was pleased to pay me a visit at Lagouelle's. He is fast advancing towards his seventieth year. His figure is rather stout, and above the mean height : his complexion is healthful, his eye brilliant, and a plentiful quantity of waving white hair adds much to the expression of his countenance. He enquired kindly after our mutual friend Mr. Douce ; of whose talents and character he spoke in a manner which did equal honour to both. But he was inexorable, as to—not dining with me : observing that his Order was forbidden to dine in taverns. He gave me a list of places which I ought to visit in my further progress through Normandy, and took leave of me more abruptly than I could have wished. He rarely visits Caen, though a great portion of his library is kept there : his abode being chiefly in the country, at the residence of a nobleman to whose son he was tutor. It is delightful to see a man, of his venerable aspect and widely extended reputation, enjoying, in the evening of life, (after braving such a tempest, in the noon-day of it, as that of the Revolution) the calm, unimpaired possession of his faculties, and the respect of the virtuous and the wise.

The study of *Natural History* obtains pretty gene-

rally at Caen ; indeed they have an Academy in which this branch of learning is expressly taught—and of which MONSIEUR LAMOUROUX\* is at once the chief ornament and instructor. This gentleman (to whom our friend Mr. Dawson Turner furnished me with a letter of introduction) has the most unaffected manners, and a countenance particularly open and winning. He is “ a very dragon ” in his pursuit. On my second call, I found him busied in unpacking some baskets of sea-weed, yet reeking with the briny moisture ; and which he handled and separated and classed with the same eagerness that we have seen our friend \* \* \* run through an auction lot of books with “ 13 more ! ” The library of Mr. Lamouroux is quite a workman-like library : filled with sensible, solid, and instructive books. His mansion, in the *Rue Jaune*, is of much narrower dimensions than his mind. Though he be a member of the Institute, he spoke of Sir Joseph Banks, and of our literary Societies, in a manner which did him infinite honour—and if he had only accepted a repeated and strongly-pressed invitation to dine with me at Lagouelle’s, to meet his learned brother Pierre-Aimé Lair, nothing would have been wanting to the completion of his character. There’s elevation of sentiment for you ! What alert creatures these Savants are. They rise before six, and labour incessantly in their respective vocations (chiefly in the instruction of youth,) till dinner-time, at twelve or one ; and then “ at it again ” till six in the afternoon.

\* *Monsieur Lamouroux.*]—He has recently (1816) published an octavo volume entitled “ *Histoire des Polypiers, Coralligènes Flexibles, vulgairement nommés Zoophytes.* Par J. V. F. Lamouroux.

You have frequently read the name of **PIERRE-AIMÉ LAIR**. Prepare to receive a sketch of the character to which that name appertains. But what a pallet of colours should I possess for such a task!—or, rather, what dexterity of handling were required if such a pallet could be furnished? With what “hues, tints, tones, and masses,” should the picture glow! A truce to common-place exclamation—and receive, in good sooth, a very homely and very sober, but very faithful, description. This gentleman is not only the life and soul of the society—but of the very town—in which he moves. Mr. L. and myself walked with him, more than once, through very many streets, passages, and courts, which were distinguished for any relic of architectural antiquity. He was recognised and saluted by nearly one person out of three—at all distinguished for respectability of appearance—in our progress. “*Je vous salue*”—“*vous voilà avec Messieurs les Anglois*”—“*bon jour*,” — “*comment ça va-t-il ?*” — The activity of Pierre-Aimé Lair is only equalled by his goodness of heart and friendliness of disposition. He is all kindness. Call when you will, and ask for what you please, the object solicited is sure to be granted. He never seems to rise (and he is a very early riser) with spleen, ill-humour, or untoward propensities. With him, the sun seems always to shine, and the lark to tune her carol. And this cheerfulness of feeling is carried by him into every abode however gloomy, and every society however dull. In short, he is always the gay and the good-natured Pierre-Aimé Lair.

But more substantial praise belongs to this amiable man. Not only is Pierre-Aimé Lair a lover and col-

lector of tangible antiquities—such as glazed tiles, broken busts, old pictures,—and fractured capitals—all seen in “long array” up the windings of his staircase—but he is a critic, and a patron of the *literary* antiquities of his country. Caen (as I told you in my last despatch) is the birth-place of MALHERBE ; and, in the character now under discussion, it has found a perpetuator of the name and merits of the father of French verse. In the year 1806 our worthy antiquary put forth a project for a general subscription “for a medal in honour of *Malherbe*”\*—which project was in due time

\* *subscription for a medal in honour of MALHERBE.*]—The medallie project here alluded to is one which does both the projector, and the arts of France, infinite honour ; and I sincerely wish that some second SIMON may rise up among ourselves to emulate, and if possible to surpass, the performances of GATTEAUX and AUDRIEU. The former is the artist to whom we are indebted for the medal of Malherbe, and the latter for the series of the Buonaparte-medals. M. Lair told me that his subscribers amounted to 1500 in number ; nor do I think this, from evidence of the printed brochure before me, an exaggerated statement. The price of the head in bronze is 5 francs ; and with the addition of a ring, one quarter of a franc more.



rewarded by the names of *fifteen hundred* efficient subscribers, at five francs a piece. The proposal was doubtless flattering to the literary pride of the French ; and luckily the execution of it surpassed the expectations of the subscribers. The head is undoubtedly of the most perfect execution ; and almost puts me in a fever, on contemplating it, when I think upon the comparatively decrepid state of the medallic art in our own country. Wherefore is it so ? Not only, however, did this head of Malherbe succeed—but a feeling was expressed that it might be followed up by a series of heads of the most illustrious, of both sexes, in literature and the fine arts. The very hint was enough for Lair : though I am not sure whether he be not the father of the *latter* design also. Accordingly, there has appeared periodically a set of heads of this description, in bronze or other metal, as the purchaser pleases, which has reflected infinite credit not only upon the name of the projector of this scheme, but upon the present state of the fine arts in France.

On the reverse is a lyre, surmounted by a laurel crown, with this emphatic inscription ;

ENFIN MALHERBE VINT.

which is taken from the well-known passage in Boileau's *Art Poétique* beginning thus :

Enfin Malherbe vint, et le premier en France,  
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence ;  
D'un mot mis en sa place enseigne le pouvoir,  
Et reduisit la muse aux règles du devoir.

The profile of Madame de Sévigné, executed by the same able medallist (Gatteaux), has in every respect equal merit.

Yet another word about Pierre-Aimé Lair. He is not so inexorable as M. Lamouroux: for he *has* dined with me, and quaffed the chambertin and champagne of Lagouelle, commander in chief of this house. Better wines cannot be quaffed; and Malherbe and the Duke of Wellington formed the alternate subjects of discourse and praise. In return, Mr. L. and myself dined with our guest. He had prepared an abundant dinner, and a very select society: but although there was no wand, as in the case of Sancho Panza, to charm away the dishes, &c. or to interdict the tasting of them, yet it was scarcely possible to partake of one in four... so unmercifully were they steeped and buried in *butter*. Among various vegetables was a dish of “pommes de terre, à la mode Anglaise.”—professed so to be—but utterly untouchable. They were almost floating in the liquified produce of the dairy. However there was an excellent course of pastry; and, better than all the wines, was the society which encircled the table. The principal topic of discourse was the merits of the poets of the respective countries of France and England, from which I have reason to think that Pope, Thomson, and Young, are among the greatest favourites with the French. The white brandy of Pierre-Aimé Lair, introduced after dinner, is hardly to be described for its strength and pungency. “Vous n’avez rien comme ça chez vous?” “Ma foi je le crois bien; c’est la liquéfaction même du feu.” We broke up before eight; each retiring to his respective avocations—but we did not dine till five. I borrowed, however, “an hour or twain” of the evening, after the departure of the company, to enjoy the more particular

conversation of our host ; and the more I saw and conversed with him, the greater was my gratification. At parting, he loaded me with a pile of pamphlets, of all sizes, of his own publication ; and I ventured to predict to him that he would terminate his multifarious labours by settling into consolidated BIBLIOMANIACISM. “ On peut faire pire ! ”—was his reply—on shaking hands with me, and telling me he should certainly meet me again at *Bayeux*, in my progress through Normandy. My acquaintance and walks with this amiable man seemed to be my security from insults in the streets. But I must absolutely now have done with him : delightful as it is to think upon, and to record, acts of friendliness and liberality in a foreign land.

Education, here commences early, and with incitements as alluring as at Rouen. POISSON in the *Rue Froide* is the principal—and indeed a very excellent—printer ; but BONNESERRE, in the same street, has put forth a vastly pretty manual of infantine devotion, in a brochure of eight pages, of which I send you the first, and which you may compare with the specimen transmitted in a former letter.\*

\* See page 137, ante.



A a b c d e  
 f g h i k l  
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 j ç æ œ Æ.

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*L'Oraison dominicale.*

**P** A T E R nos-  
 ter, qui es in

Chalopin, in the *Rue-Froide-Rue*, has recently published a most curious little manual, in the cursive secretary gothic, entitled “ *La Civilité honnête pour les Enfans, qui commence par la manière d'apprendre et bien lire, prononcer et écrire.*” I call it “curious,” be-



cause the very first initial letter of the text, representing C, introduces us to the *bizarrerie* of the early part of the xvth century in treatises of a similar character. Take this first letter, with a specimen also of those to which it appertains.



This work is full of the old fashioned (and not a bit the worse on that account) precepts of the same period; such as we see in the various versions of the “*De Moribus Juvenum*,” of which the “*Contenance de la Table*,” in the French language, is probably the most popular. It is executed throughout in the same small and smudged gothic character; and, as I conceive, can have few purchasers. The printers of Caen must not be dismissed without respectful mention of the typographical talents of LE ROY; who ranks after Poisson. Let both these be considered as the Bulmer and Bensley of the place.

But among these venders of infantine literature, or of cheap popular pieces, there is no man who “drives such a trade” as PICARD-GUERIN, *Imprimeur en taille-*

*douce et Fabricant d'Images*," who lives in the *Rue des Teinturiers*, n°. 175. I paid him more than one visit ; as, from his " fabrication," issue the thousands and tens of thousands of broadsides, chap-books, &c. &c. which inundate Lower Normandy. You give from *one* to *three* sous, according as the subject be simple or compound, upon wood or upon copper :—Saints, martyrs, and scriptural subjects ; or heroes, chieftains, and monarchs, including the Duke of Wellington and Louis XVIII. le Désiré—are among the *taille-douces* specified in the imprints. Madame did me the honour of shewing me some of her choicest treasures, as her husband was from home. Up stairs was a parcel of mirthful boys and girls, with painting brushes in their hands, and saucers of various colours before them. Upon enquiry, I found that they received four sous per dozen, for colouring ; but I will not take upon me to say that they were over or under paid—of so equivocal a character were their performances. Only I hoped to be excused if I preferred the plain to the coloured. In a foreign country, our notice is attracted towards things perhaps the most mean and minute. With this feeling, I examined carefully what was put before me, and made a selection sufficient to shew that it was the produce of French soil. Among the serious subjects, were *two* to which I paid particular attention. The one was a metrical cantique of the *Prodigal Son*, with six wood cuts above the text, exhibiting the leading points of the Gospel-narrative. I will cut out and send you the *second* of these six : in which you will clearly perceive the military turn which seems to prevail throughout France in things the most minute. The Prodigal is about to mount his horse and

leave his father's house, in the cloke and cock'd hat of a French officer.



The *fourth* of these cuts is droll enough. It is entitled, "*L'Enfant Prodigue est chassé par ses maîtresses.*" The expulsion consists in the women driving him out of doors with besoms and hair-brooms. It is very probable, however, that all this character of absurdity attaches to some of our own representations of the same subject; if, instead of examining (as in Pope's time)

.... the walls of Bedlam and Soho.

we take a survey of the graphic broadsides which dangle from strings upon the wall at Hyde Park Corner.

Another subject of a serious character, which I am about to describe to you, can rarely, in all probability,

be the production of a London artist. It is called "*Notre-Dame de la bonne Délivrante*," and is necessarily confined to the religion of the country. You have here, first of all, a reduced form of the original: probably about one-third—and it is the more appropriate, as it will serve to give you a very correct notion of the dressing out of the figures of the VIRGIN and CHILD which are meant to grace the altars of the chapels of the Virgin in most of the churches in Normandy.



To describe all the trumpery which is immediately around it, in the original, would be a waste of time ; but below are two good figures to the right, and two wretched ones to the left. Beneath the whole, is the following *accredited* consoling piece of intelligence :

L'AN 830, des Barbares descendent dans les Gaules, massacrent les Fidèles, profanent et brûlent les Eglises. Raoul, Duc de Normandie, se joint à eux : l'image de la Ste.-Vierge demeure ensevelie sous les ruines de l'ancienne chapelle jusqu'au règne de Henri I. l'an 1331. Beaudouin, Baron de Douvres, averti par son berger qu'un mouton de son troupeau fouillait toujours dans le même endroit, fit ouvrir la terre, et trouva ce trésor caché depuis tant d'années. Il fit porter processionnellement cette sainte image dans l'Eglise de Douvres : mais Dieu permit qu'elle fut transportée par un Ange dans l'endroit de la chapelle où elle est maintenant réérée. C'est dans cette chapelle que, par l'intercession de Marie, les pécheurs reçoivent leur conversion, les affligés leur consolation, les infirmes la santé, les captifs leur délivrance, que ceux qui sont en mer échappent aux tempêtes et au naufrage, et que des miracles s'opèrent journellement sur les pieux Fidèles.

A word next for BIBLIOPOLISTS—including *Bouquinistes*, or venders of “ old and second-hand books.” The very morning following my arrival in Caen, I walked to the abbey of St. Stephen, before breakfast, and in the way thither stopped at a book stall, to the right, within one hundred yards of the “ Place” before the said abbey—and purchased some black letter folios : among which the French version of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, printed by Verard, in 1488, was the most desirable acquisition. It is reserved for Lord Spencer's library ;\* at a price which, freight and duty

\* for Lord Spencer's Library.]—and is described in the 2d vol. of the *ÆDES ALTHORPIANÆ* ; forming the Supplement to the *BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA* : see page 94.

included, cannot reach the sum of twelve shillings of our money. I carried it home, triumphantly beneath my arm, wishing, however, it had been in a little more desirable condition. Of venders of second hand and old books, the elder and younger MANOURY take a decisive lead. The former lives in the *Rue Froide* ; the latter in the *Rue Notre Dame*. The father boasts of having upwards of thirty thousand volumes, and is tolerably knowing in the “ arte and crafte” of vendition. But I much doubt whether his stock amount to one half of the number just mentioned. He asked me two *louis d’or* for a copy of the *Vaudevires* of OLIVIER BASSELIN, which is a modern, but privately printed, volume ; and of which I hope to give you some amusing particulars anon. He also told me that he had formerly sold a paper copy of *Fust’s Bible* of 1462, with many of the illuminated initials cut out, to the library of the Arsenal, at Paris, for 100 *louis d’or*. I only know that, if I had been librarian, he should not have had one half the money. It is rather singular that, both here and at Rouen, I have not found a single copy of the *Anglica Normanica* of Du Chesne : nor indeed does Manoury the elder possess any stock of vendible volumes in the way of literature or antiquities, either in the French or in the Latin language.

Now for Manoury the younger. Old and young are comparative terms : for be it known that the son is “ agé de soixante ans.” Over his door you read an ancient inscription, thus :

“ *Battu, percé, lié, Je veux changer demain.*”

This implies either (like Aladdin's old lamps for new) that he wishes to give new books in exchange for old ones, or that he can smarten up old ones by binding or otherwise, and give them a renovated appearance. But the solution is immaterial: the inscription being as above. The interior of the younger Manoury's book repository almost appalled me. His front shop, and a corridore communicating with the back part of the house, are rank with moisture; and his books are consequently rotting apace. Upon my making as pitiable a statement as I was able of this melancholy state of things—and pleading with all my energies against the inevitable destruction which threatened the **dear books**—the obdurate biblioplist displayed not one scintillation of sympathy. He was absolutely indifferent to the whole concern. In the back parlour, almost impervious to day-light, his daughter, and a stout and handsome bourgeoisie, with rather an unusually elevated cauchoise, were regaling themselves with soup and herbs at dinner. I hurried through, in my way to the upper regions, with apologies for the intrusion; but was told that none were necessary—that I might go where, and stay as long, as I pleased; and that an explanation would be given to any interrogatory in the way of business. I expressed my obligations for such civility; and gaining an upper room, by the help of a chair, made a survey of its contents. What piles of interminable rubbish! I selected, as the only rational or desirable volume—half rotted with moisture—*Belon's Marine Fishes*, 1551, 4to; and placing six francs (the price demanded) upon the table, hurried back, through this sable and dismal ter-

ritory, with a sort of precipitancy amounting to horror. What struck me, as productive of a very extraordinary effect—(like the light pouring through an artificial aperture in one of Rembrandt's pictures—thereby giving a radiant magic to the whole) was the cheerfulness and *gaieté de cœur* of these females, in the midst of this region of darkness and desolation. Manoury told me that the Revolution had deprived him of the opportunity of having the finest bookselling stock in France! His own carelessness and utter apathy are likely to prove yet more destructive enemies.

But let us touch a more “spirit-stirring” chord in the book theme. Let us leave the *Bouquiniste* for the PUBLIC LIBRARY: and I invite you most earnestly to accompany me thither, and to hear matters of especial import. This library occupies the upper part of a fine large stone building, devoted to the public offices of government. The plan of the library is exceedingly striking; in the shape of a cross. It measures one hundred and thirty-four, by eighty, French feet; and is supposed, apparently with justice, to contain 20,000 volumes. It is proportionably wide and lofty. M. HÉBERT is the present chief librarian, having succeeded the late M. Moysant, his uncle. Of this latter presently. Among the more eminent benefactors and Bibliomaniacs, attached to this library, the name of FRANÇOIS MARTIN is singularly conspicuous. He was, from all accounts, and especially from the information of M. Hébert, one of the most raving of book-madmen: but he displayed, withal, a spirit of kindness and liberality towards his favourite establishment at Caen, which



could not be easily shaken or subdued. He was also a man of letters, and evinced that most commendable of all literary propensities—a love of the LITERATURE OF HIS COUNTRY. He amassed a very large collection of books, which was cruelly pillaged during the Revolution; but the public library became possessed of a great number of them. In those volumes, formerly belonging to him, which are now seen, is the following printed inscription: “*Franciscus Martin, Doctor Theologus Parisiensis, comparavit. Oretur pro eo.*” He was head of the convent of Cordeliers, and Prefect of the Province: but his mode of collecting was not exactly that which a public magistrate could call *legitimate*. He sought books every where; and when he could not buy them, or obtain them by fair means, he would *steal* them, and carry them home in the sleeves of his gown! He flourished about a century ago; and, with very few exceptions, all the best conditioned books in the library belonged to this magisterial book-robber. Among them I noted down with singular satisfaction the Aldine edition of *Stephanus de Urbibus*, 1502, folio—in its old vellum binding:—seemly to the eye, and comfortable to the touch. Nor did his copy of the *Repertorium Statutorum Ordinis Cartusiensis*, printed by *Amerbach*, at *Basil*, in a glorious gothic character, 1510, folio, escape my especial notice—more than the same Bibliomaniac’s beautiful copy of the *Mentz Herbal*, of 1484, in 4to.

But the obliquities of Martin assume a less formidable aspect, when we contemplate a noble work, which he not only projected, but left behind ready for publication. It is thus entitled: *Athenæ Normanno-*

*rum veteres ac recentes, seu syllabus Auctorum qui oriundi è Normannia,” &c.* It consists of one volume, in MS., having the authority of government to publish it, prefixed. There is a short Latin preface, by Martin, followed by two pages of Latin verses beginning thus :

*In Auctorum Normanicorum Syllabum.*

*Prolusio metrica.*

*En Syllabus prodit palàm*

*Contextus arte sedula*

*Ex Litteratæ Neustriæ*

*Auctoribus celebribus.*

*&c. &c.*

Why this work has not been taken up and published by the Academy of Caen, seems rather strange—if they possess the pecuniary means of bringing it to light. But the “ Saturnia regna,” should they ever “ return” to France, may give animation to this inactivity, and pour a little gold into the emptied coffers of the treasury. Among the men, the memories of whom throw a lustre upon Caen,\* was the famous SAMUEL BOCHART; at once a botanist, a scholar, and a critic of distinguished celebrity. He was a native of this place, and his books (many of them replete with valuable ms. notes) are among the chief treasures of the public library. Indeed there is a distinct catalogue of them, and the funds left by their illustrious owner form the

\* *the memories of whom throw a lustre upon Caen.*]—Goube, in his *Histoire du Duché de Normandie*, 1815, 8vo. has devoted upwards of thirty pages to an enumeration of these worthies; vol. iii. p. 295. But in *Huet's Origines de la Ville de Caen*; p. 491-652, there will be found much more copious and satisfactory details.

principal support of the library establishment. Bochart's portrait, with those of many other benefactors to the library\*, adorns the walls; suspended above the

\* *with those of many other benefactors to the library.*]—M. Hébert was so obliging as to favour me with a list of these portraits; which may probably be gratifying to the curious :

BERTAND, Jean, Evêque de Séez, né à Caen, en 1552.

BOCHART, Samuel, Ministre Protestant, à Caen, né à Rouen.

BLOUET, de Camilly, Vice-Amiral, né à Rouen.

BLOUET de Camilly, Archévêque de Bourges.

BUQUET, Première Bibliothécaire de l'Université en 1736.

CATRAGNES, Jacques, Professeur en Médecine, né à Caen, en 1556.

CAVELIER, Antoine, imprimeur à Caen.

DE COLLEVILLE, fils de Bochart.

COUTURE, J. Baptiste, Recteur de l'Université, Paris, né à Langrune, près Caen. Peint en habit de Recteur.

CREVEL, Professeur en Droit, né à Ifs, près Caen, en 1692. Peint en habit de Recteur de l'Univ. de Caen.

EUDÉS, Jean, Fondateur de la Congrégation des Eudistes, né en 1601.

FLEURY, (Le Cardinal de,) Abbé de St. Etienne de Caen.

GONFREY, Professeur en Droit, à Caen.

HALLEY, Antoine, Professeur d'Eloquence à Caen.

HUET, Pierre Daniel, né à Caen, en 1630.

DE LA LONDE, Ingénieur, né à Caen, en 1689.

DE LUYNES, Evêque de Bayeux.

MACE', Astronome, né à Caen, en 1586.

MALHERBE, François, Poète, né à Caen, en 1555.

LE MAISTRE DE SAVIGNY, Jacques, Recteur de l'Université.

MOYSANT, François, Professeur et Bibliothécaire de la Ville.

LE NEUF DE MONTENAY, Abbé de Ste. Généviève, à Paris.

PORÉ'E, Jésuite.

POSTEL, Guillaume, Professeur en Médecine.

PYRRHON, Guillaume, Professeur en Droit.

SEGRAIS, de l'Académie Française, né à Caen.

LE SENS DE MONS, de l'Académie de Caen.

books : affording a very agreeable coup d'œil. Indeed the principal division of the library, the further end of which commands a pleasant prospect, is worthy of an establishment belonging to the capital of an empire. The kindness of M. Hébert, and of his assistant, rendered my frequent sojournings therein yet more delectable. But I have promised (before we come to notice a few of the books seriatim) to give you some account of M. MOYSANT, the late principal librarian, and uncle of the present. His portrait is among the pictured ornaments of the chief room. The nephew has favoured me with a copy or two of the "*Notice Historique*" upon the uncle—composed by himself, and read at a public sitting of the Academy of Science, Art, and Belles-Lettres at Caen, on the 29th of July, 1814. From this you are to learn that Francis Moysant was born in 1735, at the village of Audrien, near Caen. Though he was of a large stature, his lungs were feeble, and his constitution delicate. At the age of nineteen, he was appointed professor of grammar and rhetoric in the college of Lisieux. He then went to Paris, and studied under Beau and Batteux ; when, applying himself more particularly to the profession of physic, he returned to Caen, in his thirtieth year, and put on the cap of Doctor of medicine ; but he wanted either nerves or stamina for the successful exercise of his profession. He had cured a patient, after painful and laborious attention, of a very serious illness ; but his pa-

TANNEGUI LE FEVRE, né à Caen, en 1647, père de Mde. Dacier.

VARIGNON, Pierre, Mathématicien, né à Caen, en 1654.

tient chose to take liberties too soon with his convalescent state. He was imprudent : had a relapse ; and was hurried to his grave. Moysant took it seriously to heart, and gave up his business in precipitancy and disgust. In fact, he was of too sanguine and irritable a temperament for the display of that cool, cautious, and patient conduct, which it behoveth all young physicians to adopt, ere they can possibly hope to attain the honours or the wealth of the Baillies and Halfords of the day ! Our Moysant returned to the study of his beloved belles-lettres. At that moment, luckily, the Society of the Jesuits was suppressed ; and he was called by the King, in 1763, to fill the chair of Rhetoric in one of the finest establishments of that body at Caen. He afterwards successively became perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and Vice-President of the Society of Agriculture. He was next dubbed by the University, Dean of the faculty of arts, and was selected to pronounce the public oration upon the marriage of the unfortunate Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. He was now a marked and distinguished public character. The situation of PUBLIC LIBRARIAN was only wanting to render his reputation complete, and *that* he instantly obtained upon the death of his predecessor. With these occupations, he united that of instructing the English (who were always in the habit of visiting Caen,) in the French language ; and he obtained, in return, from some of his adult pupils, a pretty good notion of the laws and liberties of Old England.

The Revolution now came on : when, like many of his respectable brethren, he hailed it at first as the har-

binger of national reformation and prosperity. But he had soon reason to find that he had been deceived. However, in the fervour of the moment, and upon the suppression of the monastic and other public libraries, he received a very wide and unqualified commission to search all the libraries in the department of *Calvados*, and to bring home to Caen all the treasures he might discover. He set forth upon this mission with truly public spirited ideas : resolving (says his nephew) to do for Normandy what Dugdale and Dodsworth had done for England—and a *Monasticum Neustriacum* was the commendable object of his ambition. He promised much, and perhaps did more than he promised. His curious collection (exclusively of the cart-loads of books which were sent to Caen) was shewn to his countrymen ; but the guillotine was now the order of the day—when Moysant ‘ resolved to visit England, and submit to the English nobility the plan of his work, as that nation always attached importance to the preservation of the monuments, or literary materials, of the middle ages.”—He knew (continues the nephew) how proud the English were of their descent from the Norman nobles, and it was only to put them in possession of the means of preserving the unquestionable proofs of their origin. Moysant accordingly came over with his wife, and they were both quickly declared emigrants ; their return was interdicted ; and our bibliomaniac learnt, with heart-rending regret, that they had resolved upon the sale of the national property in France. He was therefore to live by his wits ; having spiritedly declined all offer of assistance from the English government. In this dilemma he pub-

lished a work entitled “ *Bibliothèque des Ecrivains Français, ou choix des meilleurs morceaux en prose et en vers, extraits de leurs ouvrages*,”—a collection, which was formed with judgment, and which was attended with complete success. The first edition was in four octavo volumes, in 1800 ; the second, in six volumes 1803 ; a third edition, I think, followed, with a pocket dictionary of the English and French languages. It was during his stay amongst us that he was deservedly admitted a member of the Society of Antiquaries ; but he had returned to France in 1802, before the appearance of the second edition of his *Bibliothèque* ; and hawk-like, soaring or sailing in suspense between the book-atmospheres of Paris and Caen, he settled within the latter place—and again perched himself (at the united call of his townsmen) upon the chair destined for the PUBLIC LIBRARIAN ! Up to this moment, or rather till just before the return of Moysant, the public library could not boast of a fine locale.\* A portion of the present building, called *les Batimens de la Mairie*, was accordingly devoted to its reception ; the books having been formally declared “ the property of the town ”—and not, as before, of the University. It was to give order, method, and freedom of access, to the enormous mass of books, which the dissolution of the monastic libraries had caused to be accumulated at Caen, that Moysant and his colleagues now devoted themselves with an assiduity as heroic as

\* In Ducarel's time, it was a handsome regular building, tolerably well furnished with books, and was kept open for the public two days in every week.—*Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, p. 70.

it was unintermitting. But the health of our generalissimo, which had been impaired during his residence in England, began to give way beneath such a pressure of fatigue and anxiety. Yet it pleased Providence to prolong his life till towards the close of the year 1813 : when he had the satisfaction of viewing his folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, arranged in regular succession, and fair array—when his work was honestly done—and when future visitors had only to stretch forth their hands and gather the fruit which he had placed within their reach. His death (we are told) was gentle, and like unto sleep. Religion had consoled him in his latter moments ; and after having reposed upon its efficacy, he waited with perfect composure for the breathing of his last sigh. Let the words of his nephew tell the rest ;\* and meanwhile,

\* “ M. Moysant avait une conversation douce, instructive, et en même temps amusante par le grand nombre d'anecdotes qu'il racontait d'un ton qui lui était propre, et qui y ajoutait encore un degré d'intérêt ; sa correspondance était très-étendue, et son extrême complaisance lui faisait faire volontiers les recherches qui lui étaient demandées.

“ Toujours pret à faire part des connoissances qu'il avait acquises par ses travaux, il pensa toujours que les services qu'il rendait avec plaisir étaient une des obligations de la place qu'il occupait, et si M. Barbier, auteur du dictionnaire des ouvrages anonymes, et M. Henniker, auteur d'un ouvrage en Anglais sur les briques armoriées de l'Abbaye St. Etienne de Caen, n'eussent consigné son nom dans leurs ouvrages, on ignorerait les obligations qu'ils lui ont, et qu'ils se sont plu à faire connaître ; il a revu et corrigé deux éditions du Dictionnaire des Grands Hommes qui lui doit plus d'un volume d'augmentation.

“ Les différens emplois que M. Moysant a remplis et ses autres travaux lui ont assigné un rang honorable parmi les hommes instruits : sa mémoire vivra encore long-temps dans une portion de la société étrangère à sa réputation littéraire, et c'est à une des plus belles qualités



let the name of MOYSANT be mentioned with the bibliomaniacal honours which are doubtless its due ! . .

From Librarians revert we to books : to the books in the public library of Caen. The oldest printed volume contained in it, and which had been bound with a MS, on the supposition of its being a manuscript also, is Numeister's impression of *Aretin de Bello adversus Gothos*, 1470, folio ; the first book from the press of the printer. I undeceived M. Hébert, who had supposed it to be a MS. The lettering is covered with horn, and the book is bound in boards ; " all proper." The oldest *Latin Bible* they possess, is of the date of 1485 ; but there is preserved one volume of Sweynheym and Pannartz's impression of *De Lyræ's Commentary upon the Bible*, of the date of 1471-2, which luckily contains the list of books printed by those printers in their memorable supplicatory letter to

qui fassent honneur au cœur humain, c'est au désir de se rendre utile aux malheureux qu'il doit le souvenir qu'ils conserveront des services qu'il leur a rendus : ses connoissances littéraires l'avaient mis de bonne heure en relation avec les personnes les plus distinguées de la Ville et de la Province, par leur rang ou leur fortune ; plus tard ses élèves remplissaient les premiers emplois dans les administrations et la magistrature ; il se servit de l'accès qu'il avait auprès d'eux pour leur porter les réclamations de ceux qui gémissaient dans l'infortune, ou qui avaient des grâces à demander ; il était si naturellement compatissant, qu'il s'occupa toute sa vie des malheureux, et qu'il déploya dans tous les instans la plus grande activité pour leur rendre service.

" M. Moysant s'était marié ; et une union qui a duré quarante-trois ans, lui avait fait goûter tous les charmes du bonheur domestique ; il fut cependant troublé par la mort de son fils unique : le temps seul put affaiblir sa douleur, le temps seul consolera l'épouse qui lui survit."

Pope Sixtus IV. The earliest Latin Classic appears to be the *Juvenal* of 1474, with the Commentary of Calderinus, printed at Rome ; unless a dateless impression of *Lucan*, in the earliest type of Gering, with the verses placed at a considerable distance from each other, claim chronological precedence. There is also a *Valerius Maximus* of 1475, by Cæsar and Stol, but without their names. It is a large copy, soiled at the beginning. Of the same date is Gering's impression of the *Legenda Sanctorum* ; and among the ~~fif-~~  
~~teeners~~ I almost coveted a very elegant specimen of Jehan du Pré's printing (with a device used by him never before seen by me,) of an edition of *La Vie des Peres*, in 1494, folio, original binding. It was not however free from the worm. I collected, from the written catalogue, that they had only FORTY-FIVE works printed in the FIFTEENTH CENTURY ; and of these, none were of first-rate quality. Indeed I know not if the most interesting be not already recorded.

Among the MSS., I was much struck with the beautiful penmanship of a work, in three folio volumes, of the middle of the xvth century, entitled ; *Divertissemens touchant le faict de la guerre, extraits des livres de Polybe, Frontin, Vegece, Cornazzan, Machiavel, et autres bons autheurs.*" It has no illuminations, but the scription is beautiful. A *Breviary of the Church Service of Lisieux*, of the xvth century, has some pretty but common illuminations. It is not free from injury. Of more intrinsic worth is a MS. entitled *Du Costentin* (a district not far from Caen,) with the following prefix in the hand-writing of Moysant. " Ces mémoires sont de M. Toustaint de Billy, curé du Mesnil au-parc, qui

avoit travaillé toute sa vie à l'histoire du Cotentin. Ils sont rares et m'ont été accordés par M. Jourdan, Notaire, auquel ils appartenoient. Le p. (Père) le Long et Mons. Teriet de fontette ne les ont pas connu. Moysantz." It is a small folio, in a neat hand-writing. Another MS., or rather a compound of ms. and printed leaves, of yet considerably more importance, in 3 folio volumes, is entitled *Le Moreri des Normans, par Joseph Andrié Guiat de Rouen*: on the reverse of the title, we read, "*Supplément au Dictionnaire de Moreri pour ce qui concerne la province de Normandie, et ses illustres.*" A short preface follows; then an ode "aux Grands Hommes de Normandie." It is executed in the manner of a dictionary, running in alphabetical order. The first volume extends to I, and is illustrated with scraps from newspapers, and a few portraits. It is written pretty fully in double columns. The portrait and biography of *Bouzard* form an admirable specimen of biographical literary memoirs. The second volume goes to Z. The third volume is entitled "*Les trois Siècles palinodiques, ou Histoire Générale des Palinods de Rouen, Dieppe, &c.*—by the same hand, with an equal quantity of matter. It is right that such labours should be noticed, for the sake of all future Bliss-like editors of provincial literature. There is another similar work, in 2 folio ms. volumes, relating to *Coutance*.

Before we again touch upon printed books, but of a later period, it may be right to inform you that the treasures of this Library suffered materially from the commotions of the Calvinists. Those hot-headed interpreters of scripture destroyed every thing in the shape of ornament or elegance attached to book-covers;

and piles of volumes, however sacred, or unexceptionable on the score of good morals, were consigned to the fury of the flames. Of the remaining volumes which I saw, take the following very rapid sketch. Of *Hours*, or *Church Services*, there is a prodigiously fine copy of an edition printed by *Vostre*, in 4to., upon paper, without date. It is in the original ornamented cover, or binding, with a forest of rough edges to the leaves—and doubtless the finest copy of the kind I ever saw. Compared with this, how inferior in every respect is a crompt copy of Kerver's impression of a similar work, printed upon vellum! This latter is indeed a very indifferent book; but the rough usage it has met with is the sole cause of such inferiority. I was well pleased with a fair, sound copy of the *Speculum Stultorum*, in 4to., bl. letter, in hexameter and pentameter verse, without date. Consult De Bure, vol. i. no. 3988. Nor did I examine without interest a rare little volume entitled "*Les Origines de quelques Coutumes anciennes, et de plusieurs façons de parler triviales. Avec un vieux Manuscrit en vers, touchant l'Origine des Chevaliers Bannerets* ; printed at Caen in 1672, 12mo.: a curious little work. They have a fine (royal) copy of *Walton's Polyglot*, with an excellent impression of the head; and a large paper copy of *Stephen's Greek Glossary*; in old vellum binding, with a great number of ms. notes by Bochart. Also a fine large paper *Photius* of 1654, folio. But among their LARGE PAPERS, few volumes tower with greater magnificence than do the three folios of *La Sainte Bible*, printed by the Elzevirs at Amsterdam, in 1669. They are absolutely fine creatures; of the stateliest dimensions and most attrac-

tive forms. They also pretend that their large paper copy of the first edition of *Huet's Præparatio Evangelica*, in folio, is unique. Probably it is, as the author presented it to the Library himself. The *Basil Eustathius* of 1559, in 3 volumes folio, is as glorious a copy as is Mr. Grenville's of the Roman edition of 1542. It is in its pristine membranaceous attire—the vellum lapping over the fore-edges, in the manner of Mr. Heber's copy of the first Aldine Aristotle,—most comfortable to behold! There is a fine large paper copy of *Montaigne's Essays*, 1635, folio, containing two titles and a portrait of the author. It is bound in red morocco, and considered by M. Hébert a most rare and desirable book. Indeed I was told that one Collector in particular was exceedingly anxious to obtain it. I saw a fine copy of the folio edition of *Ronsard*, printed in 1584, which is considered rare. There is also a copy of the well known *Liber Nanceidos*, from Bochart's library, with a few ms. notes of Bochart himself. Here I saw, for the first time, a French metrical version of the works of *Virgil*, by *Robert and Anthony Chevaliers d'Agneaux peres, de Vire, en Normandie*; published at Paris in 1585, in elegant italic type; considered rare. The same translators published a version of *Horace*; but it is not here. You may remember that I made mention of a certain work (in one of my late letters) called *Les Vaudevires d'Olivier Basselin*. They preserve here a very choice copy of it, in 4to., large paper; and of which size only three copies are said to be in existence. The entire title is “*Les Vaudevires, Poesies du xvme. siècle, par Olivier Basselin, avec un Discours sur sa Vie et des Notes pour l'explication*”

*de quelques anciens Mots : Vire, 1811.*" 8vo. There are copies upon pink paper, of which this is one—and which was in fact presented to the Library by the Editors. Prefixed to it, is an indifferent drawing, in india ink, representing the old castle of Vire, now nearly demolished, with Basselin seated at a table along with three of his boosing companions, chaunting his verses "à pleine gorge." This Basselin appears in short to have been the FRENCH DRUNKEN BARNABY of his day.

"What! (say you :) "not one single specimen from the library of your favourite DIANE DE POICTIERS! Can this be possible?"—No more of interrogatory, I beseech you: but listen attentively and gratefully to the intelligence which you are about to receive—and fancy not, if you have any respect for my taste, that I have forgotten my favourite Diane de Poitiers. On looking sharply about you, within this library, there will be found a magnificent copy of the *Commentaries of Chrysostom upon the Epistles of St. Paul*, printed by *Stephanus et Fratres da Sabio, at Verona*, in 1529, in three folio volumes. It is by much and by far the finest Greek work which I ever saw from the *Sabii* Press. No wonder Colbert jumped with avidity to receive such a copy of it: for, bating that it is "un peu rogné," the condition and colour are quite enchanting. And then for the ligature, or binding thereof!—which either Colbert, or his librarian Baluze, had the good sense and good taste to leave untouched. The first and second volumes are in reddish calf, with the royal arms in the centre, and the half moon (in tarnished silver) beneath: the arabesque ornaments, or surround-

ing border are in gilt. The edges are gilt, stamped; flush with the fore edge of the binding. In the centre of the sides of the binding, is a large H, with a fleur de lis at top: the top and bottom borders presenting the usual D and H, united—for which you may take a peep at a certain work ycleped the *Bibliographical Decameron*. The third volume is in dark blue leather, with the same side ornaments; and the title of the work, as with the preceding volumes, is lettered in Greek capitals. The H and crown, and monogram, as before; but the edges of the leaves are, in this volume, stamped at bottom and top with an H, surmounted by a crown. The sides of the binding are also fuller and richer than in the preceding volumes. I well remember, at this moment, that this was the very work, of which, when residing at Worcester,—commencing my career in life as a provincial Counsel—I had the misfortune to lose the third volume: and the loss so affected me, that, to recover it, I left the profession, and became bibliographer and divine. But the long sought after, and deeply regretted object, has ever continued to elude my research. The magnificent copy which I have been just describing was given to the Library by P. Le Jeune. It is quite a treasure in its way.

Another specimen, if you please, from the library of the said favourite Diana. It is rather of a singular character: consisting of a French version of that once extremely popular work (originally published in the Latin language) called the *Cosmography of Sebastian Munster*. The edition is of the date of 1555, in folio. This copy must have been as splendid as it is yet curious. It contains two portraits of Henry the

Second ("HENRICVS II. GALLIARVM REX INVICTISS. PP.") and four of Holofernes ("OLOFARNE") on each side of the binding. In the centre of the sides we recognise the lunar ornaments of Diane de Poitiers; but on the back, are five portraits of her, in gilt, each within the bands—and, like all the other ornaments, much rubbed. Two of these five heads are facing a different head of Henry. There are also on the sides two pretty medallions of a winged figure blowing a trumpet, and standing upon a chariot drawn by four horses: there are also small fleur de lis scattered between the ornaments of the sides of the binding. The date of the forementioned medallion seems to be 1553. The copy is cruelly crompt, and the volume is sufficiently badly printed; which makes it the more surprising that such pains should have been taken with its bibliopegistic embellishments. On examining it, I could not help thinking how much inferior, in size and condition, was the copy of it which I had seen at Frere's, at Rouen, and in the dark and dank corridore of the younger Manoury at Caen. Yet, upon the whole, the copy, for the sake of its ornaments, is vehemently desirable.

And now, my dear friend, you must make your bow with me to M. Hébert, and bid farewell to the PUBLIC LIBRARY at Caen. Indeed I am fully disposed to bid farewell to every thing else in the same town: not however without being conscious that very much, both of what I have, and of what I have not, seen, merits a detail well calculated to please the intellectual appetites of travellers. What I have seen, has been, indeed, but summarily, and even superfi-



cially described ; but I have done my best ; and was fearful of exciting ennui, by a more parish register-like description. Yet what becomes of those grand topics, the religion and law of the country through which one has travelled ? Not a word about altars and tribunals ? Very little indeed : and that little, I fear, most jejune and unsatisfactory. For the service performed in places of public worship, I can add nothing to my Rouen details—except that there is here a brilliant diversity in the PROTESTANT CHURCH in the person of M. MARTIN ROLLIN — “ Pasteur, Président de l’Eglise Reformé consistoriale de Caen ”—who has just published a “ *Mémoire Historique sur l’Etat Ecclésiastique des Protestans François depuis François 1er. jusqu’à Louis XVIII.* ” in a pamphlet of some fourscore pages. The task was equally delicate and difficult of execution ; but having read it, I am free to confess that M. Rollin has done his work very neatly and very cleverly. I went in company with Mrs. and Miss I\*\*\* to hear the author preach ; for he is a young man (about thirty) who draws his congregation as much from his talents as a preacher, as from his moral worth as an individual. It was on the occasion of several young ladies and gentlemen taking the sacrament for the first time. The church is strictly, I believe, according to the Geneva persuasion ; but there was something so comfortable, and to me so cheering, in the avowed doctrine of Protestantism, that I accompanied my friends with alacrity to the spot. Many English were present ; for M. Rollin is deservedly a favourite with our countrymen. The church, however, was scarcely half filled. The interior is the most awkwardly adapt-

ed imaginable to the purposes either of reading or of preaching: for it consists of two aisles at right angles with each other. The desk and pulpit are fixed in the receding angle of their junction; so that the voice flies forth to the right and left immediately as it escapes the preacher. After a very long, and a very diously-sung psalm, Mr. Rollin commenced his discourse. He is an extemporaneous preacher, and is said to strive (very foolishly, in my opinion) to imitate *Talma* in some of his action. I observed (and could not help regretting as I observed) the mode in which, after extending his arms at their entire length in a right line, he would cause his hands to shake and flutter, like the tremulous wing of a bird ere it settles! But “*de gustibus*” . . . His voice is sweet and clear, rather than sonorous and impressive; and he is perhaps, occasionally, too metaphorical in his composition. For the first time I heard the words “*Oh Dieu !*” pronounced with great effect: but the sermon was made up of better things than mere exclamations. M. Rollin was frequently ingenious, logical, and convincing; and his address to the young communicants, towards the close of his discourse, was impressive and efficient in the extreme. The young people were deeply touched by his powerful appeal, and I believe each countenance was suffused with tears. He guarded them against the dangers and temptations of that world upon which they were about to enter, by setting before them the consolations of the religion which they had professed, in a manner which indicated that he had really their interests and happiness at heart. The females were dressed in white, with long white

veils ; and not one of the congregation, on quitting the church, passed by them without fixing their eye upon objects of such interest and sensibility. The sermon was followed by a psalm, as drawling in its mode of performance as that by which it had been preceded. I forget if it was permitted to any of the congregation to stay behind, to communicate ; but I cannot leave the threshold of the church without expressing how much I was gratified by the promptitude and civility of the verger, in accommodating us with good seats : “ *si sic semper apud nos*”—would be no bad hint to attend to across the Channel.

So much for Sabbath worship. A word only about *Courts of Justice*. “ A smack of the whip” will tingle in my ears through life ; and I shall always attend “ *Nisi Prius*” exhibitions with more than ordinary curiosity. I strolled one morning to the *Place de Justice*—which is well situated, in an airy and respectable neighbourhood. I saw two or three barristers, en pleine costume, pretty nearly in the English fashion, walking quickly to and fro with their clients, in the open air, before the hall ; and could not help contrasting the quick eye and unconcerned expression of countenance of the former, with the simple look and yet earnest action of the latter. One of these barristers might have been mistaken for an Englishman : but I will not say wherefore, for fear a Frenchman should be looking over your shoulder when you read this. I entered the Hall, and to my astonishment, heard only a low muttering sound. Scarcely fifteen people were present. I approached the bench ; and what, think you, were the intellectual objects upon which my eye alighted ? Three Judges ..

all fast asleep! Five barristers, two of whom were nodding: one was literally addressing *the bench*... and the remaining two were talking to their clients in the most unconcerned manner imaginable. The entire effect, on my mind, was ridiculous in the extreme. With difficulty I refrained from absolute laughter, and quitted the Hall of Justice within five minutes of my entrance. Far be it from me, however, to designate the foregoing as a generally true picture of the administration of Justice at Caen. I am induced to hope and believe that a place, so long celebrated for the study of the law, yet continues occasionally to exhibit proofs of that logic and eloquence for which it has been renowned of old. I am willing to conclude that all the judges are not alike somniferous; and that if the acuteness of our GIFFORDS, and the rhetoric of our DENMANS, sometimes instruct and enliven the audience, there will be found Judges to argue like GIBBS and to decide like SCOTT. Farewell. Ere the setting of to-morrow's sun, I shall have gazed upon the famous tapestry at Bayeux. Most cordially yours.

## LETTER XV.

BAYEUX. CATHEDRAL. ORDINATION OF PRIESTS AND  
DEACONS. CRYPT OF THE CATHEDRAL. A MYSTERI-  
OUS INTERVIEW.

*Bayeux, May 16, 1818.*

Two of the most gratifying days of my “voyage” have been spent at this place : and although the Tapestry has not yet been absolutely “gazed upon,” the Cathedral (the most ancient religious place of worship in Normandy) has been paced with a reverential step, and surveyed with a careful eye. That which scarcely warmed the blood of Ducarel has made my heart beat with an increased action ; and though this town be even dreary, as well as thinly peopled, there is that about it, which, from associations of ideas, can never fail to afford a lively interest to a British antiquary.

Our old favourite method of travelling, in the cabriolet of the diligence, brought us here from Caen in about two hours and a half. The country, during the whole route, is open, well cultivated, occasionally gently undulating, but generally denuded of trees. It is always so in the vicinity of great towns. Many pretty little churches, with delicate spires, peeped upon us to the right and left during our journey ; but the first view of the CATHEDRAL of BAYEUX put all the others out of our recollection. Yet even this first

view produced a “pish!” from both of us : which arose from the corrupt style of architecture of the central tower—the upper part of which is of the time of Francis I. This central tower is not only lower than the two spire-crowned towers at the western extremity, but is, in other respects, a very indifferent piece of building. The end spires are rather lofty than elegant : in truth they are, in respect to form and ornament, about as sorry performances as can be seen. We were conveyed to the *Hôtel de Luxembourg*, the best inn in the town, and for a wonder rather pleasantly situated. “Mine hostess” is a smart, lively, and shrewd woman—perfectly mistress of the art and craft of innkeeping, and seems to have never known sorrow or disappointment. Our bed-rooms are excellent, and a silk coverlid and fringed bed-furniture gives to my own apartment the aspect of neatness and even of gaiety. Knowing that Mr. Stothard, Jun. had, the preceding year, been occupied in making a fac-simile of the “famous tapestry” for our own Society of Antiquaries, I enquired if mine hostess had been acquainted with that gentleman : “Monsieur,” replied she, “je le connois bien ; c’est un brave homme : il demeura tout près : aussi travailla-t-il comme quatre diables !” I will not disguise that this eulogy of our amiable countryman pleased me “right well”—though I was pretty sure that such language was the current (and to me somewhat *coarse*) coin of compliment upon all occasions—and instead of “vin ordinaire” I ordered, rather in a gay and triumphant manner, “une bouteille du vin de Beaune”—“Ah ! ça,” (replied the lively landlady,) “vous le trouverez excellent—Messieurs, il n’y a pas

du vin comme le vin de Beaune." We bespoke our dinner, and strolled towards the cathedral.

There is, in fact, no proper approach to this interesting edifice. The western end is suffocated with houses. Here stands the post-office; and with the most unsuspecting frankness, on the part of the owner, I had permission to examine, with my own hands, within doors, every letter—under the expectation that there were some for myself. Nor was I disappointed. But you must come with me to the cathedral: and of course we must enter together at the western front. There are five porticos: the central one being rather large, and the two, on either side, comparatively small. Formerly, these were covered with sculptured figures and ornaments; but the Calvinists in the sixteenth, and the Revolutionists in the eighteenth century, have contrived to render their present aspect mutilated and repulsive in the extreme. You should know, however, before you enter, that the tower to the left is coeval with the nave and choir—that is, of the middle of the xiiith century; while the one to the right is of the xvth century. On entering, we were struck with the two large transverse Norman arches which bestride the area, or square, for the bases of the two towers. It is the boldest and finest piece of masonry in the whole building. We were disappointed with the interior. It is plain, solid, and rather divested of ornament. A very large wooden crucifix is placed over the screen of the choir, which has an effect—of its kind: but the monuments, and mural ornaments, scarcely deserve mention. The richly ornamented arches, on each side of the nave, springing from massive single pillars, have rather an im-

posing effect : above them are Gothic ornaments of a later period, but too thickly and injudiciously applied. The choir is rather fine, than otherwise ; but taken as a whole, I cannot say much for the interior of this cathedral. Let us, however, suppose that the dinner is over, and the “ vin de Beaune ” approved of—and that on our second visit, immediately afterwards, there is both time and inclination for a leisurely survey. On looking up, upon entering, within the side aisle to the left, you observe, with infinite regret, a dark and filthy green tint indicative of premature decay—arising from the lead of that part of the roof having been stript for the purpose of making bullets during the Revolution—a fate usually attendant upon poor cathedrals during popular insurrections ! The extreme length of the interior is about 320 English feet, by 76 high, and the latter number of feet in width. The transepts are about 125 feet long, by 36 wide. The western towers, to the very top of the spires, are about 250 English feet in height. The cathedral, in its present form,\* (with the exception of such additions as are evidently of a posterior date) owes its erection to the munificent spirit of PHILIP DE HARCOURT, bishop of the diocese in the middle of the xii<sup>th</sup> century. The exact date of the completion of the choir, supposed to be the earlier

\* *in its present form.*]—Ducarel’s faithless and diminutive view of it is only fit for a lady’s pocket-book. Nor can I think, without pain, of a copy of this defective print having been introduced into the pages of the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for July 1819 ; especially as the 53d and 54th volumes of that work contain some creditable representations of the cathedrals, copied from better models in Ducarel’s work.



part, is of the year 1159. But it had been previously twice or thrice rebuilt; by the Normans in 891,\* and afterwards, from two successive fires—one in 1046, and the other in 1106. As you pace the nave you cannot fail to be struck, on the left, with one of the most magnificent and highly ornamented pulpits in Normandy. It has however suffered from the revolutionary barbarians.

One of the most curious objects in the cathedral is the CRYPT; of which, singularly enough, all knowledge had been long lost till the year 1412. The circumstance of its discovery is told in the following inscription, cut in the Gothic letter, upon a brass plate, and placed just above the southern entrance:

**En lan mil quatre cens & douze  
Tiers iour d'Avril que pluye arrouse  
Les biens de la terre, la journee  
Que la Pasques fut celebree  
Noble homme & Reberend Pere  
Jehan de Boissep, de la Mere**

\* The church was dedicated, after the second fire, by ODO DE CONTEVILLE, the Conqueror's brother:—and William, his wife, and two children (Robert and William Rufus) were present at the ceremony. Odo lavished upon the church still greater property than William had bestowed upon it—and especially the Barony of Plessis. “Ce Prélat combla sa nouvelle église de présens. Un des plus remarquables étoit la Couronne de cuivre doré, couverte de lames d'argent, & attachée à une chaîne de fer dans la nef vis-à-vis du crucifix. Cette couronne de 16 pieds de hauteur, et ornée d'autres couronnes en forme de tours, occupoit la largeur de la nef: elle servoit à porter quantité de cierges qu'on allumoit dans les grandes fêtes: il y avoit aussi 47 vers Latins gravés tout autour, à la louange de l'église.” *Hist. Sommaire de la Ville de Bayeux*; 1773, 8vo. p. 39. This extraordinary ornament was destroyed during the religious persecution of 1562.

Eglise de Bayeux Pasteur  
 Rendi l'ame a son Createur  
 Et lors en foissant la place  
 Devant la grand Autel de grace  
 Trova l'on la basse Chapelle  
 Dont il n'avoit ete nouvelle  
 Ou il est mis en sepulture  
 Dieu ueuille avoir son ame en cure.      Amen.

Ducarel seems to have had an aversion, or at least no curiosity, towards *crypts* ; and accordingly both at Caen and Bayeux he raised his head above the influence of subterraneous, and supposed noxious, vapours : but a good sniff of these cold and darksome regions is quite refreshing to a thorough-bred architectural antiquary ! It was my good fortune to visit this crypt at a very particular juncture. The day after my arrival at Bayeux, there was a grand ordination. Before I had quitted my bed, I heard the mellow and measured notes of human voices ; and starting up, I saw an almost interminable procession of priests, deacons, &c., walking singly behind each other, in two lines, leaving a considerable space between them. They walked bare-headed, chanting, with a book in their hands, and bent their course towards the cathedral. I dressed quickly ; and dispatching my breakfast with equal promptitude, pursued the same route. On entering the western doors, thrown wide open, I shall never forget the effect produced by the crimson and blue draperies of the Norman women—a great number of whom were clustered, in groups, upon the top of the screen, about the

huge wooden crucifix;—witnessing the office of ordination going on below, in the choir. They seemed to be suspended in the air; and considering the piece of sculpture around which they appeared to gather themselves—with the elevation of the screen itself—it was a combination of objects upon which the pencil of NASH (the most poetical of our architectural draftsmen) might have been exercised with the happiest possible result. An ordination in a foreign country, and especially one upon such an apparently extensive scale, was, to a professional man, not to be slighted; and accordingly I determined upon making the most of the spectacle before me. Looking accidentally down my favourite crypt, I observed that some religious ceremony was going on there. The northern grate, or entrance, being open, I descended a flight of steps, and quickly became a lodger in this subterraneous abode. The first object that struck me was, the warm glow of day light which darted upon the broad pink cross of the surplice of an officiating priest: a candle was burning upon the altar, on each side of him: another priest, in a black vesture, officiated as an assistant—and each, in turn, knelt, and bowed, and prayed . . . to the admiration of some few half dozen casual yet attentive visitors—while the full sonorous chant from the voices of upwards of one hundred and fifty priests and deacons, from the choir above, gave a peculiar sort of solemnity to the mysterious gloom below. In spite of my abstraction, I did not fail, however, to notice that the pillars, about half a dozen in number, were of the character of those in the crypt of the *Abbaye aux Dames* at Caen; but the capital of the first pillar,

upon entering, exhibits almost the perfect Composite order ! . . . while the other capitals are, generally, of the grotesque character of the xii<sup>th</sup> century. The arch above them takes its spring immediately from the abacus of the capital : producing rather a singular effect : there is something like painting in fresco just above the capital : but evidently, I should think, of the latter half of the xv<sup>th</sup> century.

I now ascended ; and by the help of a chair, took a peep at the ceremony through the intercolumniations of the choir : my diffidence, or rather apprehension of refusal, having withheld me from striving to gain admittance within the body. But my situation was a singularly good one : opposite the altar. I looked, and beheld this vast clerical congregation at times kneeling, or standing, or sitting : partially, or wholly : while the swell of their voices, accompanied by the full intonations of the organ, and the yet more penetrating notes of the *serpent*, seemed to breathe more than earthly solemnity around. The ceremony had now continued full two hours—when, in the midst of the most impressive part of it, and while the young candidates for ordination were prostrate before the high altar—the diapason stop of the organ (as at Dieppe) sending forth the softest notes—the venerable bishop placed the glittering mitre (apparently covered with gold gauze) upon his head, and with a large gilt crosier in his right hand, descended, with a measured and majestic step, from the floor of the altar, and proceeded to the execution of the more mysterious part of his office. The candidates, with closed eyes, and outstretched hands, were touched with the holy oil—and thus became consecrated. On

rising, each received a small piece of bread between the thumb and forefinger, and the middle and third fingers ; their hands being pressed together—and, still with closed eyes retired behind the high altar—where an officiating priest made use of the bread to rub off the holy oil. The bishop is an elderly man, about three score and ten ; he has the usual sallow tint of his countrymen, but his eye, somewhat sunk or retired, beneath black and overhanging eyebrows, is sharp and expressive—and his whole mien has the indication of a well-bred and well-educated gentleman. When he descended with his full robes, crosier, and mitre, from the high altar, methought I saw some of the venerable forms of our WYKEHAMS and WAYNEFLETES of old—commanding the respect, and receiving the homage, of a grateful congregation ! You must allow, my dear friend, that if there be few ceremonies more imposing, there are also few more beneficial, than that which I have described ; and that impressions, imbibed in young and honest minds, by such serious offices, are not easily effaced, but are productive in the end of the most salutary results. I really do not speak and reason thus because I have partaken of the same ceremony, in a mitigated form, in my own country—or from any violent adherence to what may be called a Laud-like passion for hierarchy. On the contrary . . . but you know my sentiments upon this head so fully, that, if you please, as this ceremony is just ended—we will take a stroll together to see what else is worthy of observation within this venerable cathedral. How provoking—or rather how disgusting ! . . . At the very moment my mind was deeply occupied by the effects produced

from this magnificent spectacle, I strolled into *Our Lady's Chapel*, behind the choir, and beheld a sight which converted seriousness into surprise—bordering upon mirth. Above the altar of this remotely situated chapel, stands the IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN with the infant Jesus in her arms. This is the usual chief ornament of *Our Lady's Chapel*. But what drapery for the mother of the sacred child!—stiff, starch, rectangularly-folded white muslin, stuck about with diverse artificial flowers—like unto a shew figure in *Brook Green Fair*! This ridiculous and most disgusting costume began more particularly at Caudebec. Why is it persevered in? Why is it endured? The French have a quick sensibility, and a lively apprehension of what is beautiful and brilliant in the arts of sculpture and painting . . . but the terms “joli,” “gentil,” and “propre,” are made use of, like charity, to “cover a multitude of sins” . . . or aberrations from true taste. I scarcely stopped a minute in this chapel, but proceeded to a side one, to the right, which yet affords proof of its pristine splendour. It is covered with gold and colours. Two or three supplicants were kneeling before the crucifix, and appeared to be so absorbed in their devotions as to be insensible of every surrounding object. To them, the particular saint (I have forgotten the name) to whom the little chapel was dedicated, seemed to be dearer and more interesting than the general voice of “praise and thanksgiving” with which the choir of the cathedral resounded. Before we quit the place you must know that fourscore candidates were ordained: that there are sixty clergy attached to the cathedral; and that upwards of four hun-

dred thousand souls are under the spiritual cognizance of the BISHOP OF BAYEUX. The treasures of the Cathedral were once excessive,\* and the episcopal stipend proportionably large: but, of late years, things are sadly changed. The Calvinists in the sixteenth century, began the work of havoc and destruction; and the Revolutionists in the eighteenth, as usual, “put the colophon” to these devastations. At present, from a very respectable source of information, I learn that the revenues of the Bishop scarcely exceed 700*l* per annum of our own money. The chapter had anciently the privilege of coining money. I cannot take leave of the cathedral without commending in strong terms of admiration, the lofty flying buttresses of the exterior of the nave. The perpendicular portions are crowned with a sculptured whole length figure, from which the semi-arch takes its spring; and are in much more elegant taste than any other part of the building. While viewing the exterior, you cannot fail to be struck, in the general dearth of monuments, with the following mysterious inscription:†

Quarta dies Pasche fuerat cum Clerus ad hujus  
 Que iacet hîc uetule uenimus exequias,  
 Letitieque diem magis amisisse dolemus  
 Quam centum tales si caderent uetule.

\* *were once excessive.*]—Cette église . . . étoit sans contredit une des plus riches de France en vases d'or d'argent, et de pierreries; en reliques et en ornemens. Le procès-verbal qui avoit été dressé de toutes ses richesses, en 1476, contient un détail qui va presque à l'infini.” Bezières, *Hist. Sommaire*, p. 51.

† *this mysterious inscription.*]—“ Cette inscription, dont les lettres sont anciennes et telles qu'on s'en servoit avant les diphtongues, ne

Hard by the cathedral stood formerly a magnificent EPISCOPAL PALACE. Upon this palace the old writers (and *Bezieres*, in particular—whose sensible manual of the history of the town, I purchased within two hours after my arrival here) dearly loved to expatiate. There is now however nothing but a good large comfortable family mansion : sufficient for the purposes of such hospitality and entertainment as the episcopal revenues will afford. I have not only seen, but visited, this episcopal residence. In other words, my friend Pierre-Aimé Lair having promised to take his last adieu of me at Bayeux, as he had business with the Bishop, I met him agreeably to appointment at the palace : but his host, with a strong corps of visitors, having just sate down to dinner—it was only one o'clock—I bade him adieu, with the hope of seeing the Bishop on the morrow—to whom he had indeed mentioned my name. Our farewell was undoubtedly warm and

porte ni date ni nom appellatif. Quelques uns prétendent qu'elle, regarde la *Maitresse du Duc de Normandie*, qui, au lieu d'être enterrée dans l'église, comme elle l'avoit désiré, fut enclavée, pour parler ainsi, dans l'épaisseur du mur de la Tour, par ordre du chapitre. Ne seroit-ce point plutôt *Isabelle de Douvre*, maîtresse de Robert Comte de Glocestre, batard de Henri I. Roi d'Angleterre, dont naquit Richard, qui malgré le défaut de sa naissance fut nommée l'an 1133, à l'Evêché de Bayeux? La date de son *Obit* au 24 d'Avril insinue, que ce fut le jour de son décès. La femme désignée dans l'épithaphe mourut agée, et aux Fêtes de Paques : or Paques en l'année 1166 tomba au 24 d'Avril. Ces époques paroissent assez s'accorder entr'elles, et l'inscription est assurément du même tems." In a note, *Bezieres* adds, "Le Necrologe de la Cathédrale en fait mention en ces termes : 24 die mensis Aprilis, Obitus Isabellis, matris Richardi Episcopi Bajoc. filii Comitiss Glocestriæ."—*Hist. Som.* p. 54.



sincere. He had volunteered a thousand acts of kindness towards me without any possible motive of self interest; and as he lifted up his right hand, exclaiming “*adieu, pour toujours!*—” I will not dissemble that I was sensibly affected by the touching manner in which it was uttered . . and **PIERRE AIMÉ LAIR** shall always claim from me the warmest wishes for his prosperity and happiness. I hurried back through the court-yard—at the risk of losing a limb from the ferocious spring of a tremendous (chained) mastiff—and without returning the salute of the porter, shut the gate violently, and departed. For five minutes, pacing the south side of the cathedral, I was lost in a variety of even painful sensations. How was I to see the **LIBRARY**?—where could I obtain a glimpse of the **TAPESTRY**?—and now, that **Pierre Aimé Lair** was to be no more seen, (for he told me he should quit the place on that same evening) who was to stand my friend, and smooth my access to the more curious and coveted objects of antiquity?

Thus absorbed in a variety of contending reflections, a tall figure, clad in a loose long great coat, in a very gracious manner approached and addressed me. “Your name, Sir, is **D \* \* \***?” “At your service, Sir, that is my name.” “You were yesterday evening at **Monsieur Pluquet’s**, purchasing books?” “I was, Sir.” “It seems you are very fond of old books, and especially of those in the French and Latin languages?” “I am fond of old books generally; but I now seek more particularly those in your language—and have been delighted with an illuminated, and apparently coeval, **MS.** of the poetry of your famous **OLIVIER**

BASSELIN, which . . .” “ You saw it, Sir, at Monsieur Pluquet’s. It belonged to a common friend of us both. He thinks it worth . . .” “ He asks *ten louis d’or* for it, and he shall have them with all my heart.” “ Sir, I know he will never part with it even for that large sum.” I smiled, as he pronounced the word “large”—bethinking myself of ATTICUS, for whose library I had intended it! “ Do me the honour, Sir, of visiting my obscure dwelling, in the country—a short league from hence. My abode is humble : in the midst of an orchard, which my father planted : but I possess a few books, some of them curious, and should like to *read* double the number I *possess*.” I thanked the stranger for his polite attention and gracious offer, which I accepted readily . . “ This evening, Sir, if you please.” “ With all my heart, this very evening. But tell me, Sir, how can I obtain a sight of the CHAPTER LIBRARY, and of the famous TAPESTRY?” “ Speak softly, (resumed the unknown)—for I am watched in this place. You shall see both—but must not say that Monsieur \* \* \* \* was your adviser or friend. For the present, farewell. I shall expect you in the evening.” We took leave; and I returned hastily to the inn, to tell my adventures to my companion.

There is something so charmingly mysterious in this little anecdote, that I would not for the world add a syllable of explanation. Leaving you, therefore, in full possession of it, to turn and twist it as you please, consider me as usual, Yours.

## LETTER XVI.

VISIT NEAR ST. LOUP. M. PLUQUET, APOTHECARY AND BOOK-VENDER. VISIT TO THE BISHOP. THE CHAPTER LIBRARY. DESCRIPTION OF THE BAYEUX TAPES-TRY, WITH FAC-SIMILES. TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

WELL, my good friend ! the stranger has been visited : his library inspected : his services accepted : and his character partly unfolded. To this I must add, in the joy of my heart, (as indeed I mentioned slightly in my last) that both the Chapter LIBRARY and the famous TAPES-TRY have been explored and examined in a manner, I trust, worthy of British curiosity. I hardly know what sort of order to adopt in this my second and last epistle from Bayeux ; which will be semi-bibliomaniacal and semi-archæological : and sit down, almost at random, to impart such intelligence as my journal and memory may supply.

The last was almost a purely *ecclesiastical* dispatch : as I generally first take off my cap to the towers and turrets of a cathedral. Now then for THE STRANGER ! \* \* for it would be cruel to prolong the agony of expectation. Mr. Lewis having occupied himself, almost exclusively, with his pencil during the whole morning, I persuaded him to accompany me to *St. Loup*. After dinner we set out upon our expedition. It had rained in the interim, and every tree was charged with moisture as we passed them .. their

blossoms exhaling sweets of a yet more pungent fragrance. The road ran in a straight line from the west front of the cathedral, which, on turning round, as we saw it irradiated by partial glimpses of sunshine, between masses of dark clouds, assumed a very imposing and venerable aspect. I should tell you, however, that the obliging Monsieur \* \* \* \* \* came himself to the Hôtel de Luxembourg, to conduct us to his humble abode: for “humble” it is in every sense of the word. About two-thirds of the way thither, we passed the little church of *St. Loup*: a perfect Gothic toy of the XIIth century—with the prettiest, best-proportioned tower that can be imagined. It has a few slight clustered columns at the four angles, but its height and breadth are truly pigmy. The stone is of a whitish grey. We did not enter; and with difficulty could trace our way to examine the exterior through the high grass of the church yard, yet *laid* with the heavy rain. What a gem would the pencil of BLORE make of this tiny, ancient, interesting edifice! At length we struck off, down a lane slippery with moisture — when, opening a large swinging gate—“here (exclaimed our guide)—lived and died my father, and here his son hopes to live and die also. Gentlemen, yonder is my hermitage.” On looking at it,

. . . I said to myself if there’s peace in the world,  
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.

It was indeed a retirement of the most secluded kind: absolutely surrounded by trees, shrubs, hay-stacks, and corn-stacks — for Monsieur \* \* \* \* \* hath a fancy for farming as well as for reading. The stair-case,

though constructed of good hard Norman stone, was much worn in the middle from the frequent tread of half a century. It was also fatiguingly steep, but luckily it was short. We followed our guide to the left, where, passing through one boudoir-like apartment, strewn with books and papers, and hung with a parcel of mean ornaments called *pictures*, we entered a second—of which portions of the wainscoat were taken away, to shew the books which were deposited behind. Row after row, and pile upon pile, struck my wondering eye. Anon, a closet was opened—and there again they were stowed, “thick and three-fold.” A few small busts, and fractured vases, were meant to grace a table in the centre of the room. Of the books, it is but justice to say that *rarity* had been sacrificed to *utility*. There were some excellent, choice, critical works: a good deal of Latin; some Greek, and a sprinkle of Hebrew—for Monsieur \* \* \* is both a general and a sound scholar. On pointing to *Houbigant’s Hebrew Bible*, in four folio volumes, 1712, “do you think this copy dear at fourteen francs?” said he!—“How, Sir,” (replied I, in an exstacy of astonishment)—you mean to say fourteen *louis*?” “Not at all, Sir. I purchased it at the price just mentioned, nor do I think it too dear at that sum,” resumed he, in the most unsuspecting manner. I then told him, as a sort of balsamic consolation, that a late friend (I alluded to poor Mr. Ormerod) rejoiced on giving £12. for a copy by no means superior. “Ah, le bon Dieu! . . .” was his only observation thereupon.

When about to return to the boudoir, through which we had entered, I observed with mingled surprise and

pleasure, the four prettily executed English prints, after the drawings of Lady Spencer, called "*New Shoes*,"—" *Nice Supper*," &c. Monsieur \* \* \* \* was pleased at my stopping to survey them. "Ce sont là, Monsieur (observed he), les dames qui me font toujours compagnie :"—nor can you conceive the very soft and gentlemanly manner, accompanied by a voice subdued even to sadness of tone, with which he made this, and almost every observation. I found, indeed, from the whole tenor of his discourse, that he had a mind in no ordinary a state of cultivation : and on observing that a great portion of his library was THEOLOGICAL, I asked him respecting the general subjects upon which he thought and wrote. He caught hold of my left arm, and stooping (for he is much taller than myself, . . . which he easily may be, methinks I hear you add . . .) "Sir, said he, I am by profession a clergyman . . . although now I am designated as an *ex-Curé*. I have lived through the Revolution . . . and may have partaken of some of its irregularities, rather, I should hope, than of its atrocities. In the general hue-and-cry for reform, I thought that our church was capable of very great improvement, and I think so still. The part I took was influenced by conscientious motives, rather than by a blind and vehement love of reform ; . . . but it has never been forgiven or forgotten. The established clergy of the place do not associate with me ; but I care not a farthing for that—since I have here (pointing to his books) the very best society in the world. It was from the persuasion of the clergy having a constantly-fixed eye upon me, that I told you I was watched . . . when walking near the precincts of the

cathedral. I had been seeking you during the whole of the office of ordination." In reply to my question about his *archæological* researches, he said he was then occupied in writing a disquisition upon the *Bayeux Tapestry*, in which he should prove that the Abbé de la Rue was wrong in considering it as a performance of the XIIth century. "He is your great anti-quarian oracle"—observed I. "He has an over-rated reputation"—replied he—"and besides, he is too hypothetical." Monsieur \* \* \* \* \* promised to send me a copy of his dissertation, when printed; and then let our friend N \* \* \* be judge "in the matter of the Bayeux Tapestry." From the open windows of this hermitage, into which the branches absolutely thrust themselves, I essayed, but in vain, to survey the surrounding country; and concluded a visit of nearly two hours, in a manner the most gratifying imaginable to honest feelings. A melancholy, mysterious air, seemed yet, however, to mark this amiable stranger, which had not been quite cleared up by the account he had given of himself. "Be assured (said he, at parting) that I will see you again, and that every facility shall be afforded you in the examination of the Bayeux Tapestry. I have an uncle who is an efficient member of the corporation."

Never was a solitude more complete, nor were manners more mild than those of Monsieur \* \* \* \* \*: and I returned through the orchard which his father had planted, with sensations that it would be difficult to describe. On my way homeward, I called again upon M. Pluquet, an apothecary by profession, but a

book lover and a book vender\* in his heart. The scene was rather singular. Below, was his *Pharmacopeia* ; above were his bed-room and books ; with a broken would-be antique or two, in the court-yard, and in the passage leading thereto. My first visit had been hasty, and only as a whetter to the second. Yet I contrived to see from a visitor, who was present, the desirable MS. of the vulgar poetry of OLIVIER BASSELIN, of which I made mention to M. \* \* \*. The same stranger was again present. We all quietly left the drugs below for drugs of a different description above—books being called by the ancients, you know, the “ MEDICINE OF THE SOUL.” We mounted into the bed-room. Two birds, in comically-wired cages, were suspended from the cieling, and warbling aloud. A sick child, of three years of age, lay in a crib, by the side of the bed of Monsieur and Madame Pluquet—the pillows of which were fringed in a very fanciful manner. Opposite the side of the bed, were some few half dozen shelves, covered with books of all descriptions. M. Pluquet now opened his bibliographical battery upon us. “ Gentlemen (for M. Lewis was with me) you see, in this room, all the treasures in the world I possess : my wife—my

\* He has since established himself at Paris, as a *bookseller* : and it is scarcely three months since I received a letter from him, in which he told me that he could no longer resist the more powerful impulses of his heart—and that the phials of physic were at length abandoned for the volumes of Verard and of Gourmont. My friend, Mr. Dawson Turner, who knew him at Bayeux, has purchased books of him at Paris.



child—my books—my antiquities.” Here the child moaned somewhat piteously, crying out “ cher papa, venez ici ;” but the hard-hearted biliomaniacal Æsculapius continued — with a parenthetically pronounced “ soyez tranquille, mignon.”—“ Yes, gentlemen, these are my treasures. I am enthusiastic, even to madness, in the respective pursuits into which the latter branch out ; but my means are slender—and my aversion to my *business* is just about in proportion to my fondness for *books*. Examine, gentlemen, and try your fortunes.”

I scarcely needed such a rhetorical incitement : but alas ! the treasures of M. Pluquet were not of a nature quite to make one's fortune. I contrived, with great difficulty, to pick out something of a *recherché* kind ; and expended a napoleon upon some scarce little grammatical tracts, chiefly Greek, printed by Stephen at Paris, and by Hervagius at Basil : among the latter was the *Bellum grammaticale* of E. Hæssus. M. Pluquet wondered at my rejecting the folios, and sticking so closely to the duodecimos ; but had he shewn me a good *Verard Romance* or a *Eustace Froissart*, he would have found me as alert in running away with the one as the other. I think he is really the most enthusiastic book-lover I have ever seen : certainly as a Bibliopolist. We concluded a very animated conversation on all sides : rendered more noisy by the notes of the canaries, (who raised their voices as we raised ours) and the squalling of the sick child, who necessarily in turn became more clamorous as papa and mama refused to listen to its cries. M.

Pluquet told me at parting that M. \* \* \* had requested his uncle to facilitate our researches respecting the Chapter Library, and the Tapestry : that he had himself spoken to the *adjoint* of the mayor respecting the former, and that the Abbé Fétit had been solicited to promote my wishes in regard to the latter. Upon the whole, this was one of the most variously and satisfactorily spent days of my “ voyage bibliographique.”

On the morrow, the mysterious and amiable M. \* \* \* was with me betimes. He said he had brought a *basket of books*, from his hermitage, which he had left at a friend's house, and he entreated me to come and examine them. In the mean while we had had not only a peep at the Tapestry, but Mr. Lewis had obtained permission to make a fac-simile of such portion of it as I might deem necessary for any particular object in view. I had been introduced to the mayor, who is chief magistrate for life : a very Cæsar in miniature. He received me stiffly, and appeared at first rather a priggish sort of a gentleman ; observing that “ my countryman, Mr. STOTHARD,\* had been

\* Mr. Stothard, Jun. This gentleman has completely finished his labours, in a manner which reflects equal credit upon the Society of Antiquaries, at whose expense his mission was performed, and upon himself. His own account of the tapestry may be seen in the sixteenth volume of the *Archæologia*. It is brief, perspicuous, and satisfactory. His fac-simile is one half the size of the original ; executed with great neatness and fidelity ; but probably the touches are a little too artist-like or masterly. This invaluable drawing will be engraved and published by the same Society.

already there for six months, upon the same errand, and what could I want further?" A short reply served to convince him "that it would be no abuse of an extended indulgence if he would allow another English artist to make a fac-simile of a different description, from a very small portion only." Permission was then granted—the Tapestry unrolled—and down sat, or stood, or stooped, my graphic companion to commence and conclude his labours. Let us leave him awhile, hard at work, and continue the *book-narrative*.

In our way to M. \* \* \* \*s's friend, I called with him at the Abbé's, with a view to get a sight of the Chapter Library. He was from home, but would return in an hour. I then attacked the aforesaid basket—not of apples, or of flowers, but—of *books*: and from a few unimportant articles I selected a loose uncut (mark that!) copy of the *Petit Bernard's* Ovid's *Metamorphoses*\*, of which the generous Stranger begged my acceptance. "What a pretty thing will Charles Lewis (thought I to myself) make of this book!" and so saying I slipt it gradually, but in the face of all present, (mark that also!) into my large inner pocket. Meanwhile a young paysanne, of the superior order, arrived with her cher ami; who carried a gay china cup in one hand, and a slender cane in the other. Droll accompaniment! She had a very towering cauchoise; and as it was market-day, was dressed in her best. A fourth gentleman next arrived; another friend of M. \* \* \* \*s. He had brought a

\* Consult the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. 1. p. 181-8.

“bel exemplaire” of a *Latin Testament* in a silk handkerchief, and “would I do him the favour to accept it?” I was absolutely “pénétré.” This followed its precursor into the self-same inner pocket. It was bound in blue morocco, and the outside decoration put me in mind of Count Hoym—simply because the arms of that distinguished Bibliomaniac were upon the cover.

The little book-assembly broke up, and the Stranger again accompanied me to the Abbé. More than an hour had elapsed—but the Abbé was still invisible. The maid smiled as I repeated the question of his being at home, and I thought I saw the head of a man peeping through the blinds of the parlour. You shall quickly know why I am thus particular. “This will never do, said I to my amiable companion : we will go at once to the Bishop.” “Say not *we*,” he replied. “If you take *me* there, you will never obtain the object you have in view. Besides, I am an excommunicated man...” added he, smiling. He left me, to return with his basket of books under his arm to his beloved hermitage ; promising to see me once again before my departure. I then went boldly towards the episcopal palace, and wrote a note in pencil to the Bishop at the porter’s lodge, mentioning the name of M. Lair, and the object of my visit. The porter observed that they had just sat down to dinner—but would I call at three? It seemed an age to that hour ; but at length three o’clock came, and I was punctual to the minute. The recollection of a certain library attached to one of the most venerable and most magnificent of the cathedrals of our own country—and of which the

curators have always shewn a most liberal sense of its management, as well as a just appreciation of its treasures — has always inflamed my curiosity to take a peep at **Chapter Libraries**, wherever situated. I was immediately admitted into the premises, and even the large mastiff seemed to know that I was not an unexpected visitor—for he neither growled, nor betrayed any symptoms of uneasiness. In my way to the audience chamber I saw the crosier and robes which the Bishop had worn the preceding day, at the ceremony of ordination, lying picturesquely upon the table: a good vignette (thought I to myself) for a history of the cathedral. The audience chamber was rather an elegant one, adorned with Gobeleins tapestry, quite fresh, and tolerably expressive: and while my eyes were fastened upon two figures enacting the parts of an Arcadian shepherd and shepherdess, a servant came in and announced the approach of MONSEIGNEUR l'EVEQUE. I rose in a trice to meet him, between doubt and apprehension as to the result. The Bishop entered with a sort of body-guard; being surrounded by six or seven canons who had been dining with him, and who peeped at me over his shoulder in a very significant manner. The flush of good cheer was visible in their countenances—but for their Diocesan, I must say that he is yet more interesting upon a familiar view. He wore a close purple dress, buttoned down the middle from top to bottom. A cross hung upon his breast. His countenance had lost nothing of its expression by the absence of the mitre, and he was gracious even to loquacity! I am willing to hope that I was equally prudent and brief in the

specification of the object I had in view. My request was as promptly as it was courteously granted. “ You will excuse my attending you in person ; (said the Bishop) but I will instantly send for the Abbé Fétit, who is our librarian ; and who will have nothing to do but to wait upon you, and facilitate your researches.” He then dispatched a messenger for the reluctant Librarian, and began a familiar chat respecting “ the situation and number of my *Cures*,”—the answer to which of course did not require a *catalogue raisonné*. At the mention of this Abbé Fétit, I pricked up my ears—but I had now only to thank the Bishop for his politeness, and to wish him a good day. The Abbé Fétit quickly arrived with two more, who came trotting after him—and enlivened by the jingling music of the library keys, which were dangling from the Abbé’s fingers, I quickened my steps towards the Chapter Library.

But I was resolved to catechise this said Abbé for his incivility in not admitting me into his house after two repeated calls. While therefore we were posting through the transepts of the cathedral, or rather just as we had gained a confined passage, after turning the key upon the north transept door, I began to prepare my string of interrogatories. My first question was perfectly a home thrust : “ Je vous dirai (replied he, very readily—just as the key of the Library door had been admitted into the wards of the lock, and looking at me at the same time rather archly, over his right shoulder) je vous dirai pourquoi je ne vous ai pas admis chez moi, pour causer touchant la bibliothèque. —c’étoit parce que j’ai bien aperçu que votre com-

pagnon n'étoit pas *l'homme pour nous*." The recollection of the conversation near the cathedral, the preceding day—as well as the whole conduct of M \* \*—immediately came across me . . and I asked no more questions. But the Abbé complaisantly, and even jocosely, added—"comme vous êtes bien avec Monseigneur L'Evêque, vous verrez tout ce qu'il vous faut. Ah ça, montons!" This "addition"—together with a certain unaccountable magnetic influence, arising, I make no doubt, from the properties of the *furniture* above stairs—entirely subdued all irritabilities, and I mounted a good deal quicker than my companions.

We were no sooner, all four, fairly within the library, than I requested my chief conductor to give me a brief outline of its history. "Willingly" he replied. "This library, the remains of a magnificent collection, of from 30, to 40,000 volumes, was originally placed in the Chapter-house, hard by. Look through the window to your left, and you will observe the ruins of that building. We have here about 5000 volumes: but the original collection consisted of the united libraries of defunct, and even of living, clergymen—for, during the revolution, the clergy, residing both in town and country, conveyed their libraries to the Chapter-house, as a protection against private pillage. Well! in that same Chapter-house, the books, thus collected, were piled one upon another, in layers, flat upon the floor—reaching absolutely to the ceiling . . . and for ten long years not a creature ventured to introduce a key into the library door. The windows also were rigidly kept shut. At length the Revolutionists wanted lead for

musket balls, and they unroofed the chapter-house with their usual dexterity. Down came the rain upon the poor books, in consequence ; and when M. Moysant received the orders of government to examine this library, and to take away as many books as he wanted for the public library at Caen . . . he was absolutely horror-struck by the obstacles which presented themselves ! From the close confinement of every door and window, for ten years, the rank and fetid odour, which issued therefrom, was intolerable. For a full fortnight every door and window was left open for ventilation, ere M. Moysant could begin his work of selection. He selected about 5000 volumes only ; but the infuriated Revolutionists, on his departure, wantonly plundered and destroyed a prodigious number of the remainder . . . “ et enfin (concluded he) vous voyez, Monsieur, ce qu'ils nous ont laissé.”—You will give me credit for having listened to every word of such a tale.

The present library, which is on the first floor, is apparently about twenty-five feet square. But what, think you, was the first *curiosity* which the Abbé Fétit darted upon to shew me ? The *Contes de la Fontaine* in four folio volumes—as common a work (I had almost said) as a penny roll. My cicerone was astonished on hearing of its frequent occurrence with us ;—but I hastened to dispense with his services—under the more courteous tournure de phrase of giving him no further trouble, and began to cater for myself. On remarking that, of the *Acta Sanctorum*, they had only 20 volumes,—“ it is complete nevertheless,” was the reply ! A good sample of fitness for the office of Head



Librarian. I had not yet met with a single copy of the *Polyglot Bible* of Cardinal Ximenes, and of course was not much disappointed at finding it wanting here. Of *Le Jay's Polyglot* there was, as usual, a very desirable copy. The Abbé made me observe the XIIIth. volume of the *Gallia Christiana*,\* in boards, remarking that "it was of excessive rarity:" but I doubt this. On shewing me the famous volume of *Sanctius* or *Sanchez de Matrimonio Sacramentario*, 1607, folio, the Abbé observed—"that the author wrote it, standing with his bare feet upon marble." I was well pleased with a vastly pretty *illuminated ms. Missal*, in a large thick quarto volume, with borders and pictures in good condition; but did not fail to commend right heartily the proper bibliomaniacal spirit of M. Fétit in having reserved (or kept concealed) the second volume of *Gering's Latin Bible*—being the first impression of the sacred text in France—when M. Moysant came armed with full powers to carry off what treasures he pleased. No one knows what has become of the first volume, but this second is cruelly imperfect—containing about a dozen blank leaves to supply the place of those which were wanting. It is otherwise a fair copy. There are scarcely any classics, and not three of the xvth century. Upon the whole, although it is almost a matter of *conscience*, as well as of character, with me, to examine every thing in the shape of a library, and especially of a public one, yet it must be admitted that

\* *the Gallia Christiana.*]—A complete copy is of excessive rarity in our own country, but not so abroad. It is yet, however, an imperfect work.

the collection under consideration is hardly worthy of a second visit : and accordingly I took both a first and a final view of it. The Abbé Fétit gained upon me much before I took my leave. To say the truth, he is not only very good-looking, but very civil, and even facetious in his manner of shewing the book-lions. Why does an unchristian-like spirit of prejudice, in religious matters, turn the milk of human nature into gall ?

From the Chapter I went to the COLLEGE LIBRARY. In other words, there is a fine public school, or Lyceé, or college, where a great number of lads and young men are educated “according to art.” The building is extensive and well-situated : the play-ground is large and commodious ; and there is a well-cultivated garden “tempting with forbidden fruit.” Into this garden I strolled in search of the President of the College, who was not within doors. I found him in company with some of the masters, and with several young men either playing, or about to play, at skittles. On communicating the object of my visit, he granted me an immediate passport to the library—“mais, Monsieur, (added he) ce n’est rien : il y avoit autrefois *quelque chose* ; maintenant, ce n’est qu’un amas de livres très communs.” I thanked him, and accompanied the librarian to the Library ; who absolutely apologized all the way for the little entertainment I should receive. There was indeed little enough. The room may be about eighteen feet square. Of the books, a great portion was in vellum bindings, in wretched condition. Here was *Jay’s Polyglot*, and the matrimonial *Sanc-tius* again ! There was a very respectable sprinkling of *Spanish and French Dictionaries* ; some few not

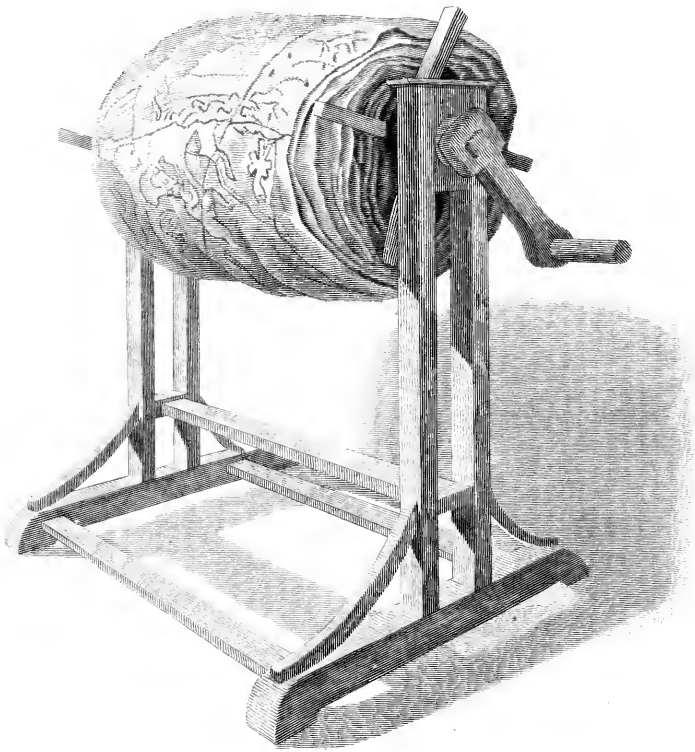
wholly undesirable *Alduses* ; and the rare Louvain edition of *Sir Thomas More's Works*, printed in 1566, folio.\* I saw too with horror-mingled regret, a frightfully imperfect copy of the *Service of Bayeux Cathedral*, printed in the Gothic letter, UPON VELLUM. But the great curiosity is a small brass or bronze crucifix, about nine inches high, standing upon the mantle-piece ; very ancient, from the character of the crown, which savours of the latter period of Roman art—and which is the only crown, bereft of thorns, that I ever saw upon the head of our Saviour so represented. The eyes appear to be formed of a bright brown glass. Upon the whole ; as this is not a book, nor a fragment of an old illumination, I will say nothing more about its age. I was scarcely three quarters of an hour in the library ; but was fully sensible of the politeness of my attendant, and of the truth of his prediction, that I should receive little entertainment from an examination of the books,

Nowthen, my friend, it is high time that you should be introduced in proper form to the famous BAYEUX TAPESTRY. Let us leave, therefore, paper and printing, for linen and needle-work. It is unnecessary to communicate the hundred little things which occurred till Mr. Lewis had finished his laborious task,

\* *the rare Louvain edition of Sir Thomas More's Works, &c.*]—There have been bibliographers, and there are yet knowing book-collectors, who covet this edition in preference to the Leipsic impression of Sir T. More's Works of 1698 ; in folio. But this must proceed from sheer obstinacy ; or rather, perhaps, from ignorance that the latter edition contains the *Utopia*—whereas in the former it is unaccountably omitted to be reprinted—which it might have been, from various previous editions.

after an application of six or eight hours, for two successive mornings. His labours are at an end, and they have been thoroughly successful. I hope to carry with me, throughout France and Germany, this most marvellous fac-simile—stitch for stitch, colour for colour, size for size. Not that I would be understood to under-rate the previous labours of Mr. Stothard, which are in truth equally admirable—only that they are of a different nature, and upon a more extensive scale. Know then, in as few words as possible, that this celebrated piece of Tapestry represents chiefly the INVASION OF ENGLAND by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and the subsequent death of Harold at the battle of Hastings. It measures about 214 English feet in length, by about nineteen inches in width ; and is supposed to have been worked under the particular superintendence and direction of Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror. It was formerly exclusively kept and exhibited in the Cathedral ; but it is now justly retained in the Town Hall, and treasured as the most precious relic among the archives of the city. There is indeed every reason to consider it as one of the most valuable historical monuments which France possesses. It has also given rise to a great deal of archæological discussion. Montfaucon, Ducarel, and De La Rue, have come forward successively—but more especially the first and last : and Montfaucon in particular has favoured the world with copper-plate representations of the whole. There are in fact several series of plates of portions of this needle-work ; but all those which I have seen are lamentably defective. Montfaucon's plates are generally much too small : and the more enlarged

are too ornamental. It is right, first of all, that you should have an idea how this piece of tapestry is preserved, or rolled up. You see it here, therefore, precisely as it appears after the person who shews it takes off the cloth with which it is usually covered.



A female unrolls and explains it to you. The first portion of the needle-work, representing the embassy of Harold, from Edward the Confessor to William Duke of Normandy, is comparatively much defaced—that is to say, the stitches are worn away, and little more than the ground, or fine close linen cloth, remains. It is not far from the beginning—and where the colour is fresh, and the stitches are, comparatively, preserved—that you see the **PORTRAIT OF HAROLD** which accompanies this letter.\* Nothing can be more true to the original.

\* See the **OPPOSITE PLATE**. In the original, this figure, which is upon horseback, is thus introduced—with the attendant pursuivants and dogs : but great liberties, as a nice eye will readily discern—even upon this reduced scale—have been taken, when compared with the opposite fac-simile. The ensuing is a mere copy of the smaller suite from Montfaucon ; also in outline.



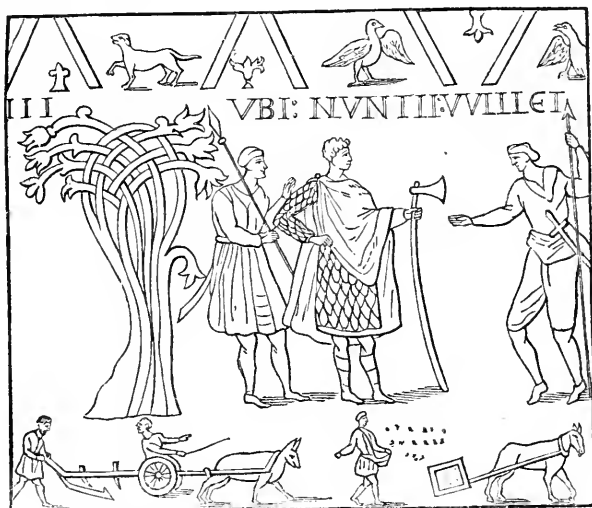


FAC SIMILE of the supposed Portrait of HAROLD, from the BAYeux TAPESTRY.



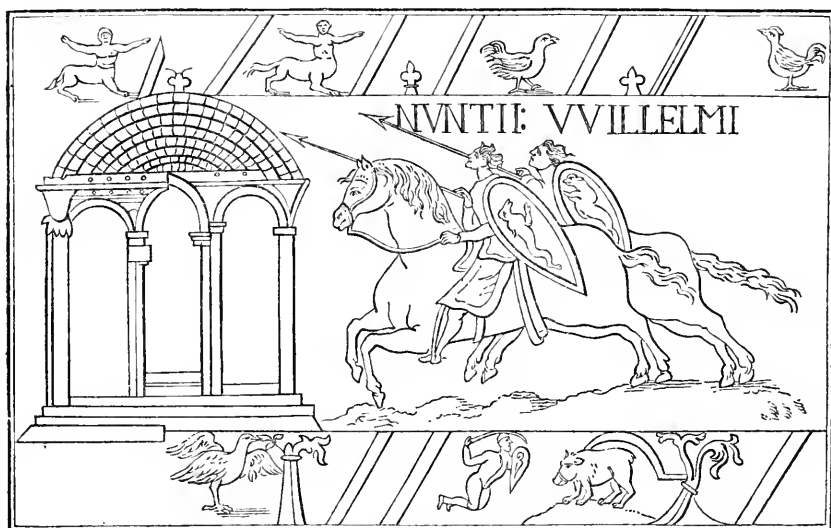
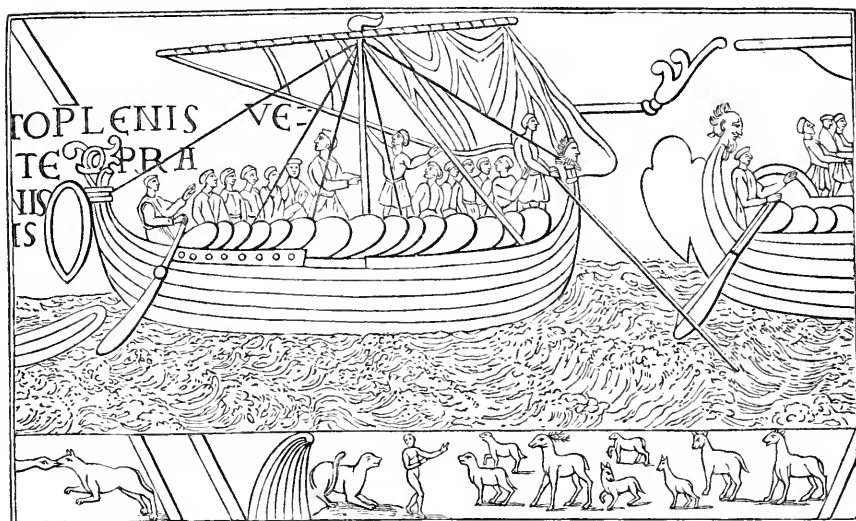


You are to understand that the stitches, if they may be so called, are threads laid side by side—and bound down at intervals by cross stitches, or fastenings—upon rather a fine linen cloth ; and that the parts intended to represent *flesh* are left untouched by the needle. I obtained a few straggling shreds of the *worsted* with which it is worked. The colours are generally a faded or bluish green, crimson, and pink. About the last five feet of this extraordinary roll are in a yet more decayed and imperfect state than the first portion. But the designer of the subject, whoever he was, had an eye throughout to Roman art—as it appeared in its later stages. The folds of the draperies, and the proportions of the figures, are executed with this feeling : witness the following representation of one of the messengers of William.



I admit that this is a mere copy of Montfaucon's plate, and that, compared with the original, it is too sharp and brilliant—but you can hence judge pretty

accurately of the general character of the original. You may possibly like to have a further specimen or two: first of the *Shipping*, and secondly of the *Architecture*. Take them, and admit that they are very curious and very interesting performances of the age.



You will observe that, both at top and at bottom of the principal subject, there is a running allegorical ornament ;\* of which I will not incur the presumption to suppose myself a successful interpreter. The constellations, and the symbols of agriculture and of rural occupation, form the chief subjects of this running ornament. All the inscriptions, as you have them above, are executed in capital letters of about an inch in length ; and upon the whole, whether this extraordinary and invaluable relic be of the latter end of the xith, or of the beginning or middle of the xiiith century† seems to me a

\* *a running allegorical ornament,*]—Something similar may be seen round the border of the baptismal vase of St. Louis, in Millin's *Antiquités Nationales*. A part of the border in the Tapestry is a representation of subjects from Æsop's Fables.

† *be of the latter end of the XIth or of the beginning or middle of the XIIth century*]—Of a monument, which has been pronounced by one of our ablest antiquaries to be “THE NOBLEST IN THE WORLD RELATING TO OUR OLD ENGLISH HISTORY,” (See *Stukely's Palæog. Britan.* Number XI. 1746, 4to. p. 2-3) it may be expected that some archæological discussion should be here subjoined. Yet I am free to confess that, after the essays of Messrs. Gurney, Stothard, and Amyott, (and more especially that of the latter gentleman) the matter—as to the period of its execution—may be considered as well nigh, if not wholly, at rest. These essays appear in the XVIIIth and XIXth volumes of the *Archæologia*. The Abbé de la Rue contended that this Tapestry was worked in the time of the second Matilda, or the Empress Maud, which would bring it to the earlier part of the xiiith. century. The antiquaries above mentioned contend, with greater probability, that it is a performance of the period which it professes to commemorate ; namely, of the defeat of Harold at the battle of Hastings, and consequently of the acquiring of the Crown of England, by conquest, on the part of William. This latter therefore brings it to the period of about 1066, to 1088—so that, after all, the difference of opinion is

matter of rather secondary consideration. That it is at once (borrowing a word out of the bibliomaniacal vo-

only whether this Tapestry be fifty years older, or younger than the respective advocates contend.

Mr. Gurney's Essay is chiefly occupied by the "*Inscriptions and Subjects.*" These are faithfully specified : as are the engravings of a few of the subjects to be seen on the banners. Mr. Gurney justly observes that "the prints we have of it, are very insufficient to convey any accurate idea" of the original. He further calls the performance "an apologetical history of the claims of William to the Crown of England, and of the breach of faith and fall of Harold; and that it is a perfect and finished action." *Archæologia*: vol. xviii. p. 359.—Mr. Charles Stothard has an observation worth extracting. "On coming (says he) to that part of the tapestry where Harold is prisoner in the hands of Guy Earl of Ponthieu, a most singular custom first presents itself in the persons of Duke William, Guy, and their people; not only are their upper lips shaven, but nearly the whole of their heads, excepting a portion of hair left in front. It is from the striking contrast which these figures form with the messenger who is crouching before William, that it is evident he is a Saxon, and probably dispatched from Harold. It is a curious circumstance in favour of the great antiquity of the Tapestry, that time has, I believe, handed down to us no other representation of this most singular fashion, and it appears to throw new light on a fact, which has perhaps been misunderstood: the report made by Harold's spies, that the Normans were an army of priests, is well known. I should conjecture, from what appears in the tapestry, that their resemblance to priests did not so much arise from the upper lip being shaven, as from the circumstance of the complete tonsure of the back part of the head. The following passage seems to confirm this conjecture, and at the same time to prove the truth of the tapestry :

Un des Engles que ot veus,  
Tos les Normans res et tondus  
Cuida que tot provoivre feussent  
Et que messes canter peussent.

*Le Roman du Rou, fol. 232.*

cabulary) *unique* and important, must be considered as a position to be neither doubted nor denied. It is at once

“How (continues Mr. Stothard) are we to reconcile these facts with a conjecture that the tapestry might have been executed in the time of *Henry the First*, when we are well assured that during the reign of that king the *hair was worn so long*, that it excited the anathemas of the church ?” *Archæologia* ; vol. xix. p. 184, &c.

But the most copious, particular, and in my humble judgment the most satisfactory, disquisition upon the date of this singular historical monument, is entitled “*A Defence of the early Antiquity of the Bayeux Tapestry*,” by Thomas Amyott, Esq. immediately following Mr. Stothard’s communication, in the work just referred to. It is at direct issue with all the hypotheses of the Abbé de la Rue, and in my opinion the results are triumphantly established. Whether the *Normans* or the *English* worked it, is perfectly a secondary consideration. The chief objections, taken by the Abbé, against its being a production of the *xith* century, consists in, first, its not being mentioned among the treasures possessed by the Conqueror at his decease :—secondly, that, if the Tapestry were deposited in the church, it must have suffered, if not have been annihilated, at the storming of Bayeux and the destruction of the Cathedral by fire in the reign of Henry I., A. D. 1106 :—thirdly, the silence of *Wace* upon the subject,—who wrote his metrical histories nearly a century after the Tapestry is supposed to have been executed.” The latter is chiefly insisted upon by the learned Abbé ; who, which ever champion come off victorious in this archæological warfare, must at any rate receive the best thanks of the antiquary for the methodical and erudite manner in which he has conducted his attacks.

At the first blush it cannot fail to strike us that the Abbé de la Rue’s positions are all of a *negative* character ; and that, according to the strict rules of logic, it must not be admitted, that because such and such writers have *not* noticed a circumstance, therefore that circumstance or event cannot have taken place. The first two grounds of objection have, I think, been fairly set aside by Mr. Amyott. As to the third objection, Mr. A. remarks—“ But it seems that *Wace* has not only *not* quoted the tapestry, but has varied from it in a manner which proves that he had never seen it. The instances given of this variation

an exceedingly curious document of the conjugal attachment, and even enthusiastic veneration, of MATILDA,

are, however, a little unfortunate. The first of them is very unimportant, for the difference merely consists in placing a figure at the *stern* instead of the *pro* of a ship, and in giving him a bow instead of a trumpet. From an authority quoted by the Abbé himself, it appears that, with regard to this latter fact, the Tapestry was right, and Wace was wrong: and thus an argument is unintentionally furnished in favour of the superior antiquity of the Tapestry. The second instance of variation, namely, that relating to Taillefer's sword, may be easily dismissed; since, after all, it now appears, from Mr. Stothard's examination that neither Taillefer nor his sword is to be found in the Tapestry," &c. But it is chiefly from the names of ÆLFGYVA and WADARD, inscribed over some of the figures, that I apprehend the conclusion in favour of the Tapestry's being nearly a contemporaneous production, may be safely drawn.

It is quite clear that these names belong to persons living when the work was in progress, or within the recollection of the workers, and that they were attached to persons of some particular note or celebrity, or rather perhaps of *local* importance. An eye-witness, or a contemporary only would have introduced them. They would not have lived in the memory of a person, whether mechanic or historian, who lived a *century* after the event. No antiquary has yet fairly appropriated these names, and more especially the second. It follows therefore that they would not have been introduced had they not been in existence at the time; and in confirmation of that of WADARD, it seems that Mr. Henry Ellis (Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries) "confirmed Mr. Amyott's conjecture on that subject, by the references with which he furnished him to *Domesday-Book*, where his name occurs in no less than six counties, as holding lands of large extent under Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the tenant in capite of those properties from the crown. That he was not a *guard* or *centinel*, as the Abbé de la Rue supposes, but that he held an *office of rank* in the household of either William or Odo, seems now decided beyond a doubt." Mr. Amyott thus spiritedly concludes:—alluding to the successful completion of Mr. Stothard's copy of the entire original roll.—“ Yet if the

and a political record of more weight than may at first sight appear to belong to it. I suspect that, in painting as well as in poetry, a little fiction is mixed up with the truth ; but taking it altogether “ none but itself

BAYEUX TAPESTRY be not history of the first class, it is perhaps something better. It exhibits general traits, elsewhere sought in vain, of the costume and manners of that age, which, of all others, if we except the period of the Reformation, ought to be the most interesting to us ;—that age, which gave us a new race of monarchs, bringing with them new landholders, new laws, and almost a new language” . . . “ Most sincerely therefore do I congratulate the Society on possessing a faithful and elegant copy of this MATCHLESS RELIC, affording at once a testimonial of the taste and liberality of our Council, and of the diligence and skill of our artist.”

Mr. Amyott has subjoined a delightful specimen of his own poetical powers in describing “ the Minstrel TAILLEFER’s achievements,” in the battle of Hastings, from the old Norman lays of GAIMAR and WACE. I am half tempted to subjoin it ; but can only find room for the first few verses. The poem is entitled,

#### THE ONSET OF TAILLEFER.

Foremost in the bands of France,  
 Arm'd with hauberk and with lance,  
 And helmet glittering in the air,  
 As if a warrior knight he were,  
 Rush'd forth the MINSTREL TAILLEFER  
 Borne on his courser swift and strong,  
     He gaily bounded o'er the plain,  
 And raised the heart-inspiring song  
 (Loud echoed by the warlike throng)  
     Of *Roland* and of *Charlemagne*,  
 Of *Oliver*, brave peer of old,  
     Untaught to fly, unknown to yield,  
 And many a Knight and Vassal bold,  
 Whose hallowed blood, in crimson flood,  
     Dyed *Roncevalles'* field.

can be its parallel." I have learnt, even here, of what importance this tapestry-roll was considered in the time of Buonaparte's threatened invasion of our country : and that, either after, or before, displaying it at Paris for two or three months, to awaken the curiosity and excite the love of conquest among the citizens, it was conveyed to one or two *sea-port* towns, and exhibited upon the stage as a most important *materiel* in dramatic effect. Whether, at such a sight, the soldiers shouted—and, drawing their glittering swords,

Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,

—confident of a second representation of the same subject, by a second subjugation of our country—is a point which has not been exactly detailed to me ! But the supposition may not be considered very violent, when I inform you that I was told, by a casual French visitor of the Tapestry, that—"pour cela, si Bonaparte avoit eu le courage, le résultat auroit été comme autrefois." Matters however have taken *rather* a different turn ; and instead of all the notable duchesses and countesses of Paris,\* sitting down to display the progress and the prowess of their *needles*, to commemorate

\* M. Denon told me, in one of my visits to him at Paris, that by the commands of Bonaparte, he was charged with the custody of this Tapestry for three months : that it was displayed in due form and ceremony in the Museum ; and that after having taken a hasty sketch of it, (which he admitted could not be considered as very faithful) he returned it to Bayeux—as it was considered to be the peculiar property of that place.



a second conquest of the same country by a second tapestry roll—I would advise them, as a subject for a *reverse* to the present, to embody, in suitable stitches and tints, the poor solitary intended PILLAR OF TRIUMPH upon the heights near Boulogne, with the rotting gun-boats and deserted corvettes, in picturesque groups around! . . . and instead of Cæsar's memorable three-worded designation of victory, to substitute a motto a little more lengthy, but not quite so pleasant: "VOLUI SED NON POTUI."

And now, my dear friend, I think you have had a pretty good share of Bayeux intelligence; only that I ought not to close my despatches without a word or two relating to habits, manners, trade, and population. This will scarcely occupy a page. The men and women here are thoroughly Norman. Stout bodies, plump countenances, wooden shoes, and the *cauchoise*—even to exceedingly *tall copies* of the latter! The population may run hard upon ten thousand. The chief articles of commerce are *butter* and *lace*. Of the former, there are two sorts: one, delicate and well flavoured, is made during winter and spring; put up into small pots, and carried from hence in huge paniers, not only to all the immediately adjacent parts of the country, but even to Paris—and is shipped in large quantities for the colonies. They have made as much as 120,000lb. weight each season; but *Isigny*, a neighbouring village, is rather the chief place for its production. The other sort of butter, which is eaten by the common people, and which in fact is made throughout the whole of Lower Normandy, (the very butter, in short, in which the huge *alose* was floating in the pot of the lively

cuisinière at Duclair\*) is also chiefly made at Isigny; but instead of a delicate tint, and a fine flavour, it is very much the contrary: and the mode of making and transporting it accords with its qualities. It is salted, and packed in large pots, and even barrels, for the sake of exportation; and not less than 50,000lb. weight is made each week. The whole profit arising from butter has been estimated at not less than two millions of francs: add to which, the circulation of specie kept up by the payment of the workmen, and the purchase of salt. As to *lace*, there are scarcely fewer than three thousand females constantly employed in the manufacture of that article.

With respect to agricultural pursuits, in the vicinity of Bayeux, it may be fitting that you should know that *lime* is a most important article of profit. It is used equally for manure and for building. The softer lime is appropriated to the former, the harder to the latter purpose; and both sorts are burnt either with wood or coal. The kilns, where coal is used, are built of a conical form, of which the interior is about five, and the exterior about fourteen, French feet in diameter: the depth is about eighteen feet. Each kiln at a working consumes about two hundred bushels of coal. The other kilns are nearly of the same depth, and always of the same diameter. Without reckoning those who are employed in hewing and drawing the stone, each kiln employs twenty men, and it is filled about one hundred times in the course of the year, yielding about seventy-five tons of lime in the same period. One hundred weight of lime is sold for about one franc and a half:

\* See page 194. ante.

a treasure, which, if obtainable at the same price in our own country, would make the farmers jump for joy.

The mechanics here, at least some of them, are equally civil and ingenious. In a shop, in the high or principal street, I saw an active carpenter, who had lost the fore finger of his right hand, hard at work—alternately whistling and singing—over a prettypiece of ornamental furniture in wood. It was the full face of a female, with closely curled hair over the forehead, surmounted by a wreath of flowers, having side curls, necklace, and platted hair. The whole was carved in beech, and the form and expression of the countenance were equally correct and pleasing. This merry fellow had a man or two under him, but he worked double tides, compared with his dependants. I interrupted him singing a French air, perfectly characteristic of the taste of his country. The title and song were thus:

## TOUJOURS.

Toujours, toujours, je te serai fidèle;  
 Disait Adolphe à chaque instant du jour;  
 Toujours, toujours je t'aimerai, ma belle,  
 Je veux le dire aux échos d'alentour;  
 Je graverai sur l'écorce d'un hêtre,  
 Ce doux serment que le dieu des amours,  
 Vient me dicter, en me faisant connaître;  
 Que mon bonheur est de t'aimer toujours. *Bis.*

Toujours, toujours, lui répondit Adèle,  
 Tu régneras dans le fond de mon cœur;  
 Toujours, toujours, comme une tourterelle,  
 Je promets bien t'aimer avec ardeur;  
 Je pense à toi quand le soleil se lève,  
 J'y pense encore à la fin de son cours;  
 Dans le sommeil si quelquefois je rêve,  
 C'est au bonheur de te chérir toujours.

Toujours, toujours, mon adorable Adèle  
Fera l'objet de mes plus tendres vœux,  
Toujours, toujours, je garderai loin d'elle  
Le souvenir de ses traits radieux.  
Dans ses beaux yeux Vénus a son empire,  
Sa douce voix commande les amours ;  
Un baiser d'elle, excitant le délire,  
Me fait jurer de la chérir toujours.

The craft he exercised is now lost, as a distinct branch of business, in our own country. He was a carver on wainscoat wood : and if I would give myself “ la peine d’entrer,” he would shew me all sorts of curiosities. I secured a favourable reception, by purchasing the little ornament upon which he was at work—for a napoleon : and this ornament, if I can manage well, shall be transported to England as soon as I reach Paris. I followed the nimble mechanic (ci-devant a soldier in Bonaparte’s campaigns, from whence he dated the loss of his finger) through a variety of intricate passages below and up stairs ; and saw, above, several excellently well finished pieces of furniture, for drawers or clothes-presses, in wainscoat wood :—the outsides of which were carved sometimes with clustered roses, surrounding a pair of fond doves ; or with representations of Cupids, sheep, bows and arrows, and all the various *emblemata* of the tender passion. They would have reminded you of the old pieces of furniture which you found in your grandfather’s mansion, upon taking possession of your estate :—and indeed are of themselves no despicable ornaments in their way. I was asked from eight to twelve napoleons for one of these pieces of massive and elaborately carved furniture, some six or seven feet in height.

Now fare you well. To have seen the BAYEUX TAPES-TRY is a requital for all my sufferings at sea, and all my tours and détours by land. But, in other respects, this is a town well deserving of greater antiquarian research than appears to have been bestowed upon it ; and I cannot help thinking that its ancient ecclesiastical history is more interesting than is generally imagined. In former days the discipline and influence of its See seem to have been felt and acknowledged throughout nearly the whole of Normandy. Again adieu. In imagination, the spires of COUTANCES CATHEDRAL begin to peep in the horizon. First, however, for ST. LO.

## LETTER XVII.

BAYEUX TO COUTANCES. ST. LO. ADVENTURE AT ST. GILLES. THE CATHEDRAL OF COUTANCES. ENVIRONS. AQUEDUCT. MARKET-DAY. PUBLIC LIBRARY. ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE CLERGY.

I SEND you this despatch close to the very Cathedral, whose spires, while yet at Bayeux, were already glimmering in the horizon of my imagination. The journey hither has been in every respect the most beautiful and interesting that we have experienced on *this* side the Seine. We have seen something like undulating pasture-lands, wooded hills, meandering streams, and well-peopled villages ; and an air of gaiety and of cheerfulness, as well as the charm of picturesque beauty, has accompanied us from one cathedral to the other.

We left the *Hôtel de Luxembourg*, at Bayeux, in a hired cabriolet with a pair of horses, about five in the afternoon, pushing on, at a smart trot, for St. Lo : which latter place we entered by moon-light. It was delightful to witness the gradual decay of day, as we passed through the extended forest of *Cerny* ; now in full luxuriance of foliage. The road, as usual, was broad and bold, and at times undulating ; flanked by beech, elm, and fir. As I just observed to you, we entered St. Lo by moon-light : the double towers

This man had been preceded, in the situation which he occupied, by a rival vendor, upon horseback, with *powders to kill rats*. The latter stood upon the same eminence, wearing a hat, jacket, and trowsers, all white—upon which were painted *black rats* of every size and description; and in his harangue to the populace he took care to tell them that the rats, painted upon his dress, were exact portraits of those which had been destroyed by means of his powders! This, too, on a Sunday morning. But remember Dieppe.\* For a wonder, I had risen time enough to take a turn before breakfast; when I paid my respects to the *Curé*, or minister of the church, in order to make enquiries about a Chapter LIBRARY. For the first time, since I trod upon Gallic ground, I found a clean, well-dressed, closely shaven, and respectable looking clergyman, of a Sunday morning. Note well, he had resided several years in England as an emigré. Such is the force of habit. He received and treated me with that civility which one gentleman should always shew to another; and though no library, such as I enquired after, was in existence, I had reason to be well satisfied with my visit. From the residence of the *Curé*, (still before breakfast) I sought out the prefect, or chief superintendant, of the *Hôtel de Ville*, in order to examine the public library there. Although he was not at home, an entire stranger, and accidental looker on, told me he would accompany me where the key could be readily procured; when, equally gratified and surprised at this polite offer, I accepted it, and followed “my man” down

\* See page 20, ante.

one street and up another; till, having obtained the wished-for keys, I was shewn, by a second stranger, the library in question.

It is certainly a most unostentatious affair. A room, scarcely seventeen feet square, contains the library attached to the Hôtel de Ville. Here I saw confusion of every description. Imperfect duplicates; piled up volumes of obsolete divinity, and neglected canon-law. Two copies of *Le Jay's Polyglot Bible* had a singular appearance in this straitened collection: but there was nothing exactly to my palate (hungry as I then was) saving an early *Boecius*, a good copy of *Aldus's Quintilian* of 1514, and a black letter edition of the *Grand Coustumier de Normandie*. The books, however, had suffered dreadfully during the Revolution. I thanked my Cicerone for his obliging attention, and sought the coffee and eggs of the *Hôtel du Grand Coq*, with the best possible disposition to do them justice. I found Mr. L. ready to receive me—putting a few finishing touches to the characteristic drawing of which I have just made mention. Having dispatched our breakfasts, we proceeded to survey the church—from which the town takes its name. And first for the exterior of this edifice. The *attached* towers demand attention and admiration. They are so slightly attached as to be almost separated from the body or nave; forming something of that particular character which obtains more decidedly at the cathedral of Coutances. I am not sure whether this portion of the church at St. Lo be not preferable, on the score of regularity and delicacy, to the similar portion at this latter place. The west front is indeed its chief beauty of exterior attrac-



of the great cathedral-like looking church, having a grand and even romantic effect, as we approached the town. An old castle, or rather a mere round-tower relic of one, appeared to the left, upon entering it. We passed the porch, or west end of the church, sometimes descending, at others ascending—midst close streets and overhanging roofs of houses, which cast a deep and solemn shadow, so as to shut out the moon beams for several hundred yards—and pursuing our winding route, we at length stopped at the door of the principal hôtel—*au Grand Cog*! We laughed heartily when we heard its name; for with the strictest adherence to truth the adjective ought to have been *petit*! It was one of the dingiest and smallest at which we had yet stopped; a degree only superior to that of which such honourable mention was made in the account of Caudebec.\*

However, we were shewn up stairs; and the best front bed rooms were assigned to us. They were tolerably large. The beds seemed to be in good order, and the coffee, with which we were quickly served, proved to be excellent. We strolled out, on a *reconnaissance*, about half-past nine; but owing to the deep shadows from the moon, arising from the narrowness of the streets, we could make out nothing satisfactory of the locale. The church, however, promised a rich treat on the morrow. As soon as that morrow came, Mr. Lewis sprung with his accustomed alertness from his bed, and betook himself to the occupations of his pencil. It was Sunday morning. The square, before the

\* See page 206, ante.

west front of the church, was the rendezvous both of townsmen and countryfolks. How was I delighted and surprised, when, on his returning to breakfast, he exhibited a sketch,—of which you have here the finished picture! It is a CHARLATAN vending powder for the effectual *polishing of metals*. He has just beaten his drum, which you see by the side of him, in order to collect his audience; and having got a good assemblage, is full of the virtues of his wares—which are pronounced to be also “equally efficacious for *complaints in the stomach!*”



tion ; and it was once rendered doubly interesting by a profusion of alto-relievo statues, which *disappeared* during the commotions of the revolution. You ascend rather a lofty flight of steps to this entrance ; and into which the whole town seemed to be pouring the full tide of its population. We suffered ourselves to be carried away along with the rest,—and were quickly separated from each other.

I almost startled as I entered the nave.\* To the left, is a horribly-painted statue of the Virgin, with the child in her arms. The countenance is even as ugly, old, and repulsive, as the colouring is most despicable. I never saw such a daub : and what emotions, connected with tenderness of feeling, or ardour of devotion, can the contemplation of such an object excite ? Surely the parish must have lost its *wits*, as well as its taste, to endure such a monstrous exhibition of art.

As I advanced towards the choir, I took especial notice of the very singular, and in my opinion very ugly, formation both of the pillars and arches which sustain the roof. These pillars have *no capitals*, and the arch springs from them in the most abrupt manner. The arch itself, is also very short and sharp pointed ; like the tops of lancet windows. This mode obtains pretty generally here ; but it should be noted that, in the right side aisle, the pillars have capitals. There is something unusual also in the row of pillars which spring up, flanking the choir, half way

\* M. Cotman has a view of this church ; as announced in his Prospectus.

between the walls of the choir and the outward wall of the church. Nor am I sure that, destitute of a graceful, superadded arch, such massive perpendicular lines have either meaning or effect. Whether St. Lo were the *first* church upon which the architect, who built both *that* and the cathedral at *Coutances*, tried his talents—or whether, indeed, both churches be the effort of the same hand—I cannot pretend to determine; but, both outwardly and inwardly, these two churches have a strong resemblance to each other. Like many other similar buildings in France, the church of St. Lo is closely blocked up by the surrounding houses.

On descending the flight of steps by which I had entered, I turned to the right, and inquired the price of some plaister images of the Virgin, coloured, about three feet high, and intended as ornaments for churches. I was asked forty francs for one, which I thought a sufficiently extravagant price for *such* an article. We prepared to leave St. Lo about mid-day, after agreeing for a large heavy machine, with a stout pair of horses, to conduct us to this place. There are some curious old houses near the inn, with exterior ornaments like those of the xvth century in our own country. But on quitting the town, in the road to Coutances,—after you come to what we called the old castle walls, on passing the outer gate—your eye is struck by rather an extraordinary combination of objects. The town itself seems to be built upon a rock. Above, below, all appears like huge scales of iron; while, at the bottom, in a serpentine direction, runs the peaceful and fruitful

river *Aure*.\* The country immediately around abounds in verdant pasture, and luxuriantly wooded heights. Upon the whole, our sortie from St. Lo, beneath a bright blue sky and a meridian sun, was extremely cheerful and gratifying.

A hard road (but bold and broad, as usual) soon convinced us of the uncomfortableness of our conveyance ; which, though roomy, and of rather respectable appearance, wanted springs. Add to this, the post-boy gravely

\* *the peaceful and fruitful river Aure.*]—I suspect that the “ peaceful” waters of this stream were frequently died with the blood of Hugonots and Roman Catholics during the fierce contests between MONTGOMERY and MATIGNON towards the latter half of the sixteenth century. At that period St. Lo was one of the strongest towns in the Bocage ; and the very pass above described, was the avenue by which the soldiers of the captains just mentioned, alternately advanced and retreated in their respective attacks upon St. Lo ; which at length surrendered to the victorious army of the *latter* ; the leader of the Catholics. “ Le nom de Matignon devint alors célèbre dans toute l’Europe. On écrivit l’histoire de ses expéditions au Bocage, et elle fut imprimée à Paris chez Ruffet. Les Peuples chantaient les louanges dans plusieurs chansons dont je rapporterai quelques couplets :

*Au premier iour de Mai par permission divine,  
SAINT LO fut assailli à coups de coulevrines,  
Somme qu’on eût pensé que tout y fut rasé  
Et cendre consumé.*

*MATIGNON y était et sa Gendarmerie,  
Rampan, Clèrel, aussi Agneaux, Ste-Marie  
Qui sans cesse disait Colombières, rends-toi  
Au grand Charles ton Roi  
Ou tu perdras la vie.*

*Colombières répond tout rempli de furie  
De me rendre en poltron qu’on ne me parle mye.  
Jamais ne me rendrai  
J’y veux perdre la vie.*

SEGUIN : *Histoire Militaire des Bocains* ; p. 340-384 : 1816, 12mo.

told us that he could not venture upon putting his horses beyond the speed of *four* miles an hour, (and it was upwards of 12 miles to Coutances) as he had to return to St. Lo the same evening. Complaint and vexation were equally unavailing: so we gazed around us, and having got into a country of rich verdure and variegated scenery, we endeavoured to forget the occasional jolts and inconveniences of our vehicle. We approached a pretty village; in the centre of which a church stood by the road side. It was the village of ST. GILLES; to which saint the church is dedicated. This was too tempting an object to forego the visitation of it. Our time was our own; and both the garçon and the sturdy Norman horses, which he drove so leisurely along, were also at our command. “Arretez:” and in five seconds we were within the church—a dreary, deserted, and unornamented building; but yet ancient. Some broken fragments of sculpture were thrown about in obscure places—but “what is that yonder?” observed I to my companion. A more interesting morceau—and clearly of the time of Francis I.—I had not seen. It was a dead Christ in the lap of his mother, each without head and feet. Mr. Lewis took a small and hasty sketch of it, and we both agreed that a more interesting and perfect specimen of the sculpture of that time had not been seen by us. It was lodged upon a stone shelf, or projection from the wall, and might be about two feet in height.

The more I examined it, the greater was my admiration. “Let us see if we cannot obtain it.” So saying—(leaving Mr. L. to make further sketches) I quitted the church, and enquired for the residence of Monsieur

Le Curé. His house was completely a rural hermitage ; half smothered with the blossoms of trees of various descriptions. The good man had dined, and was digesting his potage by a stroll in his garden. He was decently attired ; and looked with more than ordinary surprise at the intrusion of an English stranger. In three minutes I told my tale. Without making the least objection, or even observation, he looked around him, and replied coolly—" A ça, mais il faut mettre les sabots, parceque le hameau est un peu crotté à cause de la pluie qui vient de tomber." So the worthy Curé put on his wooden shoes, surmounted with a coarse skin, and we both trotted along together towards the church-door, where stood the voiture and the aforesaid " sturdy Norman horses." It was quite a sight for the villagers ; who, by this time, had assembled to the number of fifty at least, around the carriage, " Que veut dire tout ceci "?—was the observation of more than one of the spectators. We approached ; and I was delighted to see the general attention paid to the clergyman by the respectful manner of their salutation. Under such a convoy I considered myself quite safe, and even began to think I might be successful in the object for which I had brought him thither. But " nothing could be done without the sub-mayor. It concerned the parish at large ; and they must be consulted. What is the sum you propose giving for this fragment ?" " Two louis,"—replied I, with the utmost decision and promptitude. " A ça, voyons." The sub-mayor was sent for. He was not far off ;—in an auberge, which we should call a common pot-house. On his arrival the wor-

thy Curé, raising his voice, addressed the magistrate and the people,—now much increased in number—and stated the object and the wishes of “Monsieur l’Anglois, voyageur antiquaire.” I then claimed a moment’s attention, and urged the reasonableness of my proposal—to which, as they appeared to listen, I felt considerable gratification . . . inasmuch as my French was endured.

The people looked at each other and said nothing. In the midst of this general wonder, Mr. L. surveyed us all with the intelligent eye of an artist, and declared that he had never seen so very singular and novel a scene. His pencil was beginning to be exercised ; when Messieurs Le Curé and Sous-maire consulted apart—and turning round to me, concluded by observing—“vous pouvez bien partir : nous y aviserons ; et vous aurez des nouvelles là-dessus.” I requested, if they agreed, that the marble might be sent to Pierre-Aimé Lair at Caen ; who would receive intelligence from me upon the subject, and would be authorised to pay the two louis as soon as the packet should arrive. We mounted our voiture, apparently in the best possible humour with each other : and bidding a thousand adieus, pushed on for this place. I am very sanguine—from the good-humoured expression of countenance of the Curé and Sub-mayor, after they had chatted apart—that the affair will terminate agreeably to my wishes.\*

The reflection upon this whimsical adventure, toge-

\* Not a syllable of intelligence has since reached me upon the subject. The fragment is however worth a *contre-projet*.



ther with the increasing beauty of the country, kept our attention perfectly occupied—so as almost to forget that the voiture was without springs—till the beautiful cathedral of COUTANCES caught our notice, upon an elevated ground, to the left. The situation is truly striking, gaze from which quarter you please ; but from that of St. Lo, the immediate approach to the town is rendered very interesting from the broad route royale lined with birch, hazel, and beech. The delicacy, or perhaps the peculiarity of the western towers of the cathedral, struck us as singularly picturesque ; while the whole landscape was warmed by the full effulgence of an unclouded sun, and animated by the increasing numbers and activity of the paysannes and bourgeoises mingling in their sabbath-walks. Their bright dark *blues* and *crimsons* were put on upon the occasion ; and nought but peace, tranquillity, and fruitfulness seemed to prevail on all sides. It was a scene wherein you might have placed Arcadian shepherds—worthy of being copied by the pencil of Claude.

We entered the town at a sharp trot. The postillion, flourishing his whip, and causing its sound to re-echo through the principal street, upon an ascent, drove to the chief inn, the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, within about one hundred yards of the cathedral. Vespers were just over ; and I shall not readily forget the rush and swarm of clergymen who were pouring out, from the north door, and covering the street with one extensive black mass. There could not have been fewer than two hundred young Ecclesiastics—thus returning from vespers to their respective homes ; or rather to the College, or great clerical establishment, hard

by ; which having suffered from violence and neglect, through the revolution and Buonaparte's dynasty, is now beginning to raise its head in a very distinguished and commanding manner. It was a singular sight—to see such a crowd of young men, wearing cocked hats, black robes, and black bands with white edging ! The women were all out in the streets ; sitting before their doors, or quietly lounging or walking. The afternoon was indeed unusually serene.

We ordered a late dinner, and set out for the cathedral. It was impossible to visit it at a more favorable moment. The congregation had departed ; and a fine warm sun darted its rays in every surrounding direction. We had also a communicative and civil guide, and were resolved to glean every intelligence which could be imparted. As we looked around, we could not fail to be struck with the singular arrangement of the columns round the choir : or rather of the double aisle between the choir and the walls, as at St. Lo but here yet more distinctly marked. For a wonder, an *unpainted* Virgin and child in Our Lady's chapel, behind the choir ! There is nothing, I think, in the interior of this church that merits particular notice and commendation, except it be some beautifully-stained glass windows ; with the arms, however, of certain noble families, and the regal arms (as at Bayeux) obliterated. There is a deep well in the north transept, to supply the town with water in case of fire. The pulpit is large and handsome ; but not so magnificent as that at Bayeux. The organ is comparatively small. Perhaps the xii<sup>th</sup> century is a period sufficiently remote to assign for the completion of the interior of this church,

for I cannot subscribe to the hypothesis of the Abbé de la Rue, that this edifice was probably erected by Tancred King of Sicily at the end of the xith, or beginning of the xiiith century.

Herewith I transmit you a print\* of the exterior of this beautiful church ; which exterior is indeed its chief attraction. Unquestionably the style of architecture is very peculiar, and does not, as far as I know, extend beyond St. Lo, in Normandy. Our great object was to mount upon the roof of the central tower, which is octagonal, containing fine lofty lancet windows, and commanding from its summit a magnificent panorama. Another story, one half the height of the present erection from the roof of the nave, would put a glorious finish to the central tower of NOTRE DAME at COUTANCES. As we ascended this central tower, we digressed occasionally into the lateral galleries along the aisles. To look down, was somewhat terrific ; but we could not help bewailing the wretched, rotten, green-tinted appearance of the roof of the north aisle ; which arose here, as at Bayeux, from its being stripped of the lead (during the Revolution) to make *bullets*—and from the rain's penetrating the interior in consequence.

\* This print, about 19 inches long, and 14 wide, is executed in a coarse manner. It is dedicated to “ Leonor Goujon de Matignon. Evêque de Coutances ; of the date of 1747. To the left, stuck at the top of a roof of a house, the artist has represented himself in the act of taking his view. I bought it for a *franc*. The next principal church St. . . . is to the right, as a sort of background. The whole is a very gross deviation from the rules of perspective. But the reader will be doubtless gratified by the artist-like view of M. Cotman, as announced to embellish his *Architectural Antiquities of Normandy*.

It was a most melancholy sight; and the same had occurred beneath the roof of the tower whereon we stood, which had been also stript for the like murderous purpose. As we continued to ascend, we looked through the apertures to notice the fine formation and almost magical erection of the lancet windows of the western towers: and the higher we mounted, the more beautiful and magical seemed to be that portion of the building. At length we reached the summit; and concentrating ourselves a little, gazed around.

The view was lovely beyond measure. Coutances lies within four miles of the sea, so that to the west and south appeared an immense expanse of ocean. On the opposite points was an extensive landscape, well-wooded, undulating, rich, and thickly studded with farm-houses. *Jersey* appeared to the north-west, quite encircled by the sea; and nearly to the south stood out the bold insulated little rock of *Granville*, defying the eternal washing of the wave. Such a view is perhaps nowhere else to be seen in Normandy; certainly not from any ecclesiastical edifice with which I am acquainted. The sun was now declining apace, which gave a warmer glow to the ocean, and a richer hue to the landscape. It is impossible to particularize. All was exquisitely refreshing, and joyous. The heart beats with a fuller pulsation as the eye darts over such an expansive and exhilarating scene! Spring was now clad in her deepest-coloured vesture: and a prospect of a fine summer and an abundant harvest infused additional delight into the beholder. Immediately below, stood the insulated and respectable mansion or Palace of *the Bishop*; in the

midst of a formal garden—begirt with yet more formally clipt hedges. As the Prelate bore a good character, I took a pleasure in gazing upon the roof which contained an inhabitant capable of administering so much good to the community. In short, I shall always remember the view from the top of the central tower of the cathedral of Coutances!\*

We quitted such a spot with reluctance ; but time was flying away, and the patience of the cuisinier at the Hôtel d'Angleterre had already been put somewhat to the test. In twenty minutes we sat down to our

\* “ I went up to the top of the great center tower, to enjoy one of the finest prospects imaginable. The town of Granville appears in front, and beyond it are the islands of Chausey and Jersey, at the distance of seven leagues to the north, forms a noble object. The country on all sides, towards St. Lo, Avranché, and Carenten, is a garden, rich, cultivated, and shaded with woods.” [Sir *Nathaniel*] *Wraxall's Tour*, 1775, 8vo. The author, a little before, thus describes the town and neighbourhood—but I must be permitted to question the accuracy of the date of some of the domestic architecture ; as well as of the erection of the cathedral in its present state.—“ Coutances stands on a hill, the sides of which descend with prodigious rapidity. Beyond the vale, a range of hills rises like a superb amphitheatre, and invests it on every side. The houses bear all the marks of antiquity in their structure and taste, which is rude in a great degree. Many of them have doubtless stood five or six hundred years ; and on one, the style of which merits peculiar study, is the date 1007, yet remaining, in very legible characters. On the summit of the hill, in the centre of the town, stands the cathedral. I have spent several hours in the examination of its architecture. There is a grotesque beauty spread over the whole ; and the fantastic ornaments of gothic building are mingled with a wondrous elegance and delicacy in many of its parts. It was begun in 1047, and William the Conqueror, King of England, assisted in person at its solemn consecration some years after.”

dinner, in a bed-room, of which the furniture was chiefly of green silk ; but the produce of the kitchen and the skill of the cook made us wholly indifferent to surrounding objects. The females, even in the humblest walks, have generally fine names ; and *Victorina* was that of the fille de chambre at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. After dinner we walked upon what may be called the heights of Coutances ; and a more delightful evening's walk I never enjoyed. The women of every description—ladies, housekeepers, and servant maids—were all abroad ; either sitting upon benches, or standing in gossiping groups, or straying in friendly pairs. We were much struck with the comeliness of the women ; a certain freshness of tint, and prevalence of the bon point, reminded us of those of our own country ; and among the latter, I startled,—as I gazed upon a countenance which afforded but too vivid a resemblance to that of my late lamented niece ! Here indeed we almost fancied ourselves in a large market town in England. Certainly the Norman women are no where more comely and interesting than at Coutances.

The immediate environs of this place are beautiful and interesting : visit them in what direction you please. But there is nothing which so immediately strikes you as the remains of an *ancient Aqueduct* ; gothicised at the hither end, but, with three or four circular arches at the further extremity, where it springs from the opposite banks. Mr. Lewis in his stroll of this morning—it being market-day—visited that particular spot, and from thence took the charming little view,—of the aqueduct in the foreground, and the ca-







thedral, and St. . . . in the distance,—of which I transmit you a finished copy.\* The market-people add much to the effect ; while the peculiar play of light and shade cannot fail to strike you as singularly happy. Fine as was yesterday, this day has not been inferior to it. I was of course glad of an opportunity of visiting the market, and of mingling with the country people. The boulevards afforded an opportunity of accomplishing both these objects. Corn is a great article of trade ; and they have noble granaries for depositing it. Apparently there is a great conflux of people, and much business stirring. I quickly perceived, in the midst of this ever-moving throng, our old friend the vender of rat-destroying powders—busied in the exercise of his calling, and covered with his usual vestment of white, spotted or painted with black rats. He found plenty of bearers and plenty of purchasers. All was animation and bustle. In the midst of it, a man came forward to the edge of a bank—below which a great concourse was assembled. He beat a drum, to announce that a packet boat would sail to Jersey in the course of the afternoon ; but the people seemed too intent upon their occupations and gambols to attend to him. I sat upon a bench and read one of the little chap books—*Richard sans peur*—which I had purchased the same morning : Mr. L. being wholly occupied, in the mean time, with the view of which I have just made mention.

While absorbed in reflections upon the heterogeneous scene before me—and wishing for some of my dearest friends in England to be also spectators of it—

\* See THE OPPOSITE PLATE.

the notes of an hand-organ more and more distinctly stole upon my ear. They were soft, and even pleasing notes. On looking round, I observed that the musician preceded a person, who carried aloft a waxen Virgin with the infant Jesus ; and who, under such a sign, exhorted the multitude to approach and buy his book-wares. I trust I was too thorough-bred a *Roxburgher* to remain quiescent upon the bench : and accordingly starting up, and extending two sous, I became the fortunate purchaser of a little *chap* article—of which our friend BERNARDO will for ever, I fear, envy me the possession ! The vender of the tome sang through his nose, as the organ warbled the following

### Cantique Spirituel.

EN L'HONNEUR DU TRÈS-SAINT SACREMENT,

*Qui est exposé dans la grande Eglise cathédrale de St. Pierre et St. Paul de Rome, pour implorer la miséricorde de Dieu.*

AIR : Du Théodore Français.

APPROCHEZ-VOUS, Chrétiens fidèles,  
Afin d'entendre réciter :  
Ecoutez tous avec un grand zèle,  
Avec ferveur et piété,  
Le vœu que nous avons fait,  
D'aller au grand Saint Jacques ;  
Grace à Dieu nous l'avons accompli,  
Pour l'amour de Jésus Christ.

Dieu créa le ciel et la terre,  
Les astres et le firmament ;  
Il fit la brillante lumière,  
Ainsi que tous les autres élémens,  
Il a tiré tout du néant,  
Ce qui respire sur la terre :  
Rendons hommage à la grandeur  
De notre divin Créateur.

\* Tous les jours la malice augmente, Il y a très-peu de religion ;  
La jeunesse est trop pétulante, Les enfans jurent le saint Nom. Et  
comment s'étonneroit-on Si tant de fléaux nous tourmentent, Et si l'on  
voit tant de malheurs, C'est Dieu qui punit les pécheurs.

Souvent on assiste à l'Office, C'est comme une manière d'acquies-  
sans penser au saint Sacrifice, Où s'est immolé Jesus-Christ. On  
parle avec ses amis De ses affaires temporelles, Sans faire aucune at-  
tention Aux mystères de la religion.

Réfléchissez bien, pères et mères, Sur ces morales et vérités : C'est  
la loi de Dieu notre Père ; C'est lui qui nous les a dictées : Il faut les  
suivre et les pratiquer, Tant que nous serons sur la terre. N'oublions  
point qu'après la mort, Nos ames existeront encore.

Jésus nous en montre l'exemple Par sa bonté et par sa douceur.  
Marchons, allons à son saint Temple, Pour le prier avec ferveur, Pour  
qu'il répande ses bienfaits Sur les précieux biens de la terre, Et qu'il  
accorde à chaque maison Sa sainte bénédiction.

Portons, Chrétiens, sur nous l'image De notre Sauveur Jésus-Christ ;  
Plaçons la dans notre ménage. Sera en tout lieu notre appui. Il met  
le chrétien à l'abri Du feu du ciel et du tonnerre. Portons les armes  
du Seigneur, Pour nous préserver de malheur.

Que la paix chez nous toujours règne, En bons Chrétiens accordons-  
nous, Et que tous les troubles s'éteignent, Nous goûterons un sort plus  
doux. Que d'une parfaite union Nous jouissions comme des frères :  
Ayons confiance en Jésus Christ, Nous aurons ses dons infinis.

Adorons tous, d'un cœur sincère, Jésus-Christ notre Rédempteur ;  
Offrons-lui nos vœux, nos prières ; Réclamons le avec ferveur. Tous  
les jours prions le Seigneur De nous préserver sur la terre, De mal-  
heurs et d'accidens, Prions le Sauveur tout-puissant.

The day was beginning to wear away fast, and I had  
not yet accomplished the favourite and indispensable  
object of visiting the PUBLIC LIBRARY. I made two  
unsuccessful attempts ; but the third was fortunate.

\* It cannot fail to be noticed that the following sentences are in fact  
*rhyming verse*, though printed prose-wise.

I had no letter of introduction, and every body was busied in receiving the visits of their country friends. I was much indebted to the polite attention of a stranger : who accompanied me to the house of the public librarian, his friend, and, he not being at home, undertook the office of shewing me the books. The room in which they are contained—wholly detached—and indeed at a considerable distance from the cathedral—is about sixty English feet long, low, and rather narrow. It is absolutely crammed with books, in the most shameful state of confusion. I saw, for the first time in Normandy, and with absolute gladness of heart, a copy of the *Complutensian Polyglot Bible* ; of which the four latter volumes, in vellum binding, were tall and good : the earlier ones, in calf, not so desirable. For the first time too, since treading Norman soil, I saw a tolerably good sprinkle of *Italian* books. Ascensius's first edition of *Bede's Epistles*, in small quarto : several old first editions of Greek authors : and a copy of the edition of the *History of the Chevalier Bayard*, with the portrait, precisely in the same style of binding, as that for which, at the sale of the *Roxburghe Library*, I was insane enough to give nine guineas. But the collection stands in dreadful need of weeding. Indeed, this observation may apply to the greater number of public collections throughout Normandy. I thanked my attendant for his patient and truly friendly attention, and took my leave.

In my way homewards, I stopped at M. Joubert's, the principal librarian, and “beat about the bush” for bibliographical game. But my pursuit was not crowned

with success. M. J. told me, in reply to black-letter enquiries, that a Monsieur A\*\*\*\*, a stout burly man, whom he called “un gros papa”—was in the habit of paying yearly visits from Jersey, for the acquisition of the same black-letter treasures ; and that he swept away every thing in the shape of an ancient and *equivocal* volume in his annual rounds. I learnt pretty nearly the same thing from Manoury at Caen. M. Joubert is a very sensible and respectable man ; and is not only “*Seul Imprimeur de Monseigneur l'Evêque*” (PIERRE DUPONT-POURSAT), but is in fact almost the only bookseller worth consulting in the place. I bought of him a copy of the *Livre d'Eglise ou Nouveau Paroissien à l'usage du Diocèse de Coutances*, or the common prayer book of the diocese. It is a very thick duodecimo, of 700 double columned pages, printed in a clear, new, and extremely legible character, upon paper of sufficiently good texture. It was bound in sheepskin, and I gave only *thirty sous* for it new. How it can be published at such a price, is beyond my conception. M. Joubert told me that the compositor or workman received 20 francs for setting up 36 pages, and that the paper was 12 francs per ream. In our own country, such prices would be at least doubled.)

It is impossible not to be struck here with the great number of YOUNG ECCLESIASTICS. In short, the establishment now erecting for them, will contain, when completed, (according to report) not fewer than four hundred. It is also impossible not to be struck with the extreme simplicity of their manners and deportment. They converse with apparent familiarity with the very humblest of their flock : and seem, from the highest to

the lowest, to be cordially received. They are indifferent as to personal appearance : one young man carries a bundle, as if of linen for his laundress, along the streets : another carries a round hat in his hand, with a cocked one upon his head : a kitchen utensil is seen in the hand of a third, and a chair, or small table, in that of a fourth. As they pass, they are repeatedly saluted. Till the principal building be finished, many of them are scattered about the town, living quite in the upper stories. In short, it is the *profession*, rather than the particular candidate, which seems to claim the respectful attention of the townsmen.

Thus much, or rather thus little, for COUTANCES. At five this afternoon we start in the cabriolet of the diligence for *Granville*—where we purpose sleeping. I regret that my time will only allow of so superficial a survey of this interesting place : of which both the town and the environs would richly repay a week's residence at least . . . and I have been here scarcely seventy-two hours ! A well-built country-house in the neighbourhood, especially in that direction whither the aqueduct leads, would be a delightful acquisition to the lover both of nature and of the antiquities of art. Indeed, to a Parisian, what residence, throughout Normandy, could be more desirable ? But *Victorina* has announced the speedy approach of the diligence—and having dispatched our maintenon cutlet and our vin de Beaune, we are preparing for our departure. A thousand adieus.

## LETTER XVIII.

JOURNEY TO GRANVILLE. GRANVILLE. VILLE DIEU.  
ST. SEVER. TOWN AND CASTLE OF VIRE.

*Vire.*

SINCE my last, I have been as much gratified by the charms of nature and of art, as during any one period of my tour. Prepare, therefore, for a mélange of intelligence; but such as, I will make bold to predict, cannot fail to afford you considerable gratification. Normandy is doubtless a glorious country. It is fruitful in its soil, picturesque in the disposition of its land and water, and rich in the architectural relics of “the olden time.” It is also more than ordinarily interesting to us Englishmen. Here, in the very town whence I transmit this despatch—within two hundred and fifty yards of the hotel of the *Cheval Blanc*, which just now encloses us within its granite walls—here, I say, lived and revelled the illustrious family of the DE VERES.\* Hence William the Conqueror took the famous AUBREY DE VERE to be a spectator of his prowess, and a sharer of his spoils, in his decisive subjugation of our own country. It is from this place that

\* The reader will find the fullest particulars relating to this once-distinguished family, in Halstead's *Genealogical Memoirs of Noble Families*, &c. : a book, it is true, of extreme scarcity : but in lieu of it let him consult *Collins's Noble Families*.

the De Veres derive their name. Their once-proud castle yet towers above the rushing rivulet below, which turns a hundred mills in its course: but the warder's horn has long ceased to be heard, and the ramparts are levelled with the solid rock with which they were once, as it were, identified. The ruin, however, which remains, will probably speak for itself in the course of this epistle.

I recollect that my last concluded with the announce of the arrival of the diligence at Coutances, and of our preparation for departure to *Granville*, in our route hither. We were well pleased to find a seat in the cabriolet occupied by a very agreeable and intelligent countryman—Lieutenant M. of the royal artillery at Woolwich: with whom we quickly became familiar—and who was, at that moment, in the prosecution of an extensive tour to all the sea port towns of France. We left Coutances with something approaching to reluctance; so completely *anglicised* seemed to be the scenery and inhabitants. The evening was beautiful in the extreme; and upon gaining the height of one of the opposite hills, within about half a league of the town, in the high *Granville* route, we alighted — walked, stopped, and gazed, alternately, upon the lovely landscape around us—the cathedral, in the mean time, becoming of one entire golden tint from the radiance of the setting sun. It was hardly possible to view a more perfect picture of its kind; and it served as a just counterpart to the more expansive scene which we had contemplated, but the preceding evening, from the heights of that same cathedral. Mr. Lewis was for exercising his pencil without



delay ; but an “ en avant ” from the conducteur roused him from his rapturous abstraction, when we remounted, and descended into a valley ; and ere the succeeding height was gained, a fainter light floated over the distant landscape . . . and every object reminded me of the accuracy of those exquisite lines by Collins—descriptive of the approach of evening’s

. . . gradual, dusky veil.

For the first time, we had to do with a drunken conducteur. Luckily the road was broad, and in the finest possible condition, and perfectly well known to the horses. Every turning was successfully made ; and the fear of upsetting began to give way to the annoyance experienced from the roaring and shouting of the conducteur. It was almost dark when we reached GRANVILLE—about twelve miles from Coutances ; when we learnt that the horses had run six miles before they started with us. As we descended towards the town, the road was absolutely solid rock : and considering what a *house* we carried behind us (for so the body of the *diligence* seemed) and the uncertain footing of the horses, in consequence of the rocky surface of the road, we apprehended the most sinister result. Luckily it was moon-light ; when, approaching one of the sorriest looking inns imaginable, whither our conducteur (in spite of the better instructions of the landlord of the Hôtel d’Angleterre at Coutances) had persuaded us to go, we alighted with a thankful heart, and bespoke supper and beds. The landlord’s, or landlady’s name was *Fouche* ; whereas we ought to have paid our re-

spects to *Madame Puquet*—or some such name—and it is right that, (for the benefit of all travellers, who are unhappy unless they sleep at what is called the “principal inn”) the first auberge, to the left, upon entrance into Granville, be studiously avoided. But wherefore? In a case of necessity, or indeed in any case, let none but the most fastidious eschew the residence of *Madame Fouche*; for her manner is civil, her discourse is kind, her *farinage* is sweet and good, her beds are clean, and her charges are moderate.

In the morning (which was one of the coldest I ever remember for the season of the year) Mr. Lewis rose betimes, and betook himself, as usual, to his pencil: but the time did not admit of any very extensive operation.

Granville is fortified on the land side by a deep ravine, which renders an approach from thence almost impracticable. On every other side it is defended by the ocean, into which the town seems to have dropt perpendicularly from the clouds. At high water, Granville cannot be approached, even by transports, nearer than within two-thirds of a league; and of course at low water it is surrounded by an extent of sharply pointed rock and chalk: impenetrable—terrific—and presenting both certain failure and destruction to the assailants! It is a GIBRALTAR IN MINIATURE. The English sharply cannonaded it a few years since, but it was only a political diversion. No landing was attempted. In the time of the civil wars, and more particularly in those of the League, Granville, however, had its share of misery. It is now a quiet, dull,

dreary, place ; to be visited only for the sake of the view from thence, looking towards *St. Malo*, and *Mont St. Michel* ; the latter of which I give up—as an hopeless object of attainment. After breakfast—which was of the very best quality—we joined our fellow traveller Lieutenant M. in visiting the town. Granville is in fact built upon rock ; and the houses and the only two churches are entirely constructed of granite. The principal church (I think it was the principal) is rather pretty within, as to its construction ; but the palpably gloomy effect given to it by the tint of the *granite*—the pillars being composed of that substance—renders it disagreeable to the eye. We saw several confessionals ; and in one of them, the office of confession was performing by a priest, who attended to two penitents at the same time ; but whose physiognomy was so repulsively frightful, that we could not help concluding he was listening to a tale which he was by no means prepared to receive. Mr. Lewis took a sketch of him.

An hour's examination of the town thoroughly satisfied us. There was no public conveyance to *Vire*, whither we intended immediately departing, and so we hired a voiture to be drawn by one sturdy Norman horse. To a question about springs, the conducteur replied that we should find every thing “ *très propre*.” We paid our reckoning, parted with reluctance from our amiable countryman Lieutenant M. (who was pursuing his journey towards *St. Malo*) and set our faces towards *VIRE*. The day, for the season of the year, turned out to be gloomy and cold beyond measure : and the wind (to the east) was directly in our faces.

Nevertheless the road was one of the finest that we had seen in France, for breadth and general soundness of condition. It had all the consequence and evident utility of a Roman route; and as it was perpetually undulating, we had frequently some gratifying glimpses of its broad and bold direction. The surrounding country was of a quietly picturesque but fruitful aspect; and had our seats been comfortable, or after the fashion of those in our own country, our sensations had been more agreeable. But in truth, instead of *springs*, or any thing approximating to “*très propre*,” we had to encounter a *hard plank*, suspended at the extremities, by a piece of leather, to the sides; and as the road was but too well bottomed, and the conveyance was open in front to the bitter blast of the east, I can hardly describe (as I shall never forget) the misery of this conveyance.

Fortunately our first stage was *Ville Dieu*. Here we ordered a voiture and post horses: but, the master of the Poste Royale, or rather of the inn, shook his head—“*Pour les chevaux, vous en aurez des meilleurs; mais, pour la voiture il n’y en a pas. Tenez, Messieurs; venez voir.*” We followed, with miserable forebodings—and entering a shed, where stood an old tumble-down-looking phaeton—“*la voilà, Messieurs, c’est la seule que je possède dans ce moment*”—exclaimed the landlord. It had never stirred from its position since the fall of last year’s leaf. It had been—within and without—the roosting place for fowls and other of the feathered tribe in the farm yard; and although literally covered with the *evidences* of such long and undisturbed possession, yet, as there was no appearance of rain, and as

we discovered the wished for "*ressorts*" (or springs) we compromised for the repulsiveness of the exterior, and declared our intention of taking it onward. Water, brooms, brushes, and cloths, were quickly put in requisition ; and two stately and well fed horses, which threatened to fly away with our slender machine, being fastened on, we absolutely darted forward, at a round rattling gallop, for *St. Sever*. Blessings wait upon the memory of that artisan who invented . . . *springs* !

We began to recover from our past miseries, and to fancy ourselves upon the *Bath road*, as we pursued our route towards *St. Sever*. The postillion had the perfect command of his horses, and we gallopped, or trotted, or ambled, as his fancy—or rather our wishes directed. The approach to our halting-place was rather imposing. What seemed to be a monastery, or church, at *St. Sever*, had quite the appearance of Moorish architecture ; and indeed as we had occasional glimpses of it through the trees, the effect was exceedingly picturesque. This posting town is in truth very delightfully situated. While the horses were being changed, we made our way for the monastery ; which we found to be in a state rather of dilapidation than of ruin. It had, indeed, a wretched aspect. I entered the chapel, and saw lying, transversely upon a desk, to the left—a very clean, large paper, and uncut copy of the folio *Rouen Missal* of 1759. I had no doubt but that a few francs would have made me the possessor of it ; but surely this would have been called little short of an act of mitigated sacrilege ! Every thing about this deserted and decaying spot had a melancholy appearance : but the surrounding country

was rich, wooded, and picturesque. In former days of prosperity—such as St. Sever had seen before the Revolution—there had been gaiety, abundance, and happiness. It is now a perfect contrast to its pristine state.

On returning to the “*Poste Royale*” we found two fresh lusty horses to our voiture—but the postillion had sent a boy into the field to catch a *third*. Wherefore was this? The *tarif* exacted it. A third horse “*réciiproquement pour l'année*”—*parce qu'il faut traverser une grande montagne avant qu'on peut arriver à Vire*—was the explanatory reply. It seemed perfectly ridiculous, as our vehicle was of such slender dimensions and weight. However, we were forced to yield. To scold the post-boy was equally absurd and unavailing; “*parce que le tarif l'exigea*.” But the “*montagne*” was doubtless a reason for this additional horse: and we began to imagine that something magnificently picturesque might be in store for us. The three horses were put a-breast—and off we started with a phaeton-like velocity! Certainly nothing could have a more ridiculous appearance than our pigmy voiture thus conveyed by three animals—strong enough to have drawn the diligence. We were not long in reaching this “*huge mountain*,” which provoked our unqualified laughter—from its insignificant size—and upon the top of which stands the town of VIRE. It had been a *fair-day*; and groups of men and women, returning from the town, in their blue and crimson dresses, cheered somewhat the general gloom of the day, and lighted up the features of the landscape. The nearer we approached, the more numerous and incessant were these groups.

Vire is a sort of *Rouen* in miniature—if bustle and population be only considered. In architectural comparison, it is miserably feeble and inferior. The houses are generally built of granite, and look extremely sombre in consequence. The old castle is yet interesting and commanding. But of this presently. We drove to the “*Cheval Blanc*,” and bespoke, as usual, a late dinner and beds. Our first visit was to the *castle*; but it is right that you should know, before hand, that the town of Vire, which contains a population of about ten thousand souls, stands upon a commanding eminence, in the midst of a very beautiful and picturesque country called the *BOCAGE*. This country was, in former times, as fruitful in civil wars, horrors, and devastations, as the more celebrated Bocage of the southern part of France, during the late Revolution. In short, the Bocage of Normandy was the scene of bloodshed during the Calvinistic or Hugonot persecution. It was in the vicinity of this town, in the parts through which we have travelled—from Caen hitherwards—that the hills and the dales rang with the feats of arms displayed in the alternate discomfiture and success of COLIGNY, CONDÉ, MONTGOMERY, and MATIGNON.\*

\* An epitomised account of these civil commotions will be found in the *Histoire Militaire des Bocains*, par M. RICHARD SEGUIN; à Vire, 1816: 12mo. of which work, and of its author, some notice will be taken in the following pages. Meanwhile, consult page 399, ante. Among the MSS. in the Royal Library at Paris, there are three folios (to be distinctly noticed in the second volume of this work) containing various excerpts relating to the town of Vire. In the

But for the castle. It is situated at the extremity of an open space, terminated by a portion of the boulevards; having, in the foreground, the public library to the left, and a sort of municipal hall to the right: neither of them objects of much architectural consequence. Still nearer in the foreground, is a fountain; whither men, women, and children—but chiefly the second class, in the character of *blanchisseuses*—regularly resort for water; as its bason is usually overflowing. It was in a lucky moment that Mr. Lewis paid a visit to this spot; which his ready pencil transmitted to his sketch-book in a manner too beautiful and faithful not to be followed up by a finished design. This design is enclosed for your . . . unqualified admiration! \* But much as you love art, and much as you will be gratified by such a delightful specimen of it, I am persuaded you would be inclined

third of these ms. volumes, (numbered 1029 or 1329,) under the title of “*Armes qui sont à l'Eglise paroissiale de Vire. Diocèse de Bayeux*,” there is an account of the town being taken by the Comte de Montgomery, in the year 1568, about five o'clock in the morning. The assailants are called an army “*de la prétendue nouvelle religion, les quelez auroient pillé et rauagé l'Eglise, rompu, froissé, cassé et ruiné les vitres, greillez, huis et fenetres, chaires, bancs, siegez, coffrez, sacrairez, autelz, imagez*,” &c. This account is followed by two large, and not unskilfully executed drawings, of two families, kneeling, which were in the stained glass windows of the principal church.

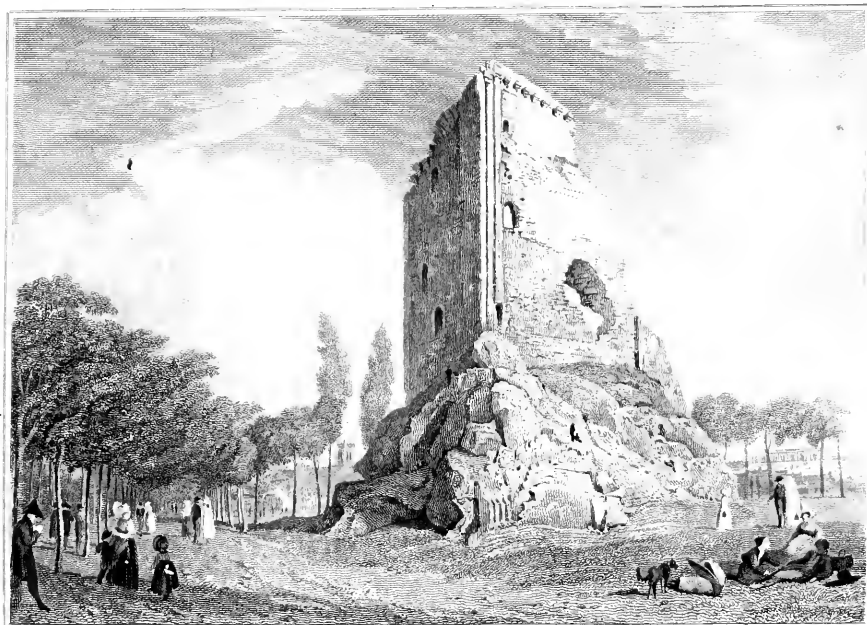
\* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. The woman with a bucket before her, turning round to the left, stood on purpose to be drawn; and seemed vastly pleased by the compliment which she considered to be thus paid her. The castle shews the *reverse* of that side which appears in the opposite vignette.







to scold me if I do not give you a nearer introduction to the old castle. Accordingly you have here a most exquisite little morceau of its kind. It is taken from *behind* the portion which you observe in the annexed representation ; and was minutely finished, upon the spot.



Frequently, in the act of executing it, several young men, apparently students at the College, would surround Mr. L. with exclamations and compliments upon the minute delicacy and apparent difficulty of the undertaking. As to the antiquity of the castle, I should apprehend it to be of the twelfth century. Probably of a more ancient date ; though this is pretty well.

Its foundation is a solid rock. Indeed the whole keep is of the same kind of stone. The "*Cheval Blanc*"—the name of the hotel at which we reside—should be rather called the "*Cheval Noir*;" for a more dark, dingy, and even dirty residence, for a traveller of any *nasal* or *ocular* sensibility, can be rarely visited. Our bed room, where we drink tea, is hung with tapestry; which, for aught I know to the contrary, may represent the daring exploits of MONTGOMERY and MATIGNON;\* but which is so begrimed with filth that there is no decyphering the subjects worked upon it. On leaving the inn—and making your way to the top of the street—you turn to the left; but on looking down, again to the left, you observe, below you, the great high road leading to *Caen*, which has a noble appearance. Indeed, the manner in which this part of Normandy is intersected with the "*routes royales*" cannot fail to strike a stranger; especially as these roads run over hill and dale, amidst meadows, and orchards, equally abundant in their respective harvests. The immediate vicinity of the town is remarkable as well for picturesque objects of scenery as for a high state of cultivation; and a stroll upon the heights, in whatever part visited, will not fail to repay you for the certain disappointment to be experienced within the streets of the town. Portions of the scenery, from these heights, are not unlike those in Derbyshire, about Matlock. There is plenty of rock, of shrubs, and of fern; while another *Derwent*, less turbid and muddy, meanders below. Thus much for a general, but hasty

\* See page 399, ante.

sketch the town of Vire. My next shall give you some detail of the *interior* of a few of the houses, of which I may be said to have hitherto only contemplated the *roofs*.

## LETTER XIX.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. MONSIEUR ADAM. MONSIEUR DE LA-RENAUDIÈRE. OLIVIER BASSELIN. M. SÉGUIN. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

It is a sad rainy day; and having no temptation to stir abroad, I have shut myself up by the side of a huge wood fire—(surrounded by the dingy tapestry, of which my last letter did not make very honourable mention)—in a thoroughly communicative mood, to make you acquainted with all that has passed since my previous despatch. **Books** and the **Bibliomania** be the chief “burden of my present song!” You may remember, in my account of the public library at Caen,\* that some mention was made of a certain OLIVIER BASSELIN—whom I designated as the DRUNKEN BARNABY *of Normandy*? Well, my friend—I have been at length made happy, and comforted in the extreme, by the possession of a copy of the *Vaudevires* of that said Olivier Basselin—and from the hands, too, of one of his principal editors! . . . Monsieur LANON DE LA RENAUDIÈRE, Avocat, et Maire, de Tallevende-le-Petit. This copy I intend (as indeed I told the donor) for the beloved library at Althorp. But let me tell my tale my own way.

Hard by the hotel of the *Cheval Blanc*, (the best,

\* See page 337, ante.

bad as it is—and indeed the only one in the town) lives a printer of the name of ADAM. He is the principal, and the most respectable of his brethren in the same craft. After discoursing upon sundry desultory topics—and particularly examining the *books of Education*, among which I was both surprised and pleased to find the *Distichs of Muretus*\*— I expressed my re-

\* “ *Les Distiques de Muret, traduits en vers Français, par Aug. A.* Se vend à Vire, chez Adam, imprimeur-lib. An. 1809. The reader may not be displeased to have a specimen of the manner of rendering these distichs into French verse :

## 1.

Dum tener es, MURETE, avidis hæc auribus hauri :  
Nec memori modò conde animo, sed et exprime factis.

## 2.

Inprimis venerare Deum ; venerare parentes :  
Et quos ipsa loco tibi dat natura parentum.

## 3.

Mentiri noli. Nunquàm mendacia prosunt.  
Si quid peccaris, venia est tibi prompta fatenti.

## 4.

Disce libeas. Quid dulcius est quàm discere multa !  
Discentem comitantur opes, comitantur honores.

## 5.

Si quis te objurget, malè, cùm quid feceris, illi  
Gratiam habe, et ne iterùm queat objurgare cavet.

## 6.

Ne temerè hunc credas tibi qui blanditur amicum.  
Peccantem puerum quisquis non corrigit, odit.

## 1.

*Jeune encore, ô mon Fils ! pour être homme de bien,  
Ecoute, et dans ton cœur grave cet entretien.*

gret at having travelled through so many towns of Normandy without meeting with one single copy of the *Vaudevires of Olivier Basselin* for sale. "It is not very surprising, Sir, since it is a privately printed book, and was never intended for sale. The impression too is very limited. You know, Sir, that the book was published here—and—" I started backwards, just one step and "no more." "Then I begin to be confident about obtaining it"—replied I. "Gently, Sir;—" resumed Monsieur Adam—"it is not to be bought, even here. But do you know no one . . . ?" "Not a creature." "Well, Sir, take courage. You are an Englishman; and one of its principal editors—a very gallant *Bibliomane*—who is a great collector and lover of the literature of your country—(here I picked up courage and gaiety of heart) lives in this

## 2.

*Sers, honore le Dieu qui créa tous les êtres ;  
Sois fils respectueux, sois docile à tes maîtres.*

## 3.

*Crains de mentir : toujours c'est en vain que l'on ment ;  
En avouant ses torts, on est presque innocent.*

## 4.

*Qu'il est beau d'être instruit ! Aime, acquiers la science ;  
Assez d'honneurs, de biens seront ta récompense.*

## 5.

*D'un reproche obligeant, au lieu d'être confus,  
Rends grâce à l'amitié, mais n'en mérite plus.*

## 6.

*Crains la louange : il est l'ennemi de l'enfance  
Celui qui pour ses torts n'a que de l'indulgence.*



town. He is President of the Tribunal. Go to him." Seeing me hesitate, in consequence of not having a letter of introduction—"Ce n'est rien (said he) allez tout-droit. Il aime vos compatriotes ; et soyez persuadé d'un accueil le plus favorable." Methought Monsieur Adam spake more eloquently than I had yet heard a Norman speak.

In two seconds I quitted his shop, (promising to return with an account of my reception) and five minutes brought me into the presence of Monsieur Lanon de la Renaudiere, Président du Tribunal, &c. My name is a most unfortunate one (as I have experienced more than once) for Gallic ears. It is made *cacophony* itself. Monsieur Le Président repeated it—and I repeated it—"Enfin, donnez vous la peine de l'écrire"—said the Bibliomane, very politely. I had no sooner got through the half of the final *n*, than he shouted aloud, — "Est-ce donc vous qui êtes . . ?!" naming certain bibliographical performances which need not be here mentioned. I never heard so rapid an utterance. On bowing, and replying in the affirmative—it is not possible for me to convey to you a notion of the warmth, cordiality, and joyousness of heart, that marked the reception which this gentleman instantly and in consequence gave me: and I will frankly own that I was as much "abashed" as ever our ancient friend Caxton had been—in the presence of his patroness the Duchess of Burgundy. I followed my new bibliomaniacal acquaintance rapidly up stairs; and witnessed, with extreme pleasure, a few bundles of books (some of them English) lying upon the window seats of the first landing-place: much after

the fashion followed in a certain long, rambling, and antique residence not quite three quarters of a mile from the towers of Westminster Abbey.

We gained the first floor; when mine host turned the keys of the doors of two contiguous rooms, and exclaimed, “*VOILA MA BIBLIOTHEQUE !* The air of conscious triumph with which these words were uttered, delighted me infinitely; but my delight was much increased on a leisurely survey of one of the prettiest, most useful, and commendable collections of books, chiefly in the department of the *Belles-Lettres*, which I had ever witnessed. Monsieur La Renaudiere has a library of about 9000 volumes, of which *eight hundred are English*. But the owner is especially fond of poetical archæology; in other words, of collecting every work which displays the progress of French and English poetry in the middle and immediately following ages; and talks of *Trouveurs and Troubadours* with an enthusiasm approaching to extacy. Meanwhile he points his finger to our Warton, Ellis, Ritson, and Southey; tells you how dearly he loves them; but yet leads you to conclude that he *rather* prefers *Le Grand, Ginguéné Sismondi*, and *Renouard*.\* Of the venerable living oracle in these matters, the Abbé de la Rue, he said he considered him as “*un peu trop systématique*.” In short, M. La Renaudiere has almost a complete critical collection, in our tongue, upon the subject of old poetry; and was most anxious and inquisitive about the present state of cultivation of that branch of literature

\* A member of the Institute; and not the bibliographical bookseller of the same name.

in England : adding, that he himself meditated a work upon the French poetry of the xiiith and xiiiith centuries. He said he thought his library might be worth about 25,000 francs : nor did I consider such a valuation overcharged. He talks rapidly, earnestly, and incessantly ; but he talks well : and spoke of the renown of a certain library in *St. James's Place*, in a manner which could not fail to quicken the pulse and warm the blood of its historian. We concluded an interview of nearly two hours by his compliance with my wishes to dine with me on the following day : although he was quite urgent in bargaining for the previous measure of my tasting his *pôtage* and *vol au vent*. But the shortness and constant occupation of my time would not allow me to accede to it. M. La Renaudiere then went to a cabinet-like cupboard, drew forth an uncut copy, stitched in blue spotted paper, of his beloved *Vaudevires* by OLIVIER BASSELIN :\* and presenting it to me, added “ Conservez

\* *beloved Vaudevires by OLIVIER BASSELIN.*]—The present seems to be the proper place to give the reader some account of this once famous Bacchanalian poet. It is not often that France rests her pretensions to poetical celebrity upon such claims. Love, romantic adventures, gaiety of heart and of disposition form the chief materials of her minor poems : but we have here before us, in the person and productions of OLIVIER BASSELIN, a rival to ANACREON of old ; to our own RICHARD BRAITHWAIT, VINCENT BOURNE, and THOMAS MOORE. As this volume is perhaps the *only one* which has travelled into England, the reader may be prepared to receive an account of its contents with the greater readiness and satisfaction. First, then, of the life and occupations of Olivier Basselin ; which, as Goujet has entirely passed over all notice of him, we can gather only from the editors of the present edition of his works. Basselin appears to have been a

le, pour l'amour de moi." You may be assured that I received such a present in the most gracious manner I was capable of—but instantly and honestly

*Virois* ; in other words, an inhabitant of the town of Vire. But he had a strange propensity to rustication, and preferred the immediate vicinity of Vire—its quiet little valleys, running streams, and rocky recesses—to a more open and more distant residence. In such places, therefore, he carried with him his flasks of cider and his flagons of wine. Thither he resorted with his "boon and merry companions," and there he poured forth his ardent and unpremeditated strains. These "strains" all savoured of the jovial propensities of their author: it being very rarely that tenderness of sentiment, whether connected with friendship or love, is admitted into his compositions. He was the *thorough-bred* Anacreon of the close of the fifteenth century.

The town of Vire, as the reader may have already had intimation, is the chief town of that department of Normandy called the *Bocage*: and in this department few places have been, of old, more celebrated than the *Vaux de Vire*; on account of the number of manufactories which have existed there from time immemorial. It derives its name from two principal valleys, in the form of a T, of which the base (if it may be so called—"jambage") rests upon the *Place du Chateau de Vire*. It is sufficiently contiguous to the town to be considered among the *fauxbourgs*. The rivers *Vire* and *Virène*, which unite at the bridge of Vaux, run somewhat rapidly through the valleys. These rivers are flanked by manufactories of paper and cloth, which, from the xvth century, have been distinguished for their prosperous condition. Indeed, *BASSELIN* himself was a sort of cloth manufacturer. In this valley he passed his life in fulling his cloths, and "in composing those gay and delightful songs which are contained in the volume under consideration." *Discours Préliminaire*, p. 17, &c. Olivier Basselin is the parent of the title *Vaudevire*—which has since been corrupted into *Vaudeville*. From the observation at page 16, Basselin appears to have been also the *FATHER* of *BACCHANALIAN POETRY* in France. He frequented public festivals: and was a welcome guest at the tables of the rich—where the *Vaudevire* was in such re-

added—"permettez qu'il soit déposé dans la bibliothèque de Milord S...?" "C'est la même chose"—

quest, that it is supposed to have superseded the "Conte, or Fabliau, or the Chanson d'Amour."\* p. xviii :

Sur ce point-là, soyez tranquille :  
 Nos neveux, j'en suis bien certain,  
 Se souviendront de BASSELIN,  
*Pere joyeux du Vaudeville :* p. xxii.

Basselin is supposed to have died at the conclusion of the fifteenth century. His first editor was JEAN LE HOUX, a poet and advocate of Vire, who was born about the middle of the following century. Le Houx was also an imitator of the Vaudevires of Basselin, and in short preferred poetry to his profession. The editors of the present volume have favoured us with one of Le Houx's "Vaudevire pour le jour de la Ste. Yves, fête des Avocats." I shall select the third and fourth stanzas as specimens of the imitator's muse :

Que les acares Aduocats  
 Gaignent à se rompre la teste,  
 Pourvû que je sois de leur feste,  
 Certes ne me souciray pas  
 De leur procez ni de leur saes.

MIEUX vaut vider et assaillir  
 Un pot qu'un procez difficile ;  
 Au moins cela m'est plus utile,  
 Car les procez me font vieillir ;  
 Le bon vin me fait raieunir.

Le Houx's commendation of Basselin is thus expressed :

DE ce Virois conservons la mémoire,  
 A tout le moins à la table en beuvant ;  
 Lequel ne beut jamais en rechignant,  
 Et qui nous fait si joyeusement boire.

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\* The host, at these public and private festivals, usually called upon some one to recite or sing a song, chiefly of an amatory or chivalrous character ;

rejoined he ; and giving me the address of the public librarian, we separated in the most cordial manner till the morrow.

Une bonne boisson  
 Prise avec marisson  
 Par un saturnien,  
 Ne lui fait point de bien.  
 Mais le vin honoré d'un gentil Vaudevire,  
 N'apporte que santé en ne buvant du pire.

The poems of Basselin were printed at least twice by Le Houx—before the year 1600 ; but he took a few liberties with the style in adapting it to his own times. Le Houx was persecuted by the clergy for the supposed licentiousness of these poems, and could only obtain absolution by a journey to Rome, and by the suppression of his own editorial labours. The first edition is now wholly unknown ; and only two copies of the second, or last, should seem to have been known to the editors of the reprint under consideration. The title of that edition is as follows : “ *Le Livre des Chants nouveaux de Vaudevire, par ordre alphabetique, corrigé et augmenté outre la précédente impression ; à Vire, chez Jean de Cesne, Imprimeur.* ” It is without date. Le Houx died in 1616, and this impression is supposed to have been published before his death. The text of this edition, together with a purer one found in an octavo MS. written in the black letter, and containing the poetry both of Basselin and Le Houx—(probably of the time of the latter) formed the basis of that of the present impression. This MS. belonged to a medical gentleman, of the name of Poliniere. The corruptions in orthography have been corrected from the models afforded by the older compositions of *Charles d'Orléans* and *Alain Chartier*. But it should doubtless appear that the curators of the present

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and this custom prevailed more particularly in Normandy than in other parts of France :

Usaige est en Normandie,  
 Que qui hebergiez est qu'il die  
 Fable ou Chanson à son oste.

See the authorities cited at page xv, of this Discours préliminaire.

I posted back to Monsieur Adam, the printer and bookseller, and held aloft my blue-covered copy of

edition were ignorant of the genuine, and somewhat elegant MS. written also in the gothic letter, which is incidentally noticed at page 357, ante, as in the possession of M. Pluquet.

We now come, therefore, immediately to the volume before us, and to a consideration of the character of its contents. It is of a handsome form, approaching the size of a royal octavo. The half title is thus: "*Les Vaudevires par Olivier Basselin.*" The full title, on the following leaf, is—" *Les Vaudevires, Poésies du 15me Siecle, par OLIVIER BASSELIN, avec un Discours sur sa Vie, et des Notes pour l'explication de quelques anciens mots. Vire, 1811.*" On the reverse of this title-page we learn the names of the gentlemen, inhabitants of Vire—ten in number—"by whose care and at whose expense the edition was put forth." The preliminary discourse, with its notes, occupies the first xxxvi pages. The text of the poet begins with this prefix: "*Les Chants du Vaudeville par Olivier Basselin.*" The text, composed of lxvi Vaudevires, occupies 120 pages: the notes conclude the volume at page 131. At the bottom of this last page we read the imprint thus: "*De l'Imprimerie de F. Le Court, à Avranches.*" For the honour of the place, and of the memory of its old poetical inhabitant, the book should have been *printed* as well as published at Vire. There is nothing so very skilful or splendid in its typographical execution, as should have caused Monsieur Adam to have despaired. However, as the production of a provincial press, it is very creditably executed.

I now proceed to submit a few specimens of the muse of this FATHER OF BACCHANALIAN POETRY in France; and must necessarily begin with a select few of those that are chiefly of a bacchanalian quality.

#### VAUDEVIRE II.

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AYANT le doz au feu et le ventre à la table,  
 Estant parmi les pots pleins de vin délectable,  
 Ainsi comme ung poulet  
 Je ne me laisseray mourir de la piepie,  
 Quant en debvroie avoi la face cramoisie  
 Et le nez violet.

the *Vaudevires* as an unquestionable proof of the successful result of my visit to Monsieur La Renaudiere.

QUANT mon nez devendra de couleur rouge ou perse,  
 Porteray les couleurs que chérit ma maitresse.  
 Le vin rent le teint beau.  
 Vault-il pas mienlx avoir la couleur rouge et vive,  
 Riche de beaulx rubis, que si pasle et chétive  
 Ainsi qu'ung beuveur d'eau.\*

VAUDEVIRE XXIX.

JE ne treuve en ma medecine  
 Simple qui soit plus excellent,  
 Que la noble plante de vigne  
 D'où le bon vin claiRET provient.

IL n'y a chez l'Apothicaire  
 De drogue que je prize mieulx,  
 Que ce bon vin qui me faiet faire  
 Le sang bon et l'esprit joyeux.

Qu'ON ne m'apporte point de casse,  
 Et qu'on ne courre au Medecin :  
 De vin qu'on remplisse ma tasse,  
 Qui me vouldra rendre bien sain.

EN mon récipé qu'on ordonne  
 Que je boirai vin d'Orléans ;  
 La recepte me sera bonne,  
 Les Medecins honnestes gens.

MAIS s'ils m'ordonnent de l'eau douce,  
 Ou la tisanne simplement,

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\* The opening of the following and third Vaudevire begins thus epigrammatically :

ADAM, c'est chose très notoire  
 Ne nous eust mis en tel dangier,  
 Se au lieu du fatal mangier  
 Il se fust plustost mis à boire.



“ N'est-ce pas donc, Monsieur, (replied he) que je vous ai bien conseillé ? Ma foi, vous avez bien joué votre rôle.”

Sont gens qui veulent tout de course  
Me faire mourir povrement.

Je ne vucil ni laict ni fruitaige ;  
De ce je ne suys point friant.  
Mais je vendroye mon héritage  
Pour avoir de ce vin friant.

O que c'est dure départie  
De ma bouche et de ce bon vin  
A tous ceulx-là je porte envie  
Qui ont encor le verre plein.

The greater part of the XIth Vaudevire has some fair good broad humour about it :

#### VAUDEVIRE XI.

---

*CERTES hoc vinum est bonus :*  
Du mauvais latin ne nous chaille,  
Se bien congru n'estoit ce jus,  
Le tout ne vaudroit rien que vaille.  
Escolier j'appris que bon vin  
Aide bien au mauvais latin.

CESTE sentence praticquant,  
De latin je n'en appris guère ;  
Y pensant estre assez sçavant,  
Puisque bon vin aimoye à boire.  
Lorsque mauvais vin on a beu,  
Latin n'est bon, fust-il congru

Fy du latin, parlons françois,  
Je m'y reconnois davantaige.  
Je vucil boire une bonne fois,  
Car voicy ung maistre breuvaige :  
Certes se j'en beuvoye soubvent,  
Je deviendroye fort éloquent.

Ce'st un livre de la plus grande rareté, même chez nous." Leaving the precious cargo with him, and

The manner of thanking his jolly host, and of getting up from a well furnished table, is thus humorously expressed :

*VAUDEVIRE XVI.*

C'EST assez, troupe honorable,  
De ces gentils chants Virois ;  
Il faut se lever de table,  
Le reste en une aultre fois ;  
Car peut-estre  
Que le maistre  
Qui nous assemble céans  
N'oze dire  
Le martire  
Et mal que lui font les dents :  
Souvent incommodité  
Provient d'avoir trop chanté.

MAIS il est trop volontaire  
Pour avoir le cueur marry  
D'avoir veu la bonne chièrre  
Que nous avons faïet chez luy.  
Monsieur l'hoste,  
Voyez, j'oste  
Mon bonnet honnestement.  
On me prie  
Que je die  
Qu'on vous rent graces humblement  
Mais si le vin reste au pot,  
Sommes encor de l'écot.

FAICTES-EN laver la bouche  
A quelques uns d'entre nous,  
Avant qu'un varlet y touche,  
Puisque tout dépend de vous.  
Je ne cure,  
Je vous jure,

telling him that I purposed immediately visiting the public library, he seemed astonished at my eagerness

Jamais ma bouche aultrement.  
 Nostre hostesse,  
 Je vous laisse  
 Mille mercis en payement ;  
 Cecy seroit esventé,  
 J'en boy à votre santé.

J'AY ouy-dire à ma grand-mère,  
 Tousiours des vieulx on apprend,  
 Que de la goutte dernière  
 La bonne chièrè dépent  
 Bonne femme,  
 Que ton ame  
 Puisse estre au ciel en repos !  
 J'ay envie,  
 Si j'ay vie,  
 D'ensuivre bien tes propos ;  
 Quant sur le bon vin je suis,  
 J'en laisse moins que je puis.

A further variety of Basselin's metre is discoverable in his XXIIId. Vaudevire, thus :

#### VAUDEVIRE XXII.

HE ! qu'avons-nous affaire  
 Du Ture ny du Sophy,  
 Don don.  
 Pourveu que j'aye à boire,  
 Des grandeurs je dis fy,  
 Don don.  
 Trincque, Seigneur, le vin est bon :  
*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

Qui songe en vin ou vigne,  
 Est ung présaige heureux,  
 Don don.

about books—and asked me if I had ever *published* any thing *bibliographical*? “Car enfin, Monsieur, la plus-

Le vin à qui rechange  
Rend le cœur tout joyeux,  
Don don.  
Trincque, Seigneur, le vin est bon :  
*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

MESCHANT est qui te brouille,  
Je parle aux taverniers,  
Don don.  
Le breuvaige à grenouille  
Ne doit estre aux celliers,  
Don don.  
Trincque, Seigneur, le vin est bon :  
*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

QUE ce vin on ne coupe,  
Ainçois qu'on boive net,  
Don don.  
Je pry toute la troupe  
De vuidier le godet,  
Don don.  
Trincque, Seigneur, le vin est bon :  
*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

I have observed that the poetry of Basselin is almost wholly devoted to the celebration of the physical effects of wine upon the body and animal spirits ; and that the gentler emotions of the TENDER PASSION are rarely described in his numbers. In consequence he has not invoked the Goddess of Beauty to associate with the God of Wine : to

“ Drop from her myrtle one leaf in his bowl ;”

or, when he does venture to introduce the society of a female, it is done after the following fashion—which discovers however an extreme facility and melody of rhythm. The burden of the song seems wonderfully accordant with a Bacchanalian note.

#### VAUDEVIRE XIX.

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EN ung jardin d'ombrage tout couvert,  
Au chaud du jour, ay treuvé Madalaine,

part des *Virois* ne savent rien de la littérature anglaise"—concluded he . . . but I had just witnessed a

Qui près le pié d'ung sicomorre vert  
Dormoit au bort d'une claire fontaine ;  
Son lit estoit de thin et marjolaine.  
Son tetin frais n'estoit pas bien caché :

D'amour touché,

Pour contempler sa beauté souveraine  
Incontinent je m'en suys approché.

Sus, sus, qu'on se resveille,

Voicy vin excellent

Qui faict lever l'oreille ;

Il faict mol qui n'en prent.

JE n'eus pouvoir, si belle la voyant,  
De m'abstenir de baizotter sa bouche ;  
Si bien qu'enfin la belle s'esveillant,  
Me regardant avec ung œil farouche,  
Me dit ces mots : Biberon, ne me touche,  
Tu n'est pas digne avecq moy d'esprouver

Le jeu d'amer :

Belle fillette à son aize ne couche  
Avecq celui qui ne faict qu'yvrongner.

Sus, sus, qu'on se resveille,

Voicy vin excellent

Qui faict lever l'oreille ;

Il faict mol qui n'en prent.

JE luy respons : Ce n'est pas deshonneur  
D'amer le vin, une choze si bonne :  
Vostre bel œil entretient en chaleur,  
Et le vin en santé, ma personne.  
Pour vous amer, fault-il que j'abandonne  
Le soing qu'on doit avoir de sa santé ?

Fy de Beauté

Qui son amant de desplaisir guerdonne,  
Au lieu de bien qu'il avoit mérité.

Sus, sus, qu'on se resveille,

Voicy vin excellent

Qui faict lever l'oreille ;

Il faict mol qui n'en prent.

splendid exception to this sweeping clause of censure.  
I then sought the residence of the Abbé Du MOR-

J'AYME bien mienlx l'ombre d'ung cabaret  
Et du beuchon de taverne vineuse,  
Que cil qui est en ung beau jardinnet.  
La Belle alors me respond despiteuse :  
Tu ne m'es bon, cherche une aultre amoureuse.  
Puisque par toy j'ay perdu mes amours,  
Tousiours, tousiours,  
Contre l'amour et la soif rigoureuse,  
Que sois, bon vin, armé de ton secours.  
Sus, sus, quon se resveille,  
Voicy vin excellent  
Qui faict lever l'oreille ;  
Il faict mol qui n'en prent. p. 33.

There is no space for further extracts ; and possibly too much already may be supposed to have been devoted to the poetry of Basselin. But this is a volume in every respect interesting—both to the literary antiquary and to the Book-Collector. It remains therefore only to add—according to the very minute and specific note, accompanying the copy of it presented to me by Monsieur Lanon de La Renaudiere, one of the Editors—and who now meditates a new and improved as well as enlarged edition of it—that, of this privately circulated impression, ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES were printed ; of which number ten were upon red coloured paper, of the manufacture of Vire—ten upon fine vellum paper—ten upon vellum paper in quarto—ten upon common paper in quarto. In his projected edition, M. La Renaudiere purposes to separate the poetry of Basselin from that of Le Houx—which have been somewhat mingled in the volume before us : as well as to write notes upon local customs, events, and places mentioned or alluded to by Basselin, &c. It is proper also to add, that this gentleman is the author of the article BASSELIN in the *Biographie Universelle*—to which work indeed he is a regular contributor. The copy under consideration has been recently bound by C. Lewis, in red morocco binding, with every appropriate garniture in the character of gilt ornaments :—a compliment due to the liberality of spirit, and kindness of disposition, of its enthusiastic donor.

TUEUX, the public librarian. That gentleman was from home, on a dinner party. I obtained information of the place where he might be found ; and considering *two* o'clock to be rather too early an hour (even in France) to disturb a gentleman during the exercise of so important a function, I strolled in the neighbourhood of the street, where he was regaling, for a full hour and half : when, at the expiration of that time, I ventured to knock at the door of a very respectable mansion, and to enquire for the bibliographical Abbé. " He is here, Sir, and has just done dinner. May I give him your name ? " " I am a stranger : an Englishman ; who, on the recommendation of Monsieur La Renaudiere, wishes to see the public library. But I will call again in about an hour." " By no means : by no means : the Abbé will see you immediately." And forthwith appeared a very comely, tall, and respectable-looking gentleman, with his hair en plein costume, both as to form and powder. Indeed I had rarely before witnessed so prepossessing a figure. His salutation and address were most gracious and winning ; and he told me that I had nothing to do but to accompany him to the place which I wished to visit. Without even returning to his friends, he took his hat, gave me the precedence on quitting the house—and in one minute, to my surprise, I found myself in the street with the Abbé de Mortueux, in the high way to the PUBLIC LIBRARY. In our way thither our discourse was constant and unrestrained. " You appear here, Monsieur l'Abbé, to be partial to literature ; ..but allow me first to congratulate you on the beautiful environs of your town." " For

literature in general, we are pretty well disposed. In regard to the beauties of the immediate neighbourhood of Vire, we should be unworthy inhabitants indeed, if we were not sensible of them." In five minutes we reached the Library.

The shutters of the room were fastened, but the worthy Abbé opened them in a trice ; when I saw, for the first time in Normandy, what appeared to be a genuine, old, unmutilated, unpillaged library. The room could be scarcely more than twenty-two feet square.\* I went instantly to work, with eyes and hands, in the ardent hope, and almost full persuasion, of finding something in the shape of a good old Greek or Roman Classic, or French Chronicle, or Romance. But, alas, I looked, and handled the tomes in vain ! The history of the library is this :—The founder was a Monsieur PRICHON ; who, on being taken prisoner by the English, at the capture of Louisburg in 1758, resided a long time in England under the name of TYRREL, and lived in circumstances of respectability and even of opulence. There—whether on the dispersion of the libraries of our Meads, Foulkes', and Rawlinsons, I know not—he made his collection ; took his books over with him to Jersey, where he died in 1780 : and bequeathed them, about 3000 in number, to his native town of Vire. M. du Mortueux, who gave me these particulars, has drawn up a little memorial about him. His portrait, executed by an English artist, (whilst he lived among us) adorns the library ; with which I hope it will go down to a remote and grateful posterity. The colour-

\* It forms the building to the left, in the middle ground, in the view of the Fountain, &c. See page 424, ante.



ing of this portrait is faded: but it is evident that Monsieur Pichon had an expressive and sensible physiognomy. Mr. Lewis could not do every thing; or I would have carried a transcript of it, by his faithful pencil, with me to Paris—to be executed by a French burin.

Wonderful to relate, this collection of books was untouched during the Revolution; while the neighbouring library of the *Cordeliers* was ransacked without mercy. But I regret to say that the books in the cupboards are getting sadly damp. Do not expect any thing very marvellous in the details of this collection; The old-fashioned library doors, of wood, are quite in character with what they protect. Among the earlier printed books, I saw a very bad copy of *Sweynheym and Pannartz's* edition of the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Austin, of the date of 1470; and a large folio of *Geering's* impression of the *Sermons of Thomas de Utino* printed in the xvii<sup>th</sup> year of the reign of Louis XI: or about the year 1471. This latter was rather a fine copy. A little black-letter Latin Bible by Froben, of the date of 1495, rather tempted me; but I could not resist asking, in a manner half serious and half jocose, whether a napoleon would not secure me the possession of a piquant little volume of black-letter tracts, printed by my old friend Guido Mercator?\* The Abbé smiled: observing—"mon ami, on fait voir les livres ici: on les lit même: mais on ne les vend pas." I felt the force of this pointed reply: and was resolved never again to ask an ecclesiastic to part with

\* Some account of this printer, together with a fac-simile of his device, may be seen in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 33-6.

a black-letter volume, even though it were printed by "my old friend Guido Mercator." Seeing there was very little more deserving of investigation, I enquired of my amiable guide about the "LIBRARY OF THE CORDELIERS," of which he had just made mention. He told me that it consisted chiefly of canon and civil law, and had been literally almost destroyed: that he had contrived however to secure a great number of "rubbishing theological books," (so he called them!) which he sold for *three sous* a piece—and with the produce of which he bought many excellent works for the library. I should like to have had the sifting of this "theological rubbish." Peradventure an *Olivet Bible*, or a *Tyndal's New Testament*, (in former times, when the Calvinists got a temporary ascendancy) might have found their way amidst the interminable rows of the Latin vulgate impression. Or rather, I wished to persuade myself that this supposition was not a mere delusion; and accordingly rummaged, high and low, in all directions . . . but to no purpose. It remained therefore only to thank the Abbé most heartily for his patient endurance of my questions and searches, and particularly to apologise for bringing him from his surrounding friends. He told me, beginning with a "soyez tranquille," that the matter was not worth either a thought or a syllable; and ere we quitted the library, he bade me observe the written entries of the numbers of students who came daily thither to read: There were generally (he told me) from fifteen to twenty "hard at it:" and I saw the names of not fewer than *ninety-two* who aspired to the honour and privilege of having access to the BIBLIOTHECA

PICHONIANA. There is certainly no evidence of a backwardness of disposition to obtain knowledge among the students of the department of *Calvados*.

For the third time, in the same day, I visited Monsieur Adam; to carry away, like a bibliomaniacal Jason, the fleece I had secured. I saw there a grave, stout gentleman—who saluted me on my entrance, and who was introduced to me by Monsieur A. by the name of SÉGUIN. He had been waiting (he said) full three quarters of an hour to see me, and concluded by observing, that, although a man in business, he had aspired to the honour of authorship. He had written, in fact, two rather interesting—but wretchedly, and incorrectly printed—duodecimo volumes, relating to the BOCAGE,\* in the immediate vicinity of Vire; and

\* *relating to the Bocage.*]—The first publication is entitled “*Essai sur l'Histoire de l'Industrie du Bocage en Général, et de la Ville de Vire sa capitale en particulier, &c.*” Par M. RICHARD SEGUIN. *A Vire, chez Adam, Imprimeur, an 1810, 12mo.* It is not improbable that I may have been the only importer of this useful and crowdedly-paged duodecimo volume; which presents us with so varied and animated a picture of the manners, customs, trades, and occupations of the Bocains and Virois, that I am persuaded the following extracts will be received rather with indulgence than censure.

#### MANUFACTORIES OF CLOTH AND PAPER.

“La réunion des deux rivières de *Vire* et de *Virène*, ainsi que de plusieurs ruisseaux, ont encore facilité en cette ville l'établissement de deux autres belles manufactures, la DRAPERIE et la PAPETERIE. La *Virène*, dont les eaux claires et limpides roulent sur un sable doré, semble avoir été placée exprès par la nature pour l'emplacement des moulins à papier; car les bords de la *Vire* étant couverts de moulins à fouler, et les eaux de cette rivière étant continuellement troublées par la crasse des degrais des draps et tirtaine qu'on y foule en grande

was himself the sole vender and distributer of his publications. On my expressing a wish to possess these

quantité, elle ne serait guères propre pour la papeterie; cependant il s'y en est établi quelques-unes depuis la grande inondation de Vire, arrivée en 1782.

“Plusieurs moulins foulons ayant été entraînés par les eaux, quelques fabricants de papier achetèrent les emplacements situés sous le château de Vire, et y bâtirent plusieurs moulins qu'on y voit. On en trouve aussi quelques-uns sur la petite rivière de Maisoncelles, qui se jette dans la Vire audessus de cette ville; mais le plus grand nombre des papeteries de Vire, et les plus belles de tout le Bocage, sont sur la Virène. Au commencement du quatorzième siècle, le papier fut inventé par un citoyen de Padoue en Italie. Auparavant on ne faisait usage que de parchemin. On ne commença à s'en servir en France qu'en 1342. Toute la Vallée des Vaux de Vire est remplie de moulins à papier, de vastes magasins, tant pour loger le chiffon, la colle et les autres matières premières que pour le papier de toute espèce qu'on y fabrique en grande quantité. Toutes ces usines, ainsi que les maisons des manufacturiers qui les accompagnent, sont bâties presque toutes en pierre de taille et bien construites, &c. &c.” p. 156.

“Quoiqu'on ne puisse fixer au juste l'établissement de la papeterie à Vire, il paraît pourtant que c'est dans le courant du seizième siècle puisque dès l'an 1600, il y avait déjà des moulins à papier bâtis dans les Vaux de Vire; ainsi il y avait à peine deux siècles que cette invention était connue qu'on en fabriquait déjà à Vire. Les manufacturiers de cette ville tirent la plus grande partie du chiffon nécessaire, de la ci-devant Bretagne. Tout le papier de cette fabrique est exporté en différentes villes de l'intérieur, à Rouen, au Havre et sur-tout à Paris, où il en est vendu la majeure partie.” p. 159.

In the following paragraph we learn that “*ST. ANNE* is the presiding patroness of paper makers; and that the anniversary of her birth day is celebrated by a suspension of all labour, and by processions and amusements among the workmen.” But of these two manufactories, that of *CLOTH* is the greater. The author becomes quite animated and picturesque in a portion of his description of it.

“Quoiqu'il en soit, cette manufacture, établie à Vire, ne tarda pas à y

books, he quitted the premises, and begged I would wait his return with a copy or two of them. While he

faire de grands progrès. Le cours tortueux de la rivière de Vire, sa rapidité, les rochers dont elle est remplie, formant auprès de cette ville une grande quantité de cascades et de sauts, a rendu facile la construction des moulins à foulon, et autres qui y sont en assez grand nombre. D'autre part, la terre qui sert à dégraisser les draps s'y trouve très à commodité dans la lande de Clermont ; les foulons de Vire la vantent comme excellente et lui donnent la préférence sur toutes celles qu'on trouve ailleurs. Ces divers avantages naturels réunis, favorisèrent beaucoup l'établissement et les progrès de cette grande manufacture, une des plus considérables qui soit en France, au moins par le grand nombre d'ouvriers qu'elle occupe, puisque je ne crois pas exagérer de porter leur nombre à plus de cinq mille personnes, tant dans la ville qu'à la campagne." p. 161.

During the invasion of Italy by the French, it was the town of Vire which supplied all the clothing — especially the coarser part—for the army. Hear what the author observes upon this.

“ Dans ce tems-là nos armées faisant de grands progrès en Italie, Vire fournit à cette armée une immense quantité de draps de bourre, de la plus basse qualité qu'il soit possible de faire. On les nomma cisalpins, du nom d'une république nouvellement fondée. Ces draps gris, bruns, et de toutes sortes de couleurs mêlées, semblaient être toujours trop bons, puisqu'on voyait des marchands, après les avoir achetés, les faire remettre à la ramme pour les faire allonger de plusieurs aunes : aussi le plus cher des cisalpins allait-il au prix de cinq francs l'aune ; car les Virois ont le talent de faire du drap au prix le plus modique qu'on puisse désirer. Quoiqu'il en soit, ce talent, si c'en est un, a fait entrer dans Vire, des sommes immenses de numéraire, et les cisalpins ont enrichi bien des drapiers, qui auraient tout perdu, s'ils n'avaient fabriqué que des draps fins et de haut prix.” p. 172

The concluding sentence, and that which immediately follows\*

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“ \* Voilà, je crois, la vraie cause qui fait que la draperie de Vire est depuis long-tems dans le même état, d'où elle ne peut guères espérer de sortir, parce

was gone, M. Adam took the opportunity of telling me that he was a rich, respectable tradesman ; but that,

the preceding, were one among the causes which drew down upon the author the indignation of his fellow-townsmen. I proceed to probably more interesting extracts ; and shall commence with that relating to the

#### DRESS AND CHARACTER OF THE WOMEN.

“ Quant au **COSTUME DES FEMMES** d'aujourd'hui, comme il faudrait un volume entier pour le décrire, je n'ai pas le courage de m'engager dans ce labyrinthe de ridicules et de frivolités. Ce que j'en dirai seulement en général, c'est qu'autant les femmes du temps passé, étaient décentes et chastes, et se faisaient gloire d'être graves et modestes, autant celles de notre siècle, mettent tout en œuvre pour paraître cyniques et voluptueuses. Nous ne sommes plus au temps où les plus grandes dames se faisaient honneur de porter la cordelière.\* Leurs habillemens étaient aussi larges et fermés, que celui des femmes de nos jours sont ouverts et légers et d'une finesse que les formes du corps, au moindre mouvement, se dessinent, de manière à ne laisser rien ignorer. A peine se couvrent-elles le sein d'un voile transparent très-léger ou de je ne sais quelle palatine qu'elles nomment point-à-jour, qui, en couvrant tout, ne cache rien ; en sorte que si elles n'étaient pas tous leurs charmes à découvert, c'est que les hommes les moins scrupuleux, qui se contentent de les persifler, en seraient révoltés tout-à-fait. D'ailleurs, c'est que ce n'est pas encore la mode ; plusieurs poussent même l'impudence jusqu'à venir dans nos temples sans coiffure, les cheveux hérissés comme des furies ; d'autres, par une bizarrerie qu'on ne peut expliquer se dépouillent, autant qu'il est en leur pouvoir, des marques de leur propre sexe, semblent rougir d'être femmes, et deviennent ridicules en voulant paraître demi-hommes.

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que plusieurs obstacles presque invincibles s'y opposent. Le premier est dans la qualité des laines qu'on y emploie ; un second vient du trop peu d'attention de la part des fabricants. ”

\* “ Ceinture alors regardée comme le symbole de la continence. La reine de France en décorait les femmes titrées dont la conduite était irréprochable.” *Hist. de la réun. de Bretagne à la France par l'abbé Irail.*

having said some severe things of the manufactures of Vire in his *first* publication, relating to the *civil*

“Après avoir déshonoré l’habit des femmes, elles ont encore voulu prostituer CELUI DES HOMMES. On les a vues adopter successivement les chapeaux, les redingotes, les vestes, les gilets, les bottes et jusqu’aux boutons. Enfin si, au lieu de jupons, elles avaient pu s’accommoder de l’usage de la culotte, la métamorphose était complète; mais elles ont préféré les robes traînantes; c’est dommage que la nature ne leur ait donné une troisième main, qui leur serait nécessaire pour tenir cette longue queue, qui souvent patrouille la boue ou balaye la poussière. Plût à Dieu que les anciennes lois fussent encore en vigueur, où ceux et celles qui portaient des habits indécents étaient obligés d’aller à Rome pour en obtenir l’absolution, qui ne pouvait leur être accordée que par le souverain pontife.\*

“En effet, le pape Eugène ne permit, en 1435, aux Cordeliers, d’absoudre les femmes qui portaient des habits indécents et des robes à queues, que dans le cas où elles n’auraient fait que suivre la coutume du pays et non à dessein de séduire; et s’il permit également d’absoudre les tailleurs et couturières qui faisaient de ces habillemens, ce ne fut qu’à condition qu’ils n’imagineraient plus de nouvelles modes. O antiques et sages ordonnances, que vous seriez utiles de nos jours!

“Mais après m’être ennuyé à découvrir la turpitude de quelques folles à qui la fureur des modes tourne la tête, ou dont la toilette fait toute l’occupation, il est doux de se reposer sur un sujet plus agréable, en essayant de tracer le tableau des vertus et des talens du plus grand nombre des femmes du Bocage, où l’on peut dire que les bonnes mœurs et l’honnêteté sont encore en honneur, malgré le débordement des vices qui ont inondé la France pendant l’absence de la Religion. Mais comme les Bocains y sont très-attachés et que la plupart lui sont restés fidèles, même durant son exil, on doit espérer que l’air hagard et les reparties fières de quelques femmes (assaisonnées d’un b. ou d’une f.) disparaîtront entièrement. On voit déjà avec plaisir que la saine morale reprend son empire de jour en jour, sur-tout parmi les femmes,

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\* Voyez *l’hab. des écol. séculiers* par l’abbé Boileau. *Recréations historiques* par M. Dreux-Duradier, tome II.

history of the Bocains, his townsmen sharply resented what they considered as reflections thrown out against

qui ne devraient jamais oublier que la sagesse et la modestie sont les deux plus beaux ornemens de leur sexe.

“Les femmes du Bocage, et sur-tout les Viroises, joignent à un esprit vif et enjoué les qualités du corps les plus estimables. Blondes et brunes pour le plus grand nombre, elles sont de la moyenne taille, mais bien formées : elles ont le teint frais et fleuri, l’œil vif, le visage vermeil, la démarche leste, un air étoffé et très élégantes dans tout leur maintien. Si on dit avec raison que les Bayeusines sont belles, les filles du Bocage, qui sont leurs voisines, ne leur cèdent en aucune manière, car en général le sang est très-beau en ce pays. Quant aux talens spirituels, elles les possèdent à un degré éminent. Elles parlent avec aisance, ont le repartie prompte, et outre les soins du ménage, où elles excellent de telle sorte qu’il n’y a point de contrées où il y ait plus de linge, elles entendent à merveille, et font avec succès, tout le détail du commerce.” p. 238.

These passages also, notwithstanding the sort of amende honorable made in the concluding paragraph, raised a storm of indignation and bitterness against the unsuspecting author. From a consideration that copies of this work may be of extreme rarity, as well as from a conviction that it contains within itself some very interesting information, I shall submit two—and only two more passages : the one, relating to the introduction of the art of PAINTING ; the other, to that of the art of PRINTING, in the Bocage. They are as follow :

“Le grand nombre d’anciens tableaux qu’on voyait dans les églises et les monastères du Bocage, peuvent faire croire que cet état y était en estime ; sans doute que la plupart de ces tableaux n’avaient pas été exécutés que par des étrangers, puisque ce fut un peintre de Rome qui vint peindre la voûte de l’église de Vire en 1534, cela prouve qu’il n’y avait point de peintre en ce pays, puisqu’on fut obligé d’en faire venir un de si loin et à si grands frais. Entre tous les anciens tableaux qui se voyaient dans l’église Notre-Dame de Vire, on remarquait l’adoration des bergers qui était autrefois au maître-autel ; il est actuellement placé dans la chapelle N uve, au côté de l’épître. Quoiqu’il soit vieux, il porte encore des marques de son ancienne beauté. Le co-



them ; and M. Séguin was told that perhaps his personal safety was endangered ! . . . He wanted not a

loris en était éclatant, il formait un bel ensemble, on y remarquait sur-tout un bel ange qui paraît dans l'admiration, ainsi qu'un berger tenant sa houlette, ayant un agneau couché à côté de lui." p. 245.

Quant à L'IMPRIMERIE, on sait que cet art n'est pas ancien, puisqu'il n'a été inventé qu'au quinzième siècle. Pendant tout le siècle suivant, il n'y eut guères que les grandes villes qui en eussent. Ainsi il n'est pas étonnant qu'il n'y en eût pas au Bocage.

"Le premier Imprimeur dont on ait connaissance, pour la ville de Vire, fut ut nommé Jean *Decesne*, vers le commencement du 17<sup>e</sup>. siècle. Quelques exemplaires de son impression font voir que, non-seulement il était habile dans l'art typographique, mais qu'il était savant et possédait les langues anciennes : car dans quelques livres sortis de ses presses, on trouve, outre le *Latin*, du *Grec*, et même de l'*Hébreu*. Il y a entr'autres un livre de controverses contre les Calvinistes, que *Decesne* imprima en 1670. Les exemplaires en sont très-rares.

"Depuis sa mort, jusqu'en 1790, Vire n'eut aucune Imprimerie, mais à cette époque, la révolution étant arrivée, M. *Malo*, frère-quêteur cordelier, du couvent de cette ville, se fit Imprimeur. Mais M. *Malo* osa aspirer à une plus haute fortune. On a vu bien des fois, sous la haire et le froc, le même courage, que sous le casque et la cuirasse. M. *Malo*, sentant pétiller le feu martial au fond de ses entrailles, se fit soldat, et la fortune le servit si bien qu'il devint général. Ce grade valait infiniment mieux que de faire gémir la presse ; aussi il la vendit, et le sieur *Lebel* lui succéda.

"Un an après, le sieur *Adam* en établit une nouvelle à Vire. Ainsi cette ville possède actuellement deux Imprimeries. En 1808, le premier Janvier, le sieur *Adam* entreprit de publier un nouveau journal, qu'il continue sous le nom de *Journal de l'arrondissement de Vire*." p. 253.

It seems not a little severe and discouraging, that a man, who, immersed in business, and writing both to amuse himself and to exalt the talents of his townsmen—as M. Séguin has done—(in the little volume before us, of upwards of 400 pages) should have met with a fate so wholly unmerited and unexpected. But doubtless there must be a

second hint—but fled from home with precipitancy : and in his absence the populace suspended his effigy,

secret history, or key, attached to the transaction, which I frankly own I have neither the curiosity nor the means to ascertain. We now come to the *second* of M. Séguin's publications—entitled *Histoire Militaire des Bocains*; à Vire, &c. 1816 12mo. pp. 429. This is in every respect more generally interesting (beyond the limits of Vire) than its precursor. The author begins thus :

“ Lorsque je donnai mon *Histoire de l'Industrie du Bocage au Public*, je me vis en butte aux calomnies les plus odieuses et les plus contradictoires. Ma vie fut exposée aux plus graves dangers. Je fus jugé sans examen, condamné avec fureur, et livré aux exécuteurs des hautes œuvres, avant même d'avoir pu ouvrir la bouche pour me défendre. Mais l'avidité mercantile qu'on supposait blessée, n'en était que le prétexte ; la jalousie en était le véritable sujet, et l'esprit révolutionnaire permettait alors de tout oser contre moi.\*

“ Il est vrai que ce n'est pas d'aujourd'hui que les hommes qui ont le plus travaillé à illustrer leur Patrie, ont été honnis et persécutés. N'est-ce pas dans ce pays qu'ont vécu des *Olivier Basselin* et des *Malfilatre*, dont l'un fut privé de ses droits les plus légitimes, et l'autre réduit à mourir de misère ? Si de si grands hommes ont été méconnus ou méprisés, je sais que je ne suis pas trop en droit de me plaindre, car je n'ai ni leur talent, ni leur réputation, aussi n'est-ce point pour accuser personne que je rapporte ces faits, mais seulement pour obtenir la grâce d'être lu avant d'être jugé, afin du moins de n'être condamné que dans les formes. J'aurais pu citer en ma faveur le témoignage honorable que m'ont rendu plusieurs Académiciens et autres Savans illustres, tant de la Capitale que des Départemens. Mais quelques soient les clameurs de mes ennemis, je me contenterai de leur répondre avec un des plus grands hommes du 16<sup>e</sup>. siècle,† *Faites mieux, ou laissez faire ceux à qui Dieu en a donné le talent.*‡”

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\* Voyez le Journal de l'Arrondissement de Vire, Août 1810.

† Le Card. Ximènes aux détracteurs d'Erasmus. Dupin des Antiquités, T. 1. p. 77., Fleuri Hist. Eccl. T. 26, p. 339.

‡ . . . . . Chacun à ce métier

Peut perdre impunément de l'encre et du papier. *Boileau.*

and burnt it before the door of his house. This, however, did not *cool* the ardour of authorship in M. Séguin. He set about publishing his *military* history of

This publication is really filled with a great variety of curious historical detail—throughout which is interspersed much that relates to “romaunt lore” and romantic adventures. The civil wars between MONTGOMERY and MATIGNON form alone a very important and interesting portion of the volume ; and it is evident that the author has exerted himself with equal energy and anxiety to do justice to both parties—except that occasionally he betrays his antipathies against the Hugonots.\* I have quoted the commencing passage of this work : let me also quote the concluding one. There may be at least half a score readers who may think it something more than merely historically curious :

“Je finirai donc ici mon Histoire. Je n'ai point parlé d'un grand nombre des faits d'armes et d'actions glorieuses, qui se sont passés dans la guerre de l'indépendance des Etats-Unis d'Amérique où beaucoup de Bocains ont eu part ; mais mon principal dessein a été de traiter des guerres qui ont eu lieu dans le Bocage ; ainsi je crois avoir atteint mon but, qui était d'écrire l'Histoire Militaire des Bocains par des faits et non pas des phrases ; je ne peux cependant omettre une circonstance glorieuse pour le Bocage ; c'est la visite que le bon et infortuné Louis XVI. fit aux Bocains en 1786. Ce grand Monarque dont les vues étaient aussi sages que profondes, avait résolu de faire construire le beau Port de Cherbourg, ouvrage vraiment Royal, qui est une des plus nobles entreprises qui aient été faites depuis l'origine de la Monarchie. Les Bocains sentirent l'avantage d'un si grand bienfait. Le Roi venant visiter les travaux, fut accueilli avec un enthousiasme presque impossible à décrire, ainsi que les Princes qui l'accompagnaient. Sa marche ressemblait à un triomphe. Les peuples accouraient en foule du fond des campagnes, et bordaient la route, faisant retentir les airs de chants d'alégresse et des cris millions de fois répétés de Vive le Roi !

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\* “ Les soldats Huguenots commirent dans cette occasion, toutes sortes de cruautés, d'infamies et de sacrilèges, jusqu'à mêler les Saintes Hosties avec l'avoine qu'ils donnaient à leurs chevaux : mais Dieu permit qu'ils n'en voulurent pas manger.” p. 369.

the Bocains ; and in the introductory part takes occasion to retort upon the violence of his persecutors. To return to M. Séguin. In about ten minutes he appeared, with two copies in his hand—which I purchased, I thought dearly, at five francs each volume ; or a napoleon for the four books. After the adventures of this day, I need hardly tell you that I relished a substantial dinner at a late hour, and that both Mr. L. and myself were well satisfied with Vire.

Yesterday M. La Renaudiere made good his engagement, and dined with us at five, in the *salle à manger*. This is a large inn ; and if good fare depended upon the number and even elegance of female cooks, the traveller ought to expect the very best at the *Cheval Blanc*. The afternoon was so inviting—and my guest having volunteered his services to conduct me to the most beautiful points of view in the immediate neighbourhood—that we each seemed to vie with the other in dispatching what was placed before us . . . and within thirty-five minutes, from the moment of sitting down, we were in the outskirts of Vire. Never shall I forget that afternoon's ramble. The sun seemed to

Musique, Processions, Arcs de triomphe, Chemins jonchés de fleurs ; tout fut prodigué. Les villes de Caen, de Bayeux, de Saint-Lo, de Carentan, de Valognes, se surpassèrent dans cette occasion, pour prouver à S. M. leur amour et leur reconnaissance ; mais rien ne fut plus brillant que l'entrée de ce grand Roi à Cherbourg. Un peuple immense, le clergé, toute la noblesse du pays, le son des cloches, le bruit du canon, les acclamations universelles prouvèrent au Monarque mieux encore que la pompe toute Royale et les fêtes magnifiques que la ville ne cessa de lui donner tous les jours, que les cœurs de tous les Bocains étaient à lui." p.428.

become more of a golden hue, and the atmosphere to increase in clearness and serenity. A thousand little songsters were warbling in the full-leaved branches of the trees; while the mingled notes of the *blanchisseuses* and the milk-maids, near the banks of the rippling stream below, reached us in a sort of wild and joyous harmony—as we gazed down from the overhanging heights. The meadows were spotted with sheep, and the orchards teemed with the coming fruit. You may form some notion of the value of this rich and picturesque scenery, when I tell you that M. La Renaudiere possesses land, in the immediate vicinity of Vire, which lets at £6. 6s. per English acre! My guide was all gaiety of heart, and activity of step. We followed him through winding paths and devious tracks, amidst coppice-wood and fern — not however till we had viewed, from one particular spot upon the heights, a most commanding and interesting panorama of the town of Vire. We left Mr. Lewis, busied in tracing this panorama with his pencil, to continue our route, and to pay a visit to a Mr. and Mrs. S \* \* \* English people—and friends of M. La Renaudiere . . . living about a league further on.

In our way thither, we discoursed of English poetry; and I found that THOMSON was as great a favourite with my guide as with the rest of his countrymen. Indeed he frankly told me that he had translated him into French verse, and intended to publish his translation. I urged him to quote specimens; which he did with a readiness and force, and felicity of version, that quite enchanted me. He thoroughly understands the original; and in the description of a cataract, or mountain

torrent, from the Summer, he appeared to me almost to surpass it. Monsieur R. then proceeded to quote Young and Pope, and delivered his opinion of our two great Whig and Tory Reviews. He said he preferred the politics and vivacity of the *Edinburgh*, but thought the *Quarterly* more instructive and more carefully written. “Enfin (he concluded) j’aime infiniment votre gouvernement, et vos écrivains; mais j’aime moins le peuple Anglois.” I replied that he had at least very recently shewn an exception to this opinion, in his treatment of one among this very people. “C’est une autre chose”—replied he briskly, and laughingly—“vous allez voir deux de vos compatriotes, qui sont mes amis intimes, et vous en serez bien content !” So saying, we continued our route through a delightful avenue of beech-trees, upon the most elevated part within the vicinity of the town; and my companion bade me view from thence the surrounding country. It was rich and beautiful in the extreme; and with perfect truth, I must say, resembled much more strongly the generality of our own scenery than what I had hitherto witnessed in Normandy. But the sun was beginning to cast his shadows broader and broader, and where was the residence of Monsieur and Madame S \* \* \* ?

It was almost close at hand. We reached it in a quarter of an hour—but the inmates were unluckily from home. The house is low and long, but respectable in appearance both within and without. The approach to it is through a pretty copse, terminated by a garden; and the surrounding grounds are rather tastefully laid out. A portion of it indeed had been trained

into something in the shape of a labyrinth ; in the centre of which was a rocky seat, embedded as it were in moss—and from which some fine glimpses were caught of the surrounding country. The fragrance from the orchard trees, which had not yet quite shed their blossoms, was perfectly delicious ; while the stilness of evening added to the peculiar harmony of the whole. We had scarcely sauntered ten minutes before Madame arrived. She had been twelve years in France, and spoke her own language so imperfectly, or rather so unintelligibly, that I begged of her to resume the French. Her reception of us was most hospitable : but we declined cakes and wine, on account of the lateness of the hour. She told us that her husband was in possession of from fourscore to a hundred acres of the most productive land, and regretted that he was from home, on a visit to a neighbouring gentleman ; assuring us, if we could stay, that he would be heartily glad to see us—“ especially any of his *countrymen*, when introduced by Monsieur La Renaudiere.” It was difficult to say who smiled and bowed with the greater complacency, at this double-shotted compliment. I now pressed our retreat homewards. We bade this agreeable lady farewell, and returned down the heights, and through the devious paths by which we had ascended,

While talk of various kind deceived the road.

A more active and profitable day has not yet been devoted to Norman objects, whether of art or of nature. To morrow I breakfast with my friend and guide, and immediately afterwards push on for FALAISE.

A cabriolet is hired, but doubts are entertained respecting the practicability of the route. My next epistle will be therefore from Falaise—where the renowned William the Conqueror was born whose body we left entombed at Caen. The day is clearing up ; and I yet hope for a stroll upon the scite of the castle.

END OF VOL. I.



# **Bibliographical Index.**

\*.\* From the omission to notice certain editions of works, in certain libraries, the reader will not infer that such libraries are therefore **WITHOUT** them. Nor does it necessarily follow that they *contain* them. My object has been, only to describe such books as, from choice, or the particular inclinations of the librarians, were placed before me in the several libraries visited.

The MSS. are designated by the titles being printed in small capital letters.

# INDEX

## OF MANUSCRIPTS, AND OF PRINTED BOOKS,

DESCRIBED, QUOTED, OR REFERRED TO.

	<i>Vol. Page.</i>
<i>Abano de Petri, Conciliator</i> , 1472, folio—in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	iii. 292-3
<i>Æneæ Silvii Hist. Bohem.</i> 1475, folio — in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - -	iii. 228
<i>Æsopus, Gr.</i> 4to. Edit. prin.—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, —	493
—— <i>Lat.</i> 1475, 4to. <i>V. de Villa</i> in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - -	— 142
—— <i>Lat.</i> 1480, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii. 296
—— <i>Ital.</i> 1485, <i>Tuppi</i> , in the same library at Paris, -	— 297
—— <i>Lat.</i> 1486, G. de Leeu, folio—in the same library, -	297
—— <i>Without date, or name of printer</i> , in the same, -	297
—— <i>Ital.</i> 1491 and 1492, 4to.—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 493
—— <i>Hispan.</i> 1496, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii. 298
—— <i>Germ. Without date, &amp;c.</i> , in the same library, -	297
—— in the same library, -	298
—— <i>Lat.</i> 4to. — Prince Eugene's copy in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 493
—— no date, <i>fig. lig. incis. (I. Zeiner)</i> in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - -	— 143
<i>Æsopi Fabulæ</i> (Fab. Æsopicæ) <i>Brandt.</i> 1501, folio copy purchased of Mr. Fischeim at Munich, - - -	— 304
<i>Acta Sanctorum</i> , 52 vols., folio—in the Public Library at Rouen, - - -	i. 179
—— 20 volumes, in the Chapter Library at Bayeux -	— 372
—— three sets of, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	iii. 73
—— six sets of, in the Public Library at Munich, —	298
<i>Alain Chartier, paraboles de, Verard</i> , 1492, folio — UPON VEL-LUM—in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii. 289

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Alain Chartier, les fais de, Verard</i> , no date, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	289
<i>Albert Durer</i> ; original drawings of, in a Book of Prayers, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	iii.	273
<i>Alcuinus de Trinitate, Monast. Utimpurrha</i> , 1500, folio—in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - -	—	233
<i>Aldine Classics</i> , in the Public Library at Rouen, - - -	i.	178
—————, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	311-314
—————, in the Library of St. Geneviève, - - -	—	350
—————, in the possession of M. Renouard, book- seller, - - - - -	-	351
—————, in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - -	iii.	165
—————, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	—	296
<i>Alexandrus Gallus, vulgò de Villa Dei Doctrinale. V. de Spira</i> , folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	502
<i>Almanac historique — le Messager Boiteux</i> — a chapbook, extracts from, - - - - -	iii.	199
<i>Angelius de Arctis</i> , 1474, <i>I. de Sidrano</i> , folio—in the Public Library at Munich, - - - - -	—	292
<i>Anti-Christ—block book</i> —in the Public Library at Landshut, - - -	—	335
<i>Ambrosii Hexameron</i> , (1460,) in the Library of Göttwic monastery, - - - - -	—	429
————— 1472, folio—in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - - - -	—	229
—————, in the Public Library at Nuremberg, <i>Supplement</i> , - - - - -	xxv	
<i>Amours, chasse et départ, Verard</i> , 1509, folio—UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	287
<i>Angelus de Gamb. Tract Maleficiorum</i> , 1472, folio—in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - -	iii.	232
<i>Anthologia Græca</i> , 1498, 4to. — UPON VELLUM, in the Li- brary of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris, - - -	ii.	349
—————, 1503, <i>Aldus</i> , 8vo. UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	311
<i>Anthonii de Burtrio Concilia, Adam Rot</i> , 1472, folio—in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - -	iii.	143
—————, in the Li- brary of Closterneuberg Monastery, - - -	—	617
<i>Antonii Archpi Opera Theologica</i> , 1477, <i>Koberger</i> , folio— in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	—	61

<i>Antonius Sabellicus, in Munit. Sontiac.</i> 4to.—in the library of		
Göttwic Monastery,	- - -	iii. 430
<i>Anton. de S. Greg. Com. Decret. Pavia,</i> 1476, folio—in the		
Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - -	iii. 502
<i>Apocalypse, block-book</i> —in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	ii. 256
_____, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,		iii. 146
_____, in the library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	— 428
_____, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	— 531
_____, <i>Ital. Reisinger</i> , in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	— 483
<i>Apollinaris Offred. adv. Mant. B. Gallus,</i> 1478, 4to.—in the		
Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - -	— 504
<i>Apostles Creed</i> , in German, <i>block-book</i> , with fac simile—in the		
Public Library at Munich,	- - -	— 384
<i>Appianus Lat.</i> , 1472, <i>V. de Spira</i> , in the Public Library at		
Nuremberg,	- - - Supplement,	xxvi
_____, <i>Ratdolt.</i> 1478, folio—in the library of the Monas-		
tery of St. Florian,	- - -	iii. 390
_____, <i>Gr.</i> 1551. folio—Diane de Poitiers' copy, in the		
Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	ii. 316-7
<i>Apuleius</i> , 1469, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	— 282
_____, imperfect, in the Public Library at		
Munich,	- - -	iii. 290
_____, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library		
at Vienna,	- - -	— 493
_____, 1472, <i>Jenson</i> , folio—in the last mentioned		
library,	- - -	— 493
<i>Aquinas, T., Sec. Secundæ, Schoeffher</i> , 1467, folio—UPON		
VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - -	— 505
_____, <i>Mentelin</i> , folio, in the Public		
Library at Strasbourg,	- - -	— 69
_____, <i>P. de Puzbach.</i> No date, folio		
—in the same library,	- - -	<i>ibid.</i>
_____, <i>Opus Quartiscript. Schoeffher.</i> 1469, folio—		
UPON VELLUM, in the same library,	- - -	<i>ibid</i>
_____, <i>In Evang. Matt. et Marc.</i> 1470, <i>S. and</i>		
<i>Pannartz</i> , folio—in the same library,	- - -	<i>ibid.</i>
_____, <i>de virtut. et vitiis. Mentelin</i> —in the Public		
Library at Munich,	- - -	— 289
<i>Arbre des Batailles, Verard</i> , 1493, folio—UPON VELLUM,		
in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	i. 286

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Aretinus de Bello Gothico</i> , 1470, folio—in the Public Library at Caen, - - - -	i.	333
<i>Aretinus, L., de Studiis et Litteris, (Laver)</i> 4to.—in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - -	iii.	142
<i>Aristophanes, Gr. Aldus</i> , 1498, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - -	i.	178
<i>Aristotelis Opera, Gr. Aldus</i> , 1498, 6 vols. Two copies UPON VELLUM (the first volume in each copy wanting) in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	291
———— <i>Comment Eustratii</i> , 1536, <i>Aldus</i> , folio, large paper copy in the same collection, - - - -	—	314
———— <i>Ethica Nichomachea. Gr. (Aldus)</i> — remarkably splendid copy of, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	—	293
———— <i>Ethica. Lat. Mentelin.</i> Folio — in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - -	iii.	69
<i>Ars Memorandi</i> , &c. — <i>block book</i> : five copies of, in the Public Library at Munich, - - - -	—	282
———— in the Public Library at Landshut, - - - -	—	335
———— in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - -	—	531
———— in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - - -	—	428
<i>Ars Moriendi, Germanicè</i> — 4to. — in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - -	—	146
————, <i>Lat. block book</i> —two editions, in the Public Library at Munich, - - - -	—	283
<i>Art de bien Mourir, Verard</i> , no date, folio — UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	288
<i>Art and Crafte to know well to dye, Caxton</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	277
ARTUS LE ROY, MS. XIIth century, — in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	223
Another MS. of the same Romance, in the same Library, - - - -	—	224
<i>Artaxani Summa</i> , (1469) folio — in the Public Library at Augsburg, - - - -	iii.	232
<i>Augustinus Sts. De Civitate Dei</i> , 1467, folio — in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	262
———— in the Library of Ste. Geneviève at Paris, - - - -	—	346

<i>Augustinus Sts. De Civitate Dei</i> , 1467, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	iii.	483
_____ , in the Library of Closterneburg Monastery,	-	-	-	—	616
_____ <i>Sweynheym and Pannartz</i> , 1470, folio, in the Public Library at Vire,	-	-	-	i.	447
_____ <i>V. de Spira</i> , 1470, folio — in the Public Library at Rouen,	-	-	-	i.	176
_____ , UPON VELLUM, late in the Library of Chremsminster Monastery,	-	-	-	iii.	375
_____ , UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	—	483
_____ , upon paper, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	-	—	429
_____ , <i>Mentelin</i> , folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	-	—	62
_____ , in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	—	293
_____ , in the Public Library at Landshut,	-	-	-	—	335
_____ <i>Schoeffher</i> , 1473, folio—in the Library of the Monastery of Chremsminster,	-	-	-	—	374
_____ , <i>Jenson</i> 1475, folio — UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	—	483
_____ <i>Epistolæ</i> , <i>Mentelin</i> , folio, three copies, with different ms. dates, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	—	293
_____ , <i>Mentelin</i> — in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	iii.	484
_____ <i>Confessionum, Libri XIII.</i> 1475. 4to.—in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	—	484
_____ <i>de Trinitate</i> , folio—in the same collection,	-	-	-	<i>ibid.</i>	
_____ <i>de arte prædicandi. Fust</i> — in the possession of M. Levrault at Strasbourg,	-	-	-	—	96
_____ <i>de singularitate Clericorum</i> , 1467, 4to.—in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	-	—	163
AUGUSTINI STL. IN PSALMOS, MS. xvth century — formerly in the library of Corvinus, King of Hungary, and now in that of the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	-	—	155
_____ <i>Yppon. de Cons. Evang.</i> 1473, folio — in the Public Library at Augsburg,	-	-	-	—	232
<i>Aulus Gellius</i> , 1469, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	232

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Aulus Gellius</i> , UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	493
<i>Ausonius</i> , 1472, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	282
————— in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	494
—————, <i>Aldus</i> , 1517, 8vo. Grolier's copy, on large paper, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	314
<i>Aymon, les quatre filz</i> , 1583, 4to. —in the Library of the Arsenal, at Paris - - - - -	—	334

## B.

<i>Balbus, Tract. de Quæst.</i> 1477. 4to. in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	177
BALLADS; <i>Bon Jour, Bon Soir: Le Vaillant Troubadour</i> , vol. i. 224 — <i>Toujours</i> , 389; various, from the <i>Vaudevires of Olivier Basselin</i> , 435-444; <i>Vive Le Roi, Vive L'Amour</i> , ii. 3.; <i>Naissance de Guillaume le Conquerant</i> , ii. 54; <i>en arborant le drapeau blanc</i> , at <i>Falaise</i> , ii. 23; <i>le Baiser d'Adieu</i> , 48; <i>L'Image de la Vie</i> , 49; <i>Le Troubadour Parisien</i> , 50; <i>Sauve qui peut</i> , 51; <i>Balade joyeux des Taverniers</i> , ii. 287.		
<i>Bartholus Lectura. V. de Spira</i> , 1471. Folio. In the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	505
<i>Bartsch, I. Adam de—Catalogue des Estampes, par, &amp;c.</i> 1818. 8vo. - - - - -	—	605
<i>Bastiano Foresi</i> , 4to.—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	514
<i>Bella (La) Mano</i> , 1474, 4to. — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -		514
<i>Bellovacensis Vinc. Spec. Hist.</i> 1473, folio; in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	176
————— in the Public Library at Augsburg, - - - - -	iii.	233
————— in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	506
————— <i>Morale</i> , 1476, folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - - -	iii.	59
BENEDICTIONARIUS, MS. xith century—in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	169-175
<i>Berlinghieri, Geografia</i> , folio — in the Imperial Library (Prince Eugene's copy) at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	515
<i>Berinus et Aygres de Lamant, Bonfons</i> , no date, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	336-7



Vol Page.

<i>Bessarionis Epistolæ</i> , (1469) folio—in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	iii.	143
-----, folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	—	506
<i>Bessarion, Card. Orat. ad Inclit. Ital. Princ.</i> Gering. 4to. in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	—	506
<b>BIBLIA LATINA</b> , MS. ixth century, of Charles the Bald—in the Royal Library at Paris, with a copper-plate engraving of that Monarch's portrait, - - - - -	ii.	156-162
----- xixth century, in the same library, - - - - -	ii.	166
----- xvth century, of the <i>Emperor Wenceslaus</i> —in the Imperial Library at Vienna, with three facsimile engraved illustrations, - - - - -	iii.	461-463
<i>Biblia Hist. Paraphrastica</i> , MS. xvth century, - - - - -	ii.	168-172
<i>Biblia Polyglotta Complut.</i> 1516, &c. in the Public Library at Coutances, - - - - -	i.	412
----- copy belonging to Diane de Poitiers, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	315
----- copy of Demetrius Chalcondylas, afterwards that of Eckius, in the Public Library at Landshut, - - - - -	iii.	336
----- <i>Walton</i> ; royal copy, in the Public Library at Caen, - - - - -	i.	336
----- with the original dedication, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - - -	iii.	138 ( <i>note.</i> )
----- with the original dedication, in the Public Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	—	138
----- in the Library of the Monastery of St. Florian, in Austria - - - - -	—	391
<i>Biblia Polyglotta, Le Jay</i> : in the Chapter Library at Bayeux, - - - - -	i.	373
----- in the Library of the Lycée at do. - - - - -	—	374
----- in the Library of the Hotel de Ville at St. Lo, - - - - -	—	396
----- <i>Hebraica, edit. Soncini</i> , 1488, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	486
----- <i>Houbigant</i> , 1753, in a Private Collection near Bayeux, - - - - -	i.	361
----- <i>Hahn</i> , 1806, in the Library of the Monastery of Closterneuburg, - - - - -	iii.	615
----- <i>Græci, Aldus</i> , 1518, folio — Francis Ist's copy, upon thick paper, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	313

<i>Biblia Græca</i> , Aldus, upon thick paper, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - -	ii.	323-4
----- the usual copy, in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - - -	iii.	162
<i>Biblia Latina</i> , (edit. Maz. 1455) folio, 2 vols., two copies of, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	253
----- a copy in the Mazarine Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	364-5
----- a copy in the Public Library at Munich, - - - -	iii.	287
----- a copy in the Imperial Library at Vienna - - - -	--	484
----- Pfister, (1461) folio, 3 vols. in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	255
----- in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, (imperfect) - - - -	iii.	137
----- in the Imperial Library at Vienna - - - -	--	485
----- Erst and Schoeffler, 1462: folio—three copies (two UPON VELLUM, and a third on paper) in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - -	ii.	321
VELLUM COPY, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, - - - -	ii.	346
----- in the Mazarine Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	365
----- in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - -	iii.	137
----- (imperfect) in the Public Library at Landshut, - - - -	--	335
----- in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - -	--	485
<i>Biblia Latina</i> , Mentelin — in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - -	--	56
----- in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - -	--	485
----- Eggesteyn, (ms. date, 1468) in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - -	--	57
----- (ms. date, 1466) in the Public Library at Munich, - - - -	--	289
----- supposed edition of Eggesteyn, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - -	--	55
-----, 1475, folio, Frisner, &c. — in the Public Library at Augsburg, - - - -	iii.	228
----- (1475 edit. Gering) imperfect copy in the Chapter Library at Bayeux, - - - -	i.	373

## Vol. Page.

<i>Biblia Latina, Hailbrun</i> , 1476, folio: two copies, of which one is UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	iii.	485
----- <i>Jenson</i> , 1479, folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	58
----- UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna—and a second copy upon paper,	-	-	485
----- <i>Litt. R</i> — in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	iii.	486
-----, 1483, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen,	-	i.	177
-----, 1485, folio, in the Public Library at Caen,	-	i.	333
----- <i>Froben</i> , 1495, Svo. in the Public Library at Vire,	-	-	447
<i>Biblia Germanica, Mentelin</i> , folio — in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	ii.	255
----- in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	iii.	55
----- two copies, in the Public Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	137
----- two copies in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	287
----- in the Public Library at Landshut,	-	-	334
----- in the Library at Closterneuburg Monastery,	-	-	616
----- in the Public Library at Ratisbon,	-	-	
----- <i>Supplement</i> ,	-	xv	
----- imperfect copy, (ms. date of 1467) in the Library of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at Ratisbon,	-	-	
----- <i>Supplement</i> ,	-	xi	
----- in the Public Library at Nuremberg,	-	-	
----- <i>Supplement</i> ,	-	xxv	
----- <i>supposed first edition</i> , in the Public Library at Landshut,	-	-	334
-----, <i>supposed first edition</i> , folio, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	428
-----, <i>Sorg, Augsburg</i> , 1477, folio, in the Library of Professor Veessenmeyer, at Ulm,	-	-	195

<i>Biblia Germanica, Sorg, Augsbourg, 1477, folio, in the Library of the Monastery of St. Florian,</i>	-	-	iii.	390
—————, <i>Peypus, 1524, folio—UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,</i>	-	-	—	137
<i>Biblia Italica; Kalend. Augusti, 1471—folio—in the Mazarine Library, at Paris,</i>	-	-	ii.	365
————— imperfect copy, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	iii.	138
————— <i>Kalend. Octobris, 1471, folio — in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris,</i>	-	-	ii.	346
————— in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	iii.	138
————— in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	—	486
————— 1477, folio, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	—	428
<i>Bibl. Hist. Venet. 1492, folio — copy purchased of M. Fischeim at Munich,</i>	-	-	—	304
<i>Biblia Bohemica, 1488, folio — in the Royal Library at Paris,</i>	-	-	ii.	257
———— <i>Polonica, 1563, folio — in the same Library,</i>	-	-	—	256
———— in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	iii.	137
———— copy purchased by the Author at Augsbourg,	-	-	iii.	228
———— in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	—	488
————, 1599, folio—in the Library of Ste. Geneviève,	-	-	ii.	347
———— <i>Hungarica, 1565, folio—incomplete, in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart,</i>	-	-	iii.	162-3
————, 1626, folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	—	58
———— <i>Sclaronica, 1581, folio, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,</i>	-	-	—	139
————, 1584, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	—	58
————, 1587, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	ii.	257
<i>Bible, La Sainte, 1669, folio; large paper copy in the Public Library of Caen,</i>	-	-	i.	336
<i>BIBLIA—HISTORICA, MS. versibus germanicis, Sec. xiv.—in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,</i>	-	-	iii.	152
———— <i>Aurea, Lat. I. Zeiner, 1474, folio—in the Library of Chremsinster Monastery,</i>	-	-	—	375

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Biblia Pauperum</i> , block book: in the Royal Library at Paris,	ii.	255
—————, printed by Pfister, in the same, - - -	—	261
—————, block book, German, — in the Royal Li-		
brary at Strasbourg, - - -	iii.	146
—————, <i>Latine</i> , first edition, in the same Library,	—	147
—————, block book — one German, and two Latin		
editions, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	—	283
—————, Lat. in the Library of Göttwic Monas-		
tery, - - -	—	428
————— in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	—	531
BIOGRAPHY, ROYAL, OF FRANCE — xvth century — magni-		
ficent MS. in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	216
<i>Blasphemateurs du nom de Dieu</i> , an ancient morality, in Svo.,		
without date—discovered in the vicinity of Rouen, i. 159—		
and fully described, with copious extracts, from the same		
unique copy in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	—	302-310
BLAZONRY OF ARMS, BOOK OF — xivth century, with fac-		
simile portrait of <i>Leopold de Sempach</i> —in the Imperial Li-		
brary at Vienna, - - -	iii.	474-5
Block books; at Paris, i. 255; at Stuttgart, iii. 146; at Mu-		
nich, iii. 279; at Landshut, iii. 335; at Göttwic Monastery,		
iii. 428; at Vienna, iii. 531.		
BOCACE, DES CAS DES NOBLES HOMMES & FEMMES, MS.		
xvth century, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	212
————— two more		
MSS. of the same work, in the same Library, - - -	—	214
<i>Boccace Ruines des Nobles Hommes</i> , &c. 1476, <i>Colard Man-</i>		
<i>sion</i> , folio, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	—	280
<i>Boccaccio Il Decamerone</i> , 1471, <i>Valdarfer</i> , folio — in the		
Royal Library at Paris, - - -	—	279
—————, 1472, <i>A. de Michaelibus</i> , folio, in		
the Royal Library in Paris, - - -	<i>ibid.</i>	
—————, in the Public Library at Nurem-		
berg, - - - <i>Supplement</i> ,	xxv	
—————, 1476, <i>Zarotus</i> , folio, in the Impe-		
rial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	515
————— <i>Deo Gracias, Sine Anno: forsan edit.</i>		
<i>prin.</i> in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	—	291
—————, <i>Nimphale</i> , 1477, 4to., in the Royal Library at		
Stuttgart, - - -	—	146

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Boccaccio, de Clar. Mulier.</i> (1470, qu. 7) folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	iii.	507
<i>Boetius, Koburger</i> , Germ. Lat., 1473, folio, in the Public Library at Augsburg, -	iii.	231
———, <i>F. Johannes</i> , 1474, 4to., in the Library of Ste. Geneviève at Paris, -	ii.	348
<i>Bonaventuræ Papæ Medit. Vit. Christi</i> , 1468, G. Zeiner, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, -	iii.	431
<i>Bonifacii Papæ Libr. Decret.</i> 1465, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Mölk Monastery, -	—	411
———, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	—	507
———, UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Nuremberg, -	<i>Supplement,</i>	xxv
<i>Bonne Vie, ou Madenie, Chambery</i> , 1485, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	—	525
<i>Brandt Navis Stult. Germ.</i> , 1499, 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	—	526
BREVIARE D'AMOURS, MS. xiii <sup>th</sup> century, with copper plate fac-simile, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	—	477-480
BREVIARE DE BELLEVILLE, MS., xiv <sup>th</sup> century, in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii.	174-6
BREVIARY OF JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD, MS. xv <sup>th</sup> century—in the Royal Library at Paris—with copper plate fac-simile of a portion of the Adoration of the Magi, from the same, -	ii.	176-185
BREVIARE DE M. DE MONMORENCY, MS. xv <sup>th</sup> century—in the Emperor of Austria's private collection at Vienna -	iii.	592
<i>Breviarium, seu de dubiis Casibus in Missa</i> : no date, &c., in the Public Library at Strasbourg -	—	63
———, <i>Teutonicè</i> , 4to., UPON VELLUM, copy purchased of M. Fischeim, at Munich, -	—	304
BREVIARIUM ECCL. LISS. MS.; in the Public Library at Caen -	i.	334
<i>Breydenbach Itinerarium Lat.</i> 1486, folio, in the library of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at Ratishon, <i>Supplement,</i> -	xi.	
———, <i>Itineraire</i> , 1488, folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	iii.	526
BRUT D'ANGLETTERE, MS. xiv <sup>th</sup> century—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	—	477
<i>Budæi Comment. in Ling. Gr.</i> 1529, folio—Francis Ist. copy, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii.	295

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Burchiello Sonetti</i> , 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	iii.	516
<i>Burtrio, Anthon. de, Adam Rot</i> , 1472, folio, in the library of Closterneburg Monastery, -	iii.	617
C.		
<i>Cadeau des Muses</i> , - - -	ii.	53
<i>Cæsar</i> , 1469, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii.	282
—————, in the Mazarine Library, -	ii.	367
—————, in the Public Library at Munich, -	iii.	290
—————, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library, -	iii.	494
—————, 1471. <i>Jenson</i> , in the library of Göttwic Monastery, -	iii.	430
—————, 1472. <i>S. and Pannartz</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	494
<i>Calderi Opus Concilior. Adam Rot</i> , 1472. Folio, in the library of Closterneburg Monastery, -	—	617
CALENDARIUM, MS., xvth century in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	—	269
—————, <i>Regiomontani, block book</i> , in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	—	286
<i>Cancionero General</i> , 1566, 8vo., 1573, 1580, 8vo., at Rouen, -	i.	153
<i>Caratzullus, De Tim. Dir. Judic. Arnold de Bruxella</i> , 1473, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	iii.	507
<i>Castille et Artus d'Algarbe</i> , 1587. 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris - - -	ii.	327.
<i>Catéchisme des Amans</i> , - - -	i.	140
—————, <i>à l'usage des grandes filles pour être mariées</i> -	—	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>Caterina, da Sienna</i> , 1477, 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	517
—————, <i>de Senis</i> , 1500, folio, in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii.	315
<i>Catholicon</i> , 1460, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	—	264
—————, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	iii.	290
—————, <i>G. Zeiner</i> , 1469, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Munich, -	—	291
—————, in the Monastic Library of Chremsminster, - - -	—	374
—————, UPON VELLUM, in the Monastic Library of Göttwic, - - -	—	428
—————, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	507

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Catholicicon</i> , 1489, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen, -	i.	178
_____, without date, &c., in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	iii.	63
_____, <i>without date</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	-	507
<i>Catonis Ethica</i> , 1477, folio, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, -	-	164
_____, (I. Zeiner) no date, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	-	63
<i>Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius</i> , 1472, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	282
_____, in the Mazarine Library, -	-	367
_____, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	iii.	67
_____, 1473, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	-	494
<i>Carton, books printed by</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii.	276-8-322
_____, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	iii.	532
<i>Celestina Commedia de, Anvers</i> , 18mo., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - -	ii.	332
<i>Chaucer's Book of Fame, Carton</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	532
CHESS, GAME OF, <i>metrical German version of</i> , MS., sec. xv., in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - -	-	154
<i>Chevalier Delibre</i> , 1488, 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	-	526
CHEVALIER AU LION, MS., 1470, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - -	-	155
<i>Chivalry</i> ; see <i>Tournaments</i> .		
<i>Chrétien de Meehel</i> , Cat. des Tableaux de la Galerie imp. et roy. de Vienne, 1781, 8vo., - - -	-	573
CHRONIQUE DE LOUIS XI., MS., xvth century, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	480
<i>Chronicon Pontificum</i> , 1474, 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	-	507
_____, <i>Foresii, Lat.</i> 1474, folio, <i>printed by Gotz</i> , in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	-	59
_____, <i>Hungariæ</i> , 1485, 4to., in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - -	-	229
_____, <i>Chronicon Norimbergense</i> , 1493, folio, quoted, or referred to, iii. 219, 237, 356, 536, <i>Supplement</i> , -	ix.	



## Vol. Page.

<i>Chronicon Gottwicense</i> , 1732, folio, 2 vols., some account of this rare and valuable work,	-	-	iii.	436-7
_____, referred to,	-	-	—	356
<i>Chrysoloras Erotemata</i> , Gr. edit. prin. 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	—	509
<i>Chrysostomi Comment.</i> , Gr. 1529, folio, copy of Diane de Poitiers, in the Public Library at Caen,	-	-	i.	338
<i>Cicero de Officiis</i> , 1465, 4to., UPON VELLUM, from a private collection in the Vosges, now in that of the Rev. H. Drury,	iii.			70.
_____, 1465, 4to., two copies UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	iii.	494
_____, 1466, 4to., upon paper, in the Mazarine Library at Paris,	-	-	ii.	367
_____, 1466, 4to., UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	iii.	140
_____, 1466, 4to., UPON VELLUM, in the same collection,	-	-	—	<i>ibid.</i>
_____, ( <i>Aldus</i> ), 8vo., UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	ii.	312
_____, <i>Epistolæ ad Familiares</i> , 1467, folio, Cardinal Bes-sarion's copy, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	iii.	495
_____, 1469, <i>S. and Pannartz</i> , folio, in the same Library,	-	-	—	<i>ibid.</i>
_____, 1469, <i>S. and Pannartz</i> , folio, in the Public Library at Augsbourg,	-	-	—	228
_____, 1469, <i>I. de Spira</i> , in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	—	140
_____, 1488, in the Public Library at Rouen,	i.			177
_____, 1502, Aldus, 8vo., UPON VELLUM, in the possession of M. Renouard, bookseller,	-	-	ii.	395
<i>Cicero, de Oratore</i> , Monast. Soubiac., folio, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris,	-	-	ii.	346
_____, <i>V. de Spira</i> , folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	iii.	67
_____, in the Imperial Li-brary at Vienna,	-	-	—	496
_____, <i>Opera Philosophica</i> , Ulric Han, folio, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	—	290
_____, in the Imperial Li-brary at Vienna,	-	-	—	495

	<i>Vol. Page.</i>
<i>Cicero, Opera Philosophica, typ. Ausonii, 1472, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery</i>	- - iii. 431
—, <i>De Natura Deorum, V. de Spira, 1471, folio, in the Mazarine Library, at Paris,</i>	- - ii. 367
—, <i>Rhetorica Vetus, Jenson, 1470, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris,</i>	- - — 348
—, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - iii. 496
—, <i>Orationes, S. and Pannartz, 1471, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,</i>	- - — 496
—, <i>Valdarfer, 1471, folio, UPON VELLUM, (wanting one leaf) in the Royal Library at Paris,</i>	- - ii. 295
—, perfect VELLUM COPY, in the possession of Mr. Renouard, bookseller,	- - — 394
—, 1519, <i>Aldus, Svo., UPON VELLUM, first volume only, in the Royal Library at Paris,</i>	- - ii. 312
—, perfect copy, UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève,	- - ii. 351
—, <i>Pedian's Comment. unâ cum Trapezunt. de art. Cicer. orat. (I. de Colonia) 1477, folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,</i>	- - iii. 67
—, <i>Opera Omnia, 1498, folio, 4 vols., in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris,</i>	- - ii. 349
—, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - — 496
—, 1534, <i>Giunta, folio, singular copy in the Royal Library at Paris,</i>	- - ii. 317
<i>Cid, el Cavalero, 1627, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal, at Paris: bound with Segs Romances del Cid Ruy Diaz de Berar, 1627, 4to.</i>	- - ii. 330
CITÉ DE DIEU, MS., in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - ii. 204-209
<i>Cité des Dames, (Verard) folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,</i>	- - iii. 526
<i>Clement. Pap. Constit. 1468, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,</i>	- - — 508
<i>Compendium Morale, folio, UPON VELLUM, unique copy, late in the possession of the Baron Derschau, at Nuremberg,</i>	Supplement, xxxiv.
<i>Confessionale, Arnobius, 1473, 4to., in the library of Göttwic Monastery,</i>	- - iii. 430-1
COSTENTIN DU, MS., in the Public Library at Caen,	- - i. 334

<i>Cotman</i> , Mr., character of his <i>Anglo-Norman Antiquities</i> , preface, p. viii. See GENERAL INDEX,		
<i>Coustumier Grand, de Normandie</i> , in the Public Library at St. Lo, in Normandy,	i.	396
COUTANCES, MS., biographical details connected with, in the Public Library at Caen,	—	335
<i>Coutumes Anciennes</i> , 1672, 12mo. at Caen,	—	336
<i>Crastoni Lexicon</i> , 1481, Gr. and Lat., folio, in the Library of Professor Veesenmeyer, at Ulm,	iii.	194
———, <i>Gr. and Lat.</i> , 1499, folio, in the Library of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at Ratisbon, <i>Supplement</i> ,		xi
<i>Cronica del Cid. Seville</i> , 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	—	527
<i>Cronica del rey Don Juan, Seville</i> , 1563, 4to., copy pur- chased of Mr. Fischheim, at Munich,	—	304
Cronique de France, 1493, <i>Verard</i> , UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	ii.	284
——— <i>de Florimont</i> , 1529, 4to. — in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	—	335
——— <i>de Cleriadus</i> , 1529, 4to., — in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	—	337

## D.

<i>Daigremont et Vivian</i> , 1538, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal, at Paris,	—	338
<i>Dance of Death</i> , MS., with wood cuts, in the Public Library of Munich,	iii.	278-9
<i>Dante, Numeister</i> , 1472, folio, in the Mazarine Library at Paris,	ii.	368
———, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	iii.	518
———, <i>Petrus Adam</i> , 1472, folio, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris,	ii.	348
———, <i>Neapoli, Tuppi</i> , folio, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	iii.	144
———, <i>Milan</i> , 1478, with the comments of G. Tu- zago, folio, in the same collection,	—	<i>ibid.</i>
———, 1481, folio, imperfect copy, in the Public Library at Augsbouurg	iii.	231
———, perfect copy, with twenty copper plates, in the Public Library at Munich,	—	291

	<i>Vol. Page.</i>
<i>Dante</i> , 1481, folio, with xx, copper-plates, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 518
<i>Dasyppodius Conrad</i> , his treatise on the clock in Strasbourg Cathedral, - - -	— 33
<i>Datti Elegantiolæ, cum quibusd. aliis opusc. gramm.</i> , 4to. no date, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - -	— 141
<i>Decor Puellarum, Jenson</i> , 1461, 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	— 518
<i>Defensio Immac. Concept. B. V. M.</i> 1470, block book, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	— 286
<i>De Fide Concubinarum in Sacerdot.</i> 4to., late in the possession of M. Koch, of Manheim, <i>Supplement</i> ,	lvi.
<i>Delphin Classics</i> , fine set of, in the library of Chremsminster Monastery, - - -	— 376
<i>Demosthenes, Gr.</i> , 1504, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen, i.	179
<i>Der Veis Ritter</i> , 1514, folio, unique copy, in the Public Library at Landshut, - - -	iii. 337
<i>Dictionarium Pauperum, Colon.</i> 1504, 8vo., copy purchased of M. Fischeim, at Munich, - - -	— 304
<i>Dion Cussius</i> , 1548, Gr. folio, edit. prin., Diane de Poitiers copy, in the Royal Library at Paris, - -	ii. 316-7
<i>Dio Chrysostom. de Regno, Valdarfer</i> , 4to., UPON VELLUM, in the Emperor's private collection at Vienna, -	iii. 593
<i>Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Gr.</i> , 1546, folio, Diane de Poitiers' copy, in the Royal Library at Paris, - -	ii. 317
<i>Dioscorides, GRÆCE</i> , MS., vith century, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 471-3
<i>DIVERTISSEMENTS TOUCHANT LA GUERRE</i> , MS., in the Public Library at Caen, - - -	i. 334
<i>Doolin de Mayence, Paris, Bonfons</i> , 4to. in the Library of the Arsenal, - - -	ii. 339
<i>Donatus</i> : several early editions of, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	iii. 294
———, 4to. — ( <i>Bamler</i> ) in the Library of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at Ratisbon, - <i>Supplement</i> ,	x
<i>Duns Scotus, I. de Rheno</i> , 1473, folio — in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - -	iii. 431
<i>Durandi Rationale</i> , 1459, folio, in the Royal Library at Paris, ii.	255
———, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 508

## Vol. Page.

<i>Durandi Rationale</i> , 1459, folio, in the Public Library at Nuremberg,	-	-	-	-	<i>Supplement</i> ,	—	xxv
—————, 1474, <i>I. Zeiner</i> , folio, in the Library of Chremsminster Monastery,	-	-	-	-	-	iii.	375
—————, <i>Without Date</i> , <i>Litt. R.</i> in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	-	-	-	—	63
————— <i>Speculum Judiciale</i> , <i>Hussner</i> , 1473, folio—in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	-	-	-	—	59

## E.

ECHES AMOREUX, MS. folio—with copper-plate fac-simile—in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	-	ii.	209
<i>Echec Jeu de</i> , ( <i>Verard</i> ) no date—UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	-	—	286
<i>Ein nuizlich büchlin</i> , <i>Augs.</i> , 1498, 4to. — in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	-	iii.	527
<i>Erasmus expurgatus iuxta cens. Acad. Loran.</i> 1579, folio, in the Public Library at Augsbouurg. See <i>Testament. Novum</i> , 1516.	-	-	-	-	-	—	234
EVANGELIA QUATTOR, Lat. MS. vith century, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	-	ii.	155-6
————— ————vith century, in the Library of Chremsminster Monastery,	-	-	-	-	-	iii.	377-9
————— ————ixth century, belonging to the Emperor Lotharius, with engraving of his portrait,	-	-	-	-	-	ii.	163-166
————— ————ixth century—in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	-	-	iii.	259-261
————— ————xith century, in the same Library,	-	-	-	-	-	—	262
————— ————xth century, in the Public Library at Landshtut,	-	-	-	-	-	—	333
————— ————xith century—in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	-	-	-	—	148
————— ————xvth century, in the Imperial Library at Vienna	-	-	-	-	-	—	464
EVANGELIUM SRI. IOHANNIS, MS. Lat. xith century, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	-	ii.	173
<i>Evangelia cum Epistolis: Ital.</i> folio — in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	-	-	-	iii.	428
<i>Euclides</i> , 1482, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	-	ii.	294
—————, four varying copies of, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	-	-	iii.	290

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page</i>
<i>Euripides, Gr.</i> , 1503, <i>Aldus</i> —UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - ii. 311		
———, <i>Hecuba et Iphigenia in Aul.</i> Gr. and Lat. 1507, Svo. UPON VELLUM, in the same Library, - - - — <i>ibid.</i>		
<i>Eustathius in Homerum</i> , 1542, folio — UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - — 292		
——— upon paper, in the same collection, - - - - — 316		
———, 1559, folio, fine copy, upon paper, in the Public Library at Caen, - - - i. 337		
<i>Eutropius</i> , 1471, <i>Laver</i> , folio — in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - - iii. 162		
<i>Exhortation against the Turks</i> (1472) in the Public Library at Munich, - - - — 282		
<i>Eyb. Margarita Poetica</i> , 1472, folio—in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - — 62		

## F.

<i>Fait de la Guerre, C. Mansion</i> , folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - ii. 280		
<i>Fazio Dita Mundi</i> , 1474, folio — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - iii. 518		
<i>Ficheti Rhetorica</i> — <i>Gering</i> —4to.—UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - — 509		
<i>Fiorio e Bianciflore, Bologna</i> , 1480, folio — in the Library of the Arsenal, at Paris, - - - - ii. 331		
<i>Fierbras</i> , 1486, folio—Prince Eugene's copy), in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - iii. 528		
<i>Flos Sanctorum</i> , 1582, folio—in the Public Library at Rouen, i. 179		
<i>Fontaine Contes de la</i> , copy of in the Chapter Library at Bayeux, - - - - i. 372		
<i>Fortulitium Fidei</i> — folio—no date — in the Public Library at Munich : curious printed advertisement in this copy, - iii. 295		
<i>Frezzi Il Quadrivregio</i> , 1481, folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - — 518		
<i>Fulgosii Anteros</i> — 1496 — folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - — 518		
FUNERAILLES DES REINES DE FRANCE, MS. folio — in the Emperor's Private Collection at Vienna, - - - — 592		

## G.

<i>Galenus, Gr.</i> 1525, folio, <i>Aldus</i> — large paper copy, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	314
<i>F. GAFFURIUS LAUD. HARM. INST. MS.</i> xvith century — in the Emperor's Private Collection at Vienna, - - - -	iii.	592
<i>Galien et Jaqueline</i> , 1525, folio—in the Library of the Arsenal, at Paris, - - - -	ii.	333
<i>Gallia Christiana</i> , 1732, folio, in the Chapter Library at Bayeux, - - - -	i.	373
<i>Games of Chess, Caxton</i> , folio, 2d. edit. — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - -	iii.	532
<i>GENESIS</i> —MS. of the <i>ivth</i> . century— <i>fragments of Chapters of</i> , account of — with fac-simile Illuminations, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - -	—	457
<i>Gerard, Comte de Nevers</i> , 1526, 4to. — in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - -	ii.	335
<i>Germanicar. Rer. Tres Script. Select.</i> 1707, folio—referred to, ———— <i>curante Nidano, &amp;c.</i> 1726—referred to, - - - -	iii.	353 356-378
<i>GESTA ROMANORUM</i> , MS. <i>xivth</i> century, in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - - -	—	163
<i>Geyler, Navic. Fat.</i> 1511, 4to — in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - - -	—	233
<i>Gloria Mulierum, Jenson</i> , 4to.—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - -	—	519
<i>Godfrey of Boulogne, Caxton</i> , folio — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - -	—	532
<i>GRAAL, ST.</i> , MS. in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	ii.	223
<i>Grammatica Rhythmica</i> , 1466, folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - -	—	264
<i>Grandidier, Essai Hist. et Topog. sur l'Eglise Cathédrale de Strasbourg</i> , 1782, 8vo. - - - -	iii.	17-18
<i>Gratian Opus. Decret. Schoeffher</i> , 1470, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Göttwic monastery,* - - - -	iii.	428
—————, <i>Schoeffher</i> , 1472, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Closternenburg monastery, - - - -	—	617
<i>Gregorii Opera, Germ.</i> 1483, folio, in the Library of Professor Veesenmeyer, at Ulm, - - - -	—	193

\* I doubt whether there be any such edition, or whether the *ensuing*, by the same printer, be not here intended.

	<i>Vol. Page</i>
<i>Griseldis, Germ.</i> , 1483, 4to., wood cuts, in the Library of Professor Veessenmeyer, at Ulm, - - -	iii. 194
———, 1471, 4to., without cuts, in the same collection. See <i>Petrarcha</i> . - - -	— <i>ibid.</i>
<i>Guillaume de Palerne</i> , 1552, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal: another edition, 1634, 4to., - - -	ii. 337-8
<i>Gulielmus de Saliceto, Ital.</i> 1474, folio, in the Library of Göttwie Monastery, - - -	— 431
<i>Guy de Warwick</i> , no date, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - -	ii. 326
<i>Gyron Le Courtoys</i> , no date, <i>Verard</i> , UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii. 284

## H.

<i>Hartlieb's Chiromancy, block book</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii. 266
———, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 531
<i>Hæberlin, Analecta Medii Ævi</i> , 1734, 12mo., copy in the possession of Professor Siebenkees at Strasbourg - - -	iii. 80
<i>Helayne La Belle</i> , 1528, 4to., in the library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - -	ii. 339
<i>Hector de Troye, Arnoullet</i> , 4to. in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - -	— 340
<i>Herbarium Mogunt.</i> , 1484, 4to., in the Public Library at Caen, - - -	i. 325
<i>Hermann, Notices Historiques, Statistiques, et Littéraires sur la Ville de Strasbourg</i> , - - -	iii. 3, &c.
<i>Heures, printed by Vostre</i> , fine copy of, in the Public Library at Caen, - - -	i. 336
<i>Herodotus, Gr.</i> 1502, <i>Aldus</i> , folio, large paper copy in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii. 316
HISTORIA B. M. VIRGINIS, MS., folio, xvth century, with engraving of the portrait of <i>Louisa of Savoy</i> , therefrom, in the Public Library at Paris, - - -	ii. 186-188
———, <i>block book</i> , folio, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	— 266
———, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - -	— 146
———, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	iii. 286
———, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	— 531



<i>Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores</i> , 1475, folio, <i>P. de Lavagna</i> , in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	- - -	iii. 67
_____, <i>Aldus</i> , 1521, 8vo., UPON VEL- LUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	ii. 312
<i>Historia de Calumnia novercali</i> , 1490, 4to., in the Public Library at Augsburg,	- - -	iii. 230
HISTOIRE ROMAINE, MS., xvth century, folio, 3 vols., in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	ii. 216
<i>Homeri Opera</i> , <i>Gr.</i> , 1488, folio, UN CUT, in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	ii. 283
_____, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - -	iii. 496
_____, in the Public Library at Nu- remberg,	- - - <i>Supplement</i> ,	xxvi.
_____, <i>No date</i> , <i>Aldus</i> , 8vo., UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	ii. 311
_____, UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève,	- - -	ii. 350
_____, 1808, <i>Bodoni</i> , folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	— 283
_____, <i>Batrachomyomachia</i> , <i>Gr.</i> 4to., edit. prin. in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - -	iii. 496
HORÆ B. M. VIRGINIS, MS., 8vo., in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	ii. 183
_____, folio, belonging to ANN OF BRIT- TANY, with copper plate engraving of her portrait therefrom, in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	— 188-201
_____, belonging to Pope Paul III. in the same Library,	- - -	ii. 202
_____, MS., xvth century, in the Royal Private Library at Stuttgart,	- - -	iii. 160
_____, 8vo., in the Emperor's private collection at Vienna,	- - -	iii. 593
_____, STI. LUDOVICI, MS., xiiith century, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	- - -	ii. 324
_____, <i>Gr.</i> 1497, 12mo. <i>printed by Aldus</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - -	— 248-313
_____, purchase of a copy from Mr. Stüger, at Munich,	- - -	iii. 299-302
_____, missing in the Public Library at Land- shut,	- - -	— 331

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
HORATIUS, MS., XI <sup>th</sup> century, in the Library of M <sup>o</sup> lk Monastery, - - - - -	iii.	412
—————, Edit. prin. 4to., in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - - - -	—	228
—————, 1492-8, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen, - -	i.	179
—————, 1498, folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - - -	iii.	68
—————, 1501, <i>Aldus</i> , 8vo., UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	312
—————, UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Munich, - - - - -	iii.	296
<i>Horloge de Sapience</i> , <i>Verard</i> , 1493, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	285
HORTUS DELICARUM, MS., XI <sup>th</sup> century, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - - - -	iii.	52
HORTULUS ANIMÆ, MS., XV <sup>th</sup> century—with five fac-simile copper plate engravings therefrom, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	—	467-471
—————, 1498, 12mo., in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	—	162
————— <i>Rosarum</i> , &c., 1499, 8vo., in the Public Library at Augsbourg, - - - - -	—	233
<i>Huet, Demonstrat. Evang.</i> 1690, (1679?) folio, unique copy in the Public Library at Caen, - - - - -	i.	337
<i>Huon de Bourdeaux</i> , four editions of, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	333
I.		
<i>Isocrates, Gr.</i> , <i>Aldus</i> , 1534, folio, large paper copy in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	314
<i>Jason, Roman de</i> , printed by <i>Caxton</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	—	250
—————, same edition, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris - - - - -	—	322
<i>Iehan de Saintré, Bonfons</i> , no date, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - - -	—	336
————— <i>Paris, Bonfons</i> , no date, 4to., in the same collection, - - - - -	—	337
—————, <i>Paris</i> , 1600, 4to., in the same, - - - - -	—	<i>ibid.</i>
JEROME, ST., VIE, MORT, ET MIRACLES DE, MS., XV <sup>th</sup> century, in the Royal Library of Stuttgart, - - - - -	iii.	153

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Ieronimi Epistolæ</i> , 1468, <i>S. and Pannartz</i> , folio, in the Public Library at Rouen, - - -	i.	176
_____, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	488
_____, 1470, <i>S. and Pan.</i> folio, in the Library of Closterneuburg Monastery, - -	—	617
_____, in the Public Library at Nuremberg, - - - <i>Supplement</i> ,	xxv.	
_____, 1470, <i>Schoeffher</i> , in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	iii.	61
_____, <i>Mentelin</i> , in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	—	62
_____, in the Public Library at Nuremberg, - - - <i>Supplement</i> ,	xxv.	
_____, <i>Parmæ</i> , 1480, folio, in the Public Library at Augsburg, - - -	iii.	228
<i>Josephus</i> , <i>Lat.</i> , 1470, <i>Schuzler</i> , folio, two copies, somewhat differing from each other, in the library of Professor Veesenmeyer, at Ulm, - - -	—	193
_____, 1480, folio, in the Library of the Monastery of St. Florian, - - -	—	390
_____, <i>Gollicè</i> , 1492, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	528
<i>Jourdain de Blave</i> , <i>Paris</i> , <i>Chretien</i> , no date, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - -	ii.	339
<i>Jouvencel le</i> , 1497, <i>Verard</i> , folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	528
<i>Justinus</i> , 1479, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen, - - -	i.	177
<i>Juvenalis</i> , folio, <i>V. de Spira</i> , edit. prin. in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	iii.	68
_____, <i>Ulric Han</i> , <i>typ. grand.</i> folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	496
_____, 1474, folio, in the Public Library at Caen, - - -	i.	334
_____, <i>I. de Fivizano</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	497

## K.

<i>Kentzinger</i> , <i>Documens Historiques relatifs à l'histoire de France</i> , tirés les Archives de la Ville de Strasbourg, -	iii.	9
---	------	---

## L.

<i>Lactantii Institutiones</i> , 1465, folio, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	262
-----, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, - - -	—	345
-----, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -		489
-----, 1470, <i>S. and Pannartz</i> , folio, in the Mazarine Library at Paris, - - -		367
-----, 1478, folio, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	iii.	64
-----, <i>Rostoch</i> , 1476, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	489
LANCELOT DU LAC, MS., xivth century, in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 217: another MS. of about the same period, in the same Library, ii. 219: another MS. in the same library, - - -	ii.	220
-----, 1488, <i>Verard</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library (Prince Eugene's copy) at Vienna, - - -	iii.	528
-----, 1494, <i>Verard</i> , folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	284
-----, 1496, <i>Verard</i> , folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library, at Vienna, - - -	iii.	528
<i>Lascaris Gram. Græc.</i> 1476, 4to., in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	281
<i>Laurentius Valla, Jenson</i> , 1471, folio, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - -	iii.	431
LEGES BAVARICÆ, MS., xiiith century, in the Public Library at Landshut, - - -	—	334
<i>Legenda Aurea, (seu Sanctorum) Ital. Jenson</i> , 1476, folio, in the Mazarine Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	365-6
-----, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	519
-----, 1486, folio—in the Public Library at Rouen, - - -	i.	177
-----, 1475, <i>Gering</i> , folio, in the Public Library at Caen, - - -	—	334
<i>Leonis Papæ Sermones</i> , 1470, folio, in the possession of M. Le Prevost, at Rouen, - - -	—	153
<i>Les Deux Amans, Verard</i> , 1493, 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	528

LIBER GENERATIONIS IES. XTI. MS. viiith century: in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	172
<i>Liber Modorum significandi</i> , 1480, <i>St. Albans</i> , — in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	—	278
<i>Liber Moralisat. Bibl.</i> 1474, Ulm, folio—copy purchased of M. Fischein, at Munich,	-	-	-	iii.	304
<i>Liber Nanceidos</i> , 1518, folio; copy of, with ms. notes of Bochart, in the Public Library at Caen,	-	-	-	i.	337
—————, two copies of, one upon large paper, in the Public Library at Nancy,	-	-	-	ii.	543
LIBER PRECUM, <i>cum not. &amp; cant.</i> MS. <i>pervet.</i> in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	—	173
—————, MS. xvth century, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	iii.	272
<i>Liber Regum, seu Vita Davidis—block book</i> —in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	—	531
<i>Life of Christ, block book</i> —in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	iii.	279
<i>Ligurini Poet. clar.</i> 1507, folio — in the Minster Library at Ulm,	-	-	-	—	187
<i>Littleton's Tenures, Lettou, &amp;c.</i> folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	—	532
<i>Liturgia Suecanæ Ecclesiæ</i> , 1576, folio—in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	324
LIVRUS, MS. xvth century — in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	iii.	473
—————, 1469, folio,—in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	274
—————, —in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	iii.	290
—————, 1470, <i>V. de Spira</i> , folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	275
————— upon paper, in the same Library,	-	-	-	—	275
————— in the Library of Closterneburg Monastery,	-	-	-	iii.	616
—————, 1472, <i>S. and Pann.</i> , folio, in the same Collection,	-	-	-	—	276
LIVRE HISTORIAL, MS. <i>Auct. B. du Guesclin</i> ; in the Public Library at Rouen,	-	-	-	i.	174-5
<i>Lombardi Petri Sentent. (Eggesteyn)</i> , folio, in the Library of Closterneburg Monastery,	-	-	-	iii.	617
<i>Lucas Cranach</i> , his Book of Prayers, with original drawings by, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	—	273

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Lucanus</i> , 1469, folio—in the Public Library at Munich,	- iii.	290
——, 1475, folio. cum comment. Omniboni — in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	- - -	— 141
——, <i>typ. Gering</i> , folio, in the Public Library at Caen,	- i.	334
<i>Luciani, Opera</i> , Gr. 1496, folio—fine copy, in the possession of M. Renouard, at Paris,	- - - - ii.	396
——, 1503, <i>Aldus</i> , folio — large paper copy, in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - - -	— 316
——, <i>Opusc. Quæd. Lat.</i> 1494 — 4to. — UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - - iii.	497
<i>Lucretius</i> , 1486, folio—in the King's Private Collection at Stuttgart,	- - - -	— 162
—— in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - -	— 497
——, <i>T. de Ragaz.</i> , 1495, 4to.—in the same Library,	- - -	— 498
——, <i>Aldus</i> , 1500, 4to.—in the same Library,	- - -	— <i>ibid.</i>
——, <i>Aldus</i> , 1515, 8vo.—UPON VELLUM, (supposed to be unique) in the Royal Library at Paris,	- - - ii.	312
<i>Luctus Christianorum, Jenson</i> , 4to. — in the Imperial Li- brary at Vienna,	- - - - iii.	520
<i>Ludolphus Vita Christi (Eggestejn)</i> , 1474, folio, in the Public Library at Naney,	- - - - ii.	544
—— <i>De Terra Sancta</i> , &c. 4to.—in the Imperial Li- brary at Vienna,	- - - - iii.	509
<i>Lyra Nic. de in Biblia</i> , 1471-2 ; one volume of; at Caen,	- i.	333

## M.

<i>Mabrian</i> , 1625, 4to.—in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	ii.	334
<i>Macrobius</i> , 1472, folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	iii.	498
<i>Maguelone, La Belle</i> , 1492, <i>Trepperel</i> , 4to. — in the Imperial Library, at Vienna,	- - - -	— 528
<i>Mainus, de propriet. prisc. verb.</i> 1477, folio— <i>B. de Colonia</i> — in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	- - - -	— 64
<i>Mammotrectus, Schoeffher</i> , 1470 — folio — UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	- - - -	— 509
—— in the Library of Closterneuburg Monastery,	- - - -	— 617
——, <i>H. de Helie</i> , 1470, folio — in the Public Li- brary at Landshut,	- - - -	— 335
<i>Mancinellus, de modo Scribendi</i> , 1499, 4to. — in the Library of Professor Veesenmeyer, at Ulm,	- - - -	— 194

	Vol.	Page.
MANDEVILLE, MS. <i>German</i> — 1471—in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	iii.	155
<i>Manilius</i> , 1474, folio,—in the King's Private Library at Stutt- gart, - - - - -	—	162
<i>Manipulus Curatorum</i> , 1473, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	176
<i>Marco Polo</i> , <i>Germ.</i> 1477, folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	529
<i>Martialis</i> , 1475, folio — in the Library of a Capuchin Monas- tery, near Vienna, - - - - -	—	621
————— ( <i>Laver</i> ) folio — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	—	498
—————, <i>Aldus</i> , 1502, 8vo. two copies UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	312
MAYNI IASONIS EPITALAMION, MS. 4to. — in the Emperor's Private Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	592
<i>Mayster of Sentence</i> , <i>Caxton</i> , folio — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	—	532
<i>Meinart</i> , <i>St. Life of</i> , block book : in the Public Library at Munich, - - - - -	—	285
<i>Melusina</i> , <i>Historie von der</i> , <i>Germ.</i> no date, folio, in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	—	164
<i>Melusine</i> , <i>P. Le Noir</i> , 4to.—in the Library of the Arsenal, -	ii.	339
<i>Memoirs of the Transactions of the Society of Belles Lettres</i> , &c. at Rouen, vol. i. page 181 : of a <i>similar</i> Society at Caen,	i.	308
<i>Mer des Histoires</i> , 1488, folio; in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	178
<i>Messer Nobile Socio</i> , <i>Miserie de li Amante di</i> , 1533, 4to. in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	327
<i>Meurin Fils d'Oger</i> , <i>Paris</i> , <i>Bonfons</i> , 4to. — in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	339
<i>Milles et Amys</i> , <i>Verard</i> , no date, folio—UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	285
—————, <i>Rouen</i> , 4to.—in the Library of the Arsenal at ditto, - - - - -	—	332
<i>Mirabilia Urbis Romæ</i> , block book, — in the Public Library at Munich, - - - - -	iii.	284
MISSALE, MS. (STI. GUTHLACI) xith century, in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	165-8
————— xivth century, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	iii.	152

	<i>Fol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
MISSALE, MS. xvth century, two in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	iii.	152
— of Charles the Bold, xvth century—in the Imperia Library at Vienna, with fac-simile, - - -	—	591
— xvth century, — in the Public Library at Munich, - - - - -	—	270
—, 8vo.—belonging to Sigismund, King of Poland, in the Public Library of Landshut, - - -	—	334
— <i>Herbipolense</i> (1479), folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	—	490
—, <i>Reyser</i> , folio—in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	—	163
—, <i>Venet.</i> 1488, folio—UPON VELLUM, in the Emperor's Private Collection at Vienna, - - -	—	594
— <i>Pro Patav. Eccl. Ritu</i> , 1494, folio, in the Library of a Capuchin Monastery, near Vienna, - - -	—	621
— <i>Rothomagensis</i> , 1499, folio, in the possession of M. Le Prevost at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	153
—, copies, UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i.	178
— <i>Mozarabicum</i> , 1500, folio—with the Breviary 1502, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - -	ii.	323
— in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, - - - - -	—	352
— in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	489
— <i>Parisiense</i> , 1522, folio—UPON VELLUM, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	323
<i>Missa Defunctorum</i> , <i>Viennæ</i> , 1499, folio, in the Library of a Capuchin Monastery, near Vienna, - - -	iii.	621
— <i>Latina</i> , 1557, 8vo., in the Library of the Arsenal, - - -	ii.	322
<i>Montaigne's Essays</i> , 1635, folio, large paper, in the Public Library at Caen, - - - - -	i.	337
<i>Monte Sancto di Dio</i> , 1477, folio, — in the Royal Library at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	289
—, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - - - -	iii.	520
<i>Moreri des Normans</i> , par I. A. Guiat, MS. in the Public Library at Caen, - - - - -	i.	335
<i>Morgant le Géant</i> , 1650, 4to.—in the Library of the Arsenal, at Paris, - - - - -	ii.	334



## Vol. Page.

<i>Mori Thomæ Opera, edit. Lovan.</i> 1566, folio, in the Library of the Lycée at Bayeux,	-	-	-	i.	375
<i>Morlini Novellæ Comædiæ, &amp;c.</i> 1520, 4to. — in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	322
<i>Munsteri Cosmographia</i> , 1555, folio, copy of, belonging to D. de Poitiers, in the Public Library at Caen,	-	-	-	i.	337
<i>Mureti Disticha</i> , Lat. and Fr. chap book, at Vire,	-	-	-	—	429

## N.

*Nanceidos Liber*: see *Liber Nanceidos*.

<i>Nef des Folz du Monde</i> , Verard, no date, folio — UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	288
—————, <i>Marnef</i> , 1497, folio — UPON VELLUM, in the same library,	-	-	-		<i>ibid.</i>
<i>Nef des Dames</i> , <i>Arnollet</i> , à <i>Lyon</i> , 4to. — in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	-	—	327-9
<i>Niger P., contra perfidos Judæos</i> , 1475, folio — in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	-	iii.	164
<i>Nonius Marcellus</i> , 1471, folio — in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	509
————— in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	-	-	430
<i>Nonnus, Gr. Aldus</i> , 4to.—in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	—	492
<i>Normandy</i> , three folio volumes of miscellaneous MSS. and illustrations, relating to, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	231-244
—————, the same number of volumes of <i>Engravings</i> and <i>printed Pieces</i> , relating to—in the same Collection,	-	-	-	—	232-234
<i>Nova Statuta, Machlinia</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	--	278
<i>Novelas, por de Maria Zayas</i> , 1637, 4to.—in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	-	—	327
———— <i>Amorosas</i> , 1624, 4to. in the same Library,	-	-	-	—	<i>ibid.</i>

## O.

OFFICIUM B. M. VIRGINIS, MS., xvth century, in the Emperor's private collection at Vienna,	-	-	-	iii.	591
—————, MS., xvth century, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	—	270
—————, in the same library,	-	-	-	—	271
<i>Ogier le Danois</i> , 1525, folio, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	-	ii.	333
<i>Olivier Basselin</i> ; See GENERAL INDEX.					

## E

	<i>Vol. Page.</i>
<i>Ossian</i> , copy of, with drawing of Isabey, in the King's Private Library at Paris, - - -	ii. 376
<i>Oridius moralisatus</i> , MS., xvth century in the Public Li- brary at Rouen, - - -	i. 173
<i>Ovidii Opera Omnia, Azoguidi</i> , 1471, wanting two leaves, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii. 296
——, <i>Fasti, Azoguidi</i> , in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	iii. 498
—— <i>Opera Omnia, S. and Pannartz</i> , 1471, in the Im- perial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 498
——, <i>Epistolæ et Fasti</i> , folio, in the same collection, -	— <i>ibid.</i>
——, <i>Metamorph. Edit. Bernard.</i> , 1557, 8vo., in a private collection at Bayeux, - - -	i. 367

## P.

<i>Paris et l'ienne, Paris</i> , no date, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - - -	ii. 336
<i>Parole Devote de L'anima, Jenson</i> . 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii. 521
<i>Pentateuch, Hebr.</i> 149f, folio, in the Royal Library at Paris. See also GENESIS, ante. - - -	ii. 260
PETRARCHA, MS. xvth century, in the Library of Chrems- minster Monastery, - - -	iii. 379
<i>Petrarcha Sonetti</i> , 1470, Prince Eugene's copy in the Im- perial Library at Vienna, - - -	— 521
——, 1473, <i>Zarotus</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	— 522
——, <i>Jenson</i> , 1473, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	— <i>ibid.</i>
——, folio, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - -	— 429
——, <i>L. Achates</i> , 1474, folio, in the same Library, - - -	— <i>ibid.</i>
——, <i>Comment. Borstii, Bologn.</i> , 1475, folio, two copies in the Imperial Library at Vienna, of which one belonged to Prince Eugene, - - -	— 522
——, <i>Bolog.</i> , 1476, folio, ( <i>Azoguidi</i> *) with the comment of Philolphus, in the Royal Library at Stutt- gart, - - -	iii. 145

\* In the page referred to, I have conjectured it to be printed by Ulric Han or Reisinger. To these names, I add the above.

<i>Petrarcha Sonetti, Con comment., T. Philelfo, 1478, folio,</i>			
in the Library of Göttwic Monastery	-	-	iii. 429
_____, <i>Aldus, 1501, 8vo., UPON VELLUM, in the Royal</i>			
Library at Paris,	-	-	ii. 313
_____, 1514, 8vo., UPON VELLUM, in the pos-			
session of M. Renouard, bookseller,	-	-	— 395
_____, <i>Giunta, 1515, 8vo., UPON VELLUM, in the</i>			
Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	— 313
_____, <i>Aldus, 1521, 12mo., in the King's Private Li-</i>			
brary at Stuttgart,	-	-	iii. 165
_____, <i>Hist. Griseldis, Lat., 1473, folio,—Prince Eu-</i>			
gene's copy in the Imperial Library at Vienna	-	-	— 510
_____, <i>Germ., 1473, folio, in the Li-</i>			
brary of Professor Veesenmeyer, at Ulm,	-	-	— 194
_____, <i>De Cas. Viror. Illustr. Ital., 1476, folio, in the</i>			
Library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	— 429
<i>Phalaris Epist., 1471, 4to., in the Imperial Library at</i>			
Vienna,	-	-	— 510
_____, <i>Ulric Han, folio, in the same collection,</i>			— 511
PHILOSTRATUS, <i>Lat., MS., xvth century in the Imperial</i>			
Library at Vienna,	-	-	— 473
<i>Pierre de Provence et la belle Maguelonne, 1490, 4to., in the</i>			
Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	ii. 336
<i>Pindarus, Gr., 1502, Aldi, 12mo., in the Library of the Monas-</i>			
tery of St. Florian,	-	-	iii. 390
<i>Plautus, 1472, folio, edit. prin. in the Mazarine Library at</i>			
Paris,	-	-	ii. 367
_____, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,			iii. 64
_____, 1522, <i>Aldus, 4to., Grolier's copy, apparently large</i>			
<i>paper, in the Royal Library at Paris,</i>	-	-	ii. 314
<i>Plinius Senior, 1469, folio, one copy, UPON VELLUM, and</i>			
another upon paper, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	— 271
_____, in the Library of Ste. Gene-			
viève,	-	-	— 347
_____, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial			
Library at Vienna,	-	-	iii. 498
_____, <i>S. and Pannartz, 1470, folio, in the Imperial</i>			
Library at Vienna,	-	-	— 499
_____, <i>Jenson, 1472, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the</i>			
Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	ii. 273

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Plinius Senior, Jenson</i> , 1472, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	499
_____, upon paper, in the Library of Closterneburg Monastery, - - -	—	617
_____, <i>Ital.</i> 1476, <i>Jenson</i> , folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris - - -	ii.	273
_____, upon paper, in the same collection, - - -	—	274
_____, upon paper in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	499
<i>Plinius Junior Epistolæ</i> , 1476, folio, in the Public Library of Strasbourg, - - -	—	68
<i>Plutarchi Vitæ Parallellæ, Ital.</i> , folio, Litt. R., in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	—	67
_____, the same edition in the Monastic Library at Closterneburg, - - -	—	616
<i>Plutarchi Opuscula Moralia, Gr.</i> , 1509. <i>Aldus</i> , UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	292
<i>Poems selected and printed by a small party of English, Strasbourg</i> , - - -	iii.	97
<i>Poetæ Græci Principes, Gr.</i> , 1556, folio, large paper, De Thou's copy in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	—	317
<i>Pogii Facetiæ, Monast. Euseb</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	511
_____, <i>Hist. Florent.</i> , 1476, folio, UPON VELLUM and paper, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	522
POLYBIUS, <i>Gr.</i> , MS., sec. xvi., Diane de Poitiers's copy, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	230
<i>Polybius, Lat., S. and Pannartz</i> , 1473, folio, in the Library of Closterneburg Monastery, - - -	iii.	616
<i>Pompeius Festus</i> , 1471, 4to., in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - -	—	430
<i>Porcheti Victoria</i> , 1520, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Rouen, - - -	i.	179
<i>Priscianus</i> , 1470, <i>V. de Spira</i> , folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	294
_____, upon paper, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - -	iii.	430
_____, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	511

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Priscianus, Ulric Han</i> , folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	iii.	512
—, <i>Aldus</i> , 1527, 8vo., Grolier's copy, upon large paper,		
in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	314
—, UPON VELLUM,		
in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, - - -	—	348
<i>Prosperi Liber</i> , ( <i>H. Glim</i> ) 4to.—in the Public Library at		
Munich, - - -	iii.	293
PSALTERIUM, MS., ixth century, of Charles the Bald; in the		
Public Library at Paris; - - -	ii.	163
—, Sti. Ludovici, xiiith century, in the same		
library, - - -	—	166-168
—, xith century, in the Royal Library at Stutt-		
gart, - - -	iii.	147
—, xiiith century, in the same Collection, - - -	—	149
—, xiiith century, in the Royal Private Library		
at Stuttgart, - - -	—	158-9
—, xiiith century, in the Public Library at Mu-		
nich, - - -	—	263
—, with most splendid illuminations, of the		
xvith century, in the same library, - - -		
— <i>Lat.</i> 1457, <i>Fust and Schoeffher</i> , folio, in		
the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii	250
—, in the Imperial Li-		
brary at Vienna, - - -	iii.	490
— 1459, folio—in the Royal		
Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	250
— 1490, folio, <i>Schoeffher</i> ,		
UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	251
— 1502, folio, <i>Schoeffher</i> , in		
the same library, - - -	—	252
— without date— <i>Creusner</i> —		
in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	491
—, folio, in		
the same Collection, - - -	—	<i>ibid.</i>
—, <i>Lips.</i> 1486, 4to. — in the Public Library at		
Landshut, - - -	—	335
—, <i>Germanicè</i> , 4to. — in the Imperial Library at		
Vienna, - - -	—	491
PTOLEMÆUS, <i>Lat.</i> MS. folio—in the Royal Library at Paris,	ii.	214
<i>Ptolemæus</i> , <i>Lat.</i> 1462, folio, in the Public Library at Stras-		
bourg, - - -	—	59

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Ptolemæus, Lat.</i> , 1462, folio, in the Public Library at Munich,	iii.	290
—————, in the Imperial Library at	-	-
Vienna,	-	512
<i>Pulci Il Driadeo</i> , 1481, 4to., in the Imperial Library at		
Vienna,	-	iii. 523
—————, <i>Pistole</i> , 1492, in the same Library,	-	<i>ibid.</i>
—————, <i>Morgante Maggiore</i> , 1500, 4to., in the same Library,	iii.	524

## Q.

<i>Quatuor Novissimorum, Germ.</i> , 1473, folio, in the Library of		
Professor Veesenmeyer at Ulm,	-	194
<i>Quintilianus, I. de Lignam.</i> 1470, folio, in the Library of		
Ste. Geneviève, at Paris,	-	ii. 348
—————, 1471, <i>Jenson</i> , folio, in the Public Library at		
Nuremberg,	-	xxv
<i>Quintus Curtius, Laver</i> , folio, in the Library of Göttwic		
Monastery,	-	iii. 431

## R.

<i>Rabanus Maurus, de Univerſo, &amp;c.</i> , <i>Litt. R.</i> , no date, folio,		
in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	iii. 69
<i>Raderi Bavaria Sancta</i> , 1615, &c., folio, extracts, with fac-		
simile copper plates, from,	-	221-4
<i>Ratdolt</i> , specimens of the types from his press, in the Public		
Library at Munich,	-	294
<i>Recueil des Histoires de Troye, printed by Caxton</i> , in the Royal		
Library at Paris,	-	ii. 247
—————, <i>printed by Verard</i> , UPON VEL-		
LUM, in the same Library,	-	248
<i>Regnars les, &amp;c.</i> , <i>Verard</i> , 4to., Prince Eugene's copy in		
the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	iii. 529
<i>Regulæ Juris Canon. Adam Rot</i> , 1472, folio, in the Impe-		
rial Library at Vienna,	-	512
—————, <i>Confitend. peccata sua. Ital.</i> , 1473, 4to., in the Im-		
perial Library at Vienna,	-	524
<i>Repertorium Statut. Ord. Carth.</i> , 1510, folio, in the Public		
Library at Caen,	-	i. 325
<i>Repertorium Vocabulor. Exquisit. Bertoldus, Basle</i> , folio, no		
date, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	iii. 142

## Vol. Page.

<i>Repertorium, N. de Milis</i> , 1475, folio, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	iii.	432
<i>Richard sans Peur, Janot</i> , no date, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	ii.	325
—————, <i>Bonfons</i> , no date, 4to., in the same Library,	-	-	<i>ibid.</i>	
—————, <i>chapbook</i> ,—at Rouen and Coutances,	-	-	i.	409
<i>Robert le Diable, Janot</i> , no date, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	-	ii.	326
<i>Romancero General</i> , 1492, folio, in the possession of Madame Debure, at Paris,	-	-	ii.	388
<i>Romances, MS.</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	—	217-229
—————, <i>printed</i> , in the same Library,	-	-	ii.	284-288
—————, in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	iii.	64-5, &c.
—————, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	—	263, &c.
<i>Ronsard</i> , 1584, folio, in the Public Library at Caen,	-	-	i.	337
ROSE ROMAN DE LA, MS. xivth century, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	ii.	224
—————, <i>Verard</i> , no date, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	—	285
<i>Rossei opus elegans, &amp;c.</i> , <i>Pynson</i> , 1523, 4to., the author's copy, afterwards that of Sir Thomas More, in the Public Library at Landshut,	-	-	iii.	337
<i>Ruberto Quadragesimale</i> , 1479, 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	iii.	524

## S.

SACRAMENTARIUM, SEU MISSA <i>Pap. Greg.</i> , MS., vith century, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	iii.	469
<i>Sallustius</i> , 4to., <i>edit. prin.</i> in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	—	499
—————, <i>Gering, &amp;c.</i> , 4to., in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	—	500
<i>Sanchez de Matrim. Sacram.</i> , copy in the chapter Library at Bayeux, i. 373, in the Library of the Lycée, at Bayeux,	-	-	i.	374
<i>Sannazarii Arcadia</i> , 1514, <i>Aldus</i> , 8vo., Grolier's copy, on large paper, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	ii.	314
<i>Sannazarius de partu Virginis</i> , <i>Aldi</i> , 1527, 12mo. in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	iii.	165
<i>Saxoferrato Disputationes de—V. de Spira</i> , 1472, folio, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	—	143
—————, 1470, folio, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	—	292

<i>Séguin, Histoire Militaire des Bocains</i> , quoted, i. 399; 423; <i>sur l'histoire de l'industrie du Bocage en général, et de la ville de Vire sa capitale en particulière</i> , 1810, 8vo.,	-	i.	449
<i>Servius in Virgilium</i> , see <i>Virgilius</i> .			
<i>Sevis G. de, Decretalia</i> , 1472, folio, printed by <i>Adam Rot</i> , in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	iii.	62
<i>Sforziada La</i> , 1480, folio, UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Li- brary at Paris,	-	ii.	290
<i>Shyppe of Fools</i> , 1509, 8vo., printed by <i>W. de Worde</i> , UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	ii.	249
<i>SIBILÆ, &amp;c.</i> , MS., xvth century, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	iii.	269
<i>Silius Italicus, Laver</i> , 1471, folio, in the Mazarine Library at Paris,	-	ii.	367
_____, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	iii.	500
_____, <i>S. and Pannortz</i> , 1471, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	—	500
<i>Songe du Verdier</i> , 1491, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen,		i.	178
<i>Speculum Hum Salv. block book</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris,		ii.	256
_____, in the Royal Library at Stutt- gart,	-	iii.	146
_____, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	—	531
<i>Spec. Hum. Salv.</i> 1476, folio, printed by <i>Richel</i> , in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	—	61
<i>Spec. Vit. Hum.</i> 1471, folio, <i>G. Zeiner</i> , in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	—	62
<i>Speculum Stultorum</i> , no date, 4to., in the Public Library at Caen,	-	i.	336
<i>Statius in usum Delphini</i> , 4to., two copies, in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	-	ii.	323
_____, beautiful copy in the Library of Chremsmin- ster monastery,	-	iii.	376
<i>Statutes of Rich. III. Machlinia</i> , in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	ii.	278
<i>Stella Meschiah</i> , 1477, 4to., in the Public Library at Stras- bourg,	-	iii.	59
_____, in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart,	-	—	164
<i>Stengeliū Imag. Sanct. August. &amp;c.</i> , et <i>Monasteriologia</i> , 1619-20, referred to,	-	—	224



	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Stengelii Monasteriologia</i> , 1638, folio, quoted, - -	iii.	378-9; 426
<i>Strambotti</i> —no date—4to., in the Public Library at Munich, —		293
<i>Stephani, R. Bibl. Lat.</i> , 1556, folio, sealed copy, in the Public Library at Augsbouurg, - -	—	234
———, <i>H. Gloss. Græc.</i> 1573, &c., folio— <i>cum notis mss: Bocharti</i> , copy of, in the Public Library at Caen, -	i.	336
<i>Successos y Prodigos de Amor</i> , 1626, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - -	ii.	330
<i>Suetonius I. de Lignamine</i> , 1470, folio—in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris, - -	—	348
———, <i>S. and Pannartz</i> , 1470, folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - -	iii.	500
———, <i>Jenson</i> , 1471, 4to.—in the same collection, -	—	<i>ibid.</i>
———, <i>Reisinger</i> , 4to.,—without date, in the private royal collection at Stuttgart, - -	iii.	162
<i>Suidas, Gr.</i> , 1499, folio—Lambecius's copy, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - -	—	512
———, copy in the Library of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at Ratisbon, - <i>Supplement,</i>		xi.
———, 1514, folio, <i>Aldus</i> —large paper copy, in the Royal Library at Paris, - -	ii.	316
<i>Sylvii Æneæ Epistolæ, Koelhoff</i> , folio—in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - -	iii.	62
<i>Sypperts de Vineaulx, Paris</i> , no date, 4to.—in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - -	ii.	326

## T.

<i>Tacitus, I. de Spira</i> , folio, edit. prin., in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - -	iii.	141
———, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, -	—	500
<i>Tasso, Gerusalemme Conquistata</i> , the author's autograph—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - -	—	482
<i>Teatro Jesuitico, Coimbra</i> , 1634, 4to., in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, - -	ii.	322
<i>Terentius, Mentelin</i> , folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, —		500
———, <i>Ulric Han</i> , folio—in the Royal Library at Paris, —		291
———, <i>Reisinger</i> , folio—in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, iii.		140
———, 1472, <i>S. and Pannartz</i> , folio, in the same Library, <i>ibid.</i>		
———, <i>Cæs. and Stoll</i> , folio, in the same Library, -		<i>ibid.</i>

## F

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Terentius, Gerardingens</i> , 1479, folio — in the Library of Professor Veessenmeyer, at Ulm, - - -	iii.	194
<i>Testamentum Novum, Gallicè</i> , (1478,) folio, copy purchased at Rouen, - - -	ii.	81
—, <i>Hollandicè et Russ.</i> , 1717, folio, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	—	258-260
—, <i>Bohemicè, Sec.</i> xv — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii.	492
—, <i>Græcè, Erasmi</i> , 1516, folio — three copies of, in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	—	58
—, copy of, in the Library of Mr. Haffner, at Strasbourg, - - -	—	81
—, —in the King's Private Library at Stuttgart, - - -	—	163
—, <i>R. Stephani</i> , 1550, folio — Diane de Poitiers's copy — in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	316
<i>Teuridanckhs</i> , 1517, folio — <sup>2</sup> UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, at Paris, - - -	ii.	352
—, two copies of, in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	iii.	297
—, ditto, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	529
—, in the Library of the Monastery of St. Florian, - - -	iii.	391
—, upon paper, in the possession of M. Traiteur, at Manheim, <i>Supplement</i> ,	iv.	
<i>Theocritus, Gr.</i> 1493, folio — unique copy, upon large paper, in the Royal Library at Paris, - - -	ii.	315
—, <i>Aldus, Gr.</i> 1495, folio — in the Public Library at Rouen, - - -	i.	178
<i>Theophrastus</i> , 1497, <i>Gr. Aldus</i> —Diane de Poitiers's copy, in the possession of M. Renouard at Paris, - - -	ii.	396
<i>Thucydide, Gourmont</i> , folio, <i>Verard</i> — UPON VELLUM, in the Imperial Library at Vienna—Prince Eugene's copy, - - -	iii.	530
<i>Tibaldoe da Ferrara</i> , 4to. <i>Without date</i> , — in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	525
TITE-LIVE, MS. folio — in the Royal Library at Paris. See LIVIUS. - - -	ii.	215
<i>Tityrell &amp; Pfartzival</i> , 1477, folio — in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	iii.	65

## Vol. Page.

<i>Tityrell &amp; Pfartzival</i> , 1477, folio — in the Public Library at Landshut,	iii	335
————— in the Library of the Monastery of St. Florian,	—	390
————— in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	—	431
TOURNAMENTS, BOOK OF, MS. xvth century — in the Royal Library at Paris, with copper-plate portrait of John Duke of Brittany,	ii.	225
————— duplicate and more recent copy of,	—	228
————— another MS. of the same work, 8vo.,	—	229
<i>Tractatus de Venenis</i> , &c. 1473, 4to.—in the Library of Göttwic Monastery,	iii.	432
————— <i>de doctrina dicendi</i> , &c.: without date, &c.—in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	iii.	64
————— <i>de Pietate Concil. Gen.</i> , 1480, folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	—	512
<i>Trebisond</i> , Paris, 4to. — in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,	ii.	340
TRISTAN, MS., xivth century, in the Royal Library at Paris,	—	220
—————, another MS. in the same Library,	—	221
—————, a third MS. in the same library,	—	222
—————, <i>Germ. Sec. XIII.</i> , in the Public Library at Munich, with wood-cut fac-similes,	iii.	263-268
————— <i>Gall. Sec. XIII.</i> , in the Imperial Library at Vienna, with copper-plate engraving,	—	475
—————, another MS. in the same Collection,	—	476
<i>Tristran</i> , <i>Verard</i> , folio — in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	—	530
<i>Trithemii Annales Hirsaugienses</i> , 1690, folio — in the Library of the Monastery of Chremsminster,	—	381
—————, in the Library of a Capuchin Monastery, near Vienna,	—	621
<i>Trois filz de Roys</i> , Paris, no date, 4to.—in the Library of the Arsenal,	ii.	335

	<i>Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Tully of Old Age, Caxton</i> —in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii.	276
<i>Tundali, Visio, Germ.</i> 4to. in the Library of Professor Veesenmeyer at Ulm, - - - - -	iii.	194
<i>Turner, Mr. Dawson, Tour in Normandy,</i> - Pref.	x.	
<i>Turrecremata I. de Meditationes, Ulric Han,</i> 1467, folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	513
<hr/>		
in the Public Library at Nuremberg, - Supplement,	xxiv.	
<hr/>		
, 1473, in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - -	iii.	431
<hr/>		
, the same edition in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	492
<hr/>		
, <i>In Librum Psalmor. Cracii impr.</i> no date—in the Public Library at Munich, - - -	—	294

## V.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS, MS. xvth century—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	iii	473
<hr/>		
, <i>Mentelin</i> , folio—two copies in the Public Library at Strasbourg, - - -	—	66
<hr/>		
in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	500
<hr/>		
in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - -	—	140
<hr/>		
, <i>V. de Spira</i> , folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna, - - -	—	501
<hr/>		
, <i>Schoeffher</i> , 1472, folio—UPON VELLUM, in the same library, - - -	—	<i>ibid.</i>
<hr/>		
, 1475, <i>Cæs &amp; Stol.</i> , folio—in the Public Library at Caen, - - -	i.	334
<hr/>		
, <i>Aldus</i> , 1534, 8vo. Grolier's copy, on large paper, in the Royal Library at Paris, - -	ii.	314
<hr/>		
<i>Valturius De Re Militari</i> , 1472, folio—in the Imperial Library (Prince Eugene's copy) at Vienna, - - -	iii.	514
<hr/>		
, <i>Ital. Reisinger</i> , folio—in the same Collection, - - -	—	<i>ibid.</i>
<hr/>		
<i>Vaudevires</i> : see <i>Basselín</i> , GENERAL INDEX.		
<i>Vie des Peres</i> , 1486, folio, in the Public Library at Rouen. -	i.	177
<hr/>		
, 1494, folio, at Caen, - - -	—	334

Vol. Page.

<i>Virgilius, S. &amp; Pannartz</i> , (1469) folio—in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	ii.	267
<i>Virgilius, Mentelin</i> , folio — in the Library of Ste. Geneviève—(incomplete)	-	-	-	-	—	347
————— in the Public Library at Strasbourg—incomplete,	-	-	-	-	iii.	66
————— in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	—	501
————— 1470, <i>V. de Spira</i> , UPON VELLUM, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	—	267
—————, UPON VELLUM, in the possession of Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz,	-	-	-	-	—	268
—————, upon paper, in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	—	<i>ibid.</i>
—————, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	iii.	501
————— 1471, <i>Sic. and Pannartz</i> , folio — in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	—	269
————— late in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	-	-	iii.	138
—————, 1471, <i>V. de Spira</i> , folio—in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	—	501
—————, 1471, <i>Adam</i> , folio—late in the Royal Library at Stuttgart,	-	-	-	-	—	138
————— 1473, <i>L. Achates</i> , folio — in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	—	501
————— <i>P de Lavagna</i> , 1474, folio — in the library of Göttwic Monastery,	-	-	-	-	—	431
————— 1475, <i>Jenson</i> , folio, in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	—	502
————— <i>Servius in Virgilum. Ulric Han</i> , folio — Diane de Poitiers's copy, in the Mazarine Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	ii.	366
————— <i>Valdarfer</i> , 1471, folio — in the Public Library at Strasbourg,	-	-	-	-	iii.	66
————— <i>Litt. R.</i> in the Imperial Library at Vienna,	-	-	-	-	—	502
—————, 1478, <i>Gering</i> , folio — in the Royal Library at Paris,	-	-	-	-	ii.	271
————— <i>Aldus</i> , 1501, 8vo.—UPON VELLUM, in the Public Library at Munich,	-	-	-	-	iii.	296
<i>Virgilius, Aldus</i> , 1505, 8vo. — in the possession of M. Renouard, bookseller,	-	-	-	-	iii.	395

	<i>Vol. Page.</i>
<i>Virgilius, Ital. H. L. de Colon.</i> 1476, folio—in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - - - -	iii 431
— <i>Gallicè</i> , 1585, folio—in the Public Library at Caen, - - - - -	i. 337
VITA CHRISTI, MS. in the Royal Library at Paris, -	ii. 209
<i>Vita Sti. Goar, Schoeffher</i> , 1481, 4to.—late in the possession of M. Traiteur, at Manheim, - - - <i>Supplement</i> ,	lv.
VITÆ SANCTORUM, MS. Sec. XII. — in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	iii. 149
— <i>Diversor. Princ. et Tyrann. cum Eutropio, Paulo Dia-</i> <i>cono, &amp;c.</i> P. de Lavagna, folio—in the Library of Göttwic Monastery, - - - - -	— 431
<i>Vitruvius, Giuntæ</i> , 1513, 8vo.—UPON VELLUM, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève at Paris - - - - -	ii. 352
<i>Vocabularium Biblicum, H. de Hassæ</i> , folio—in the Public Li- brary at Strasbourg, - - - - -	iii. 62

## U.

<i>Utino, T. de, Sermones, printed by Gering</i> —in the Public Li- brary at Vire, - - - - -	i. 447
—, <i>L. de, Quadragesimale</i> , 1471, folio—in the Library of Chremsminster Monastery, - - - - -	iii. 375

## W.

<i>Wicliffii Dialogi</i> , 1525, 4to.—in the library of Professor Vee- senmeyer at Ulm, - - - - -	— 194
WILLIBROODI STI. VITA. AUCT. ALCUINO. MS. XIth century, in the Private Royal Library at Stuttgart, - - - - -	— 161

## Z.

<i>Zophilologium, without date</i> — in the Public Library at Rouen, - - - - -	i. 176
---	--------

## GENERAL INDEX.





# INDEX

## OF PERSONS,

## PLACES, AND THINGS.

*Abbey of St. Ouen*, i. 69-78 ; of *Jumieges* ; i. 196-205 ; of *St. Stephen*, at *Caen* ; 280-288 ; of the *Holy Trinity*, at *Caen*, 301.

*Ackermann*, Mr., his extraordinary copy of his own publication of *Westminster Abbey*, iii. 596.

—————, a collector of medals and coins at *Manheim*, *Supplement*, lvi.

*Adam*, Mr. attentions to the author at *Rouen*, i. 150 ; and at *Caen*.

—————, a printer at *Vire*, i. 429, 449.

*Æneus Sylvius*, his account of *Strasbourg Cathedral* in the xvth century, iii. 24.

*Afra and Ulric*, *Sts.*, Abbey of, at *Augsbourg*, iii. 220.

*Agnes Sorel* ; her tomb in the abbey of *Jumieges*, i. 201.

—————, supposed portrait of, in the collection of *Q. Craufurd*, ii. 472.

*Agony of our Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane*, representation of, at *Landshut*, iii. 339 ; various, 345 ; at *Kopff*, near *Salzburg*, 361 ; at the church of *St. Mary*, at *Vienna*, 557 ; in a church at *Neumarkt*, *Supplement*, xvii.

*Albert*, *Madame*, opera singer, at *Paris*, ii. 516-7.

*Albert*, *Duke*, his fine collection at *Vienna*, iii. 599 ; monument erected by him to the memory of his *Duchess*, iii. 558.

*Albert Durer*, his productions at *Nuremberg*—the street called after his name, with copper-plate view of—his tombstone—and high character of, *Supplement*, xvii., xxvi., xl. ; destruction of his diary, xxxiii., pictures of in *Kloster Heilbronn*, xlv-v.

*Alexander*, late Mr., allusion to his talents, iii. 33.

*Allan*, *Sir Alexander*, *Bart.*, late,—tribute to his memory, iii. 171.

*Alose*, fish so called, i. 194.

*Altman*, *Principal* or *Abbot* of the monastery of *Göttwic*, in *Austria*, his

- hospitable reception of the author, iii. 423, &c., his book presents, 436; his autograph, 439.
- Alsace*, entrance within—and description of the country so called, ii. 551-3; ii. 551-3; See also *Vosges*.
- Alsatian poetry*, iii. 90-92.
- Altötting*, town between Munich and Salzburg—singular place of worship, iii. 340, 342.
- Amberger, Christopher*, pictures by, at Augsburg, with copy of the head of Melanchthon from, iii. 215, 6.
- Amboise Cardinal*, monument of uncle and nephew, in the cathedral at Rouen, i. 54, 60; high characters and anecdotes of, *ibid*.
- Ambrass*, collection of armoury from the castle of, in the little Belvedere at Vienna, iii. 567.
- Amyott, Mr. Thomas*, his dissertation on the Bayeux tapestry, i. 383, 385: his poetical composition, 385.
- Andréossi, Gen.* commander of the artillery at the capture of Vienna, anecdote of, iii. 611.
- Andrieu*, his great talents as a medallist, ii. 465-7.
- Ann of Brittany*, account of her copy of the *Horæ B. M. Virginis*, with copper-plate engraving of her portrait, ii. 188, 201; her copy of *Catherine de Senis*, 1500, folio, 315.
- Ansbach*, arrival at, and interview with Comte Drechsel, *Supplement*, xlv.
- Antiquities, National and Miscellaneous*, at Paris, ii. 494, 502.
- Apponi Count*, his library, with intended sale of a portion of, iii. 601, 603.
- Arbuthnot, Dr. Charles*, late President of the monastery of St. James, at Ratisbon, with portrait of, *Supplement*, xiii.
- Arc Jeanne d'*, account of her sufferings, i. 95-8—her ancient and present statue, 99.
- Arch, Messrs. J. and A.*, booksellers—in possession of a fine copy of the supposed first edition of the German Bible, from the public library at Landshut, iii. 335.
- Arques*, village and castle of, near Dieppe, i. 26, 31.
- Arsenal*, library of, at Paris, ii. 320—collection of military stores at Vienna, iii. 569.
- Artaria*, printseller at Vienna, iii. 605; *Dom.*, bookseller, printseller, and banker, at Manheim, *Supplement*, lii.; his collection of pictures, liii.; his kind-hearted hospitality, liv.
- Arts, Fine*, presentstate of, at Paris, ii. 502-14; at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xxxviii.
- Ascension Day*, ancient custom on, at Rouen, i. 66.
- Atticus*, a book collector—his library alluded to, i. 358; his visit to Paris, ii. 446.

AUGSBOURG: entrance into, iii. 202; appearance of the houses, *ibid.*; magnificent hotel of the *Three Negroes*, 202; its gallery of pictures, with specimens of the catalogue, describing them, written in the English language, 203; the Town Hall, 206; the Picture Gallery, 206; ancient splendour of the City, 218; abbey of Sts. Ulric and Afra, 220; the martyrological roll of Augsburg, 221; trade of Augsburg, 224; fortifications and environs, 225; the public library, with account of some of the rarer books, &c., 226, 235; society of the Rev., \* \*, at the table d'hôte of the inn, 238-9—departure from Augsburg, 239.

## B.

*Baber, Rev. H. H.*, honourable mention of, by the Baron Von Moll, iii. 309.

BADEN, near Rastadt, arrival at, iii. 104; its hot baths, 105; monuments in the principal church, 106-8; sabbath occupations, 108; master-singer and his niece, 109; the mall, 110; evening walk to an adjacent convent, with the Elder Schweighæuser, 111; castle in the vicinity of, 115.

*Bagster, Mr.*, his intended edition of a Polyglot Bible alluded to, iii. 608.

*Barbery, abbaye de*, ms. collections relating to—in the royal Library at Paris, ii. 240.

*Barbier, Mr.*, private librarian of the King, ii. 371; portrait of, and an account of his works, 376-7; his present to Earl Spencer, 380.

*Barthélemi late Abbé*, bust of—in the collection of Q. Craufurd, ii. 471.

*Bar-le-Duc*, town on the road to Strasbourg, ii. 534.

*Bartsch, I. Adam de*, Aulic counsellor, and director in chief of the Imperial Library—his kind reception of the author, and furtherance of his views, iii. 447, 451, 536; his portrait, 448; his talents appreciated, 604.

*Basselin Olivier*, see *Olivier Basselin*.

*Bavaria*, entrance into the territories of, and forests of fir, iii. 200.

BAYEUX: cathedral; ordination of priests and deacons; crypt of the cathedral; a mysterious interview, i. 345, 358; visit near St. Loup, 359; M. Pluquet, apothecary and book vendor, 364-5; visit to the Bishop, 369; the chapter library, 370, 374; College Library, 374; account of the Bayeux tapestry, with vignette and plate, 375, 387; agriculture and trade, 387, &c.; ms. papers and drawings relating to the history of, in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 241-3.

*Beauclouis*, ruins of the abbey, near Lillebonne, i. 223.

*Becket, Thomas-a*, ms. collections relating to, ii. 236-8.

*Bedford, John Duke of*, his monument in the cathedral at Rouen, i. 53; his Breviary in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 176, 185.

*Bell, the great*, at Rouen, i. 58; at Strasbourg, iii. 23; at Freysing, iii. 327.

*Belvedere Palaces, great and small*, at Vienna, iii. 567, 573.

*Bénard, Mr.*, printseller to his Majesty, at Paris, ii. 507; opinion about the engravings of the Duke of Wellington, and of the Battle of Waterloo, 507, 510.

*Berggeist Die*, extraordinary ballet, so called, performed in the suburbs of Vienna, iii. 579, 582.

*Bernardinus, St.*, old print of, ii. 514-15.

*Bernardo*, a Roxburgher—alluded to, i. 410.

*Bernhard, M.*, one of the public librarians at Munich; his bibliographical talents, and kind attentions to the author, iii. 256, 313.

*Bétencourt, Abbé*, his literary character and attachment to Dom Brial, ii. 426.

*Beyschlag, Rector*, public librarian at Augsbourg, iii. 226; negotiation with, about the purchase of certain books, 228.

*Bibliophiles, les*, a society so called, at Paris, ii. 447-9; list of the members of the same society, 449; symposium given by the society to Earl Spencer, 449, 450.

*Binding*, see *Book*.

*Binz*, an antiquar, or seller of old books, at Vienna, iii. 606.

*Bischoffsheim*, near Kehl, mixture of sects in the church of, iii. 102-3.

*Blamont*, old castle at, in the way to Strasbourg, ii. 547.

*Blanchisseuses*, at Paris, copper plate of, ii. 499.

*Blenheim*, battle of, alluded to, iii. 184.

*Block-wood*, cut—original—of the xvth century—purchased of the curators of the public library at Augsbourg, iii. 234-5.

*Blore, Mr. E.*, his talents as an artist, alluded to, *Preface*, viii.; i. 360. *Supplement*, xxii.

*Bocage*, account of the country so called—in the vicinity of Vire, in Normandy, i. 423, 449.

*Boccuccio, Valdarfer*, 1471; sale of, i. 236; see BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

*Bochart, Samuel*, native of Caen, his books, (many of them with ms. notes) in the public library at Caen, i. 326, 336.

*Bocherville, St. Georges de*; village and church of, i. 188, 190; monastery and manufactory at, i. 191.

*Bolbec*, town of, in Normandy, i. 223; the church, and songs of the young Savoyard there, 223-5; anecdote connected therewith, 227-8; environs of Bolbec, 228.

*Bonaparte*, anecdote of at St. Dizier, ii. 532; of him, and Marshal Lasnes, iii. 308; reception of, at the monastery of Göttwic, iii. 424; character of his son, at Vienna, 574.

*Books*, numbers of, in public libraries at Paris, ii. 369.

*Book-binding*, ancient, at Paris—with three copper plates, and one vignette, of the exteriors of some of the more ancient diptychs, ii. 146-7.; modern, at Paris, ii. 411, 421.

*Book-collectors*, at Rouen, i. 152-160.

*Booksellers*, at Rouen, i. 149-151; at Havre, i. 247-250; at Caen, 321-4; at Bayeux, 363; at Coutances, 412; at Vire, 429; at Falaise, ii. 48-56; at Paris, 386-404; at Nancy, 541; at Strasbourg, iii. 71; at Stuttgart, 119; at Munich, 299; at Vienna, 605; at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xli.

*Boosey, Mr. jun. bookseller*, his republication of the Faustus of Goëthe commended, iii. 121; his manual of the curiosities of Nuremberg, xx.; and specimen of Klein's drawings, *Supplement*, xix-xxxix.

*Bossuet*, portrait of, by P. de Champagne, ii. 475.

*Bourguerville*, topographer of Caen; extracts from his work, and wood-cut portrait of, i. 294-7.

*Boulevards* at Paris, with copper-plate of the "Boulevards Italiens," ii. 76-80.

*Bozérian, the Elder*, book-binder at Paris, ii. 414.

——— *the Younger*, do. 416.

*Bret Le, Mr.*, public librarian at Stuttgart — anecdotes and character of, iii, 131, 133, 171, 181.

*Brezé, Seneschal de*; husband of Diane de Poitiers—his tomb (with engraving) in the Cathedral of Rouen, i. 60-1.

*Brial, Dom*, his residence, library, and literary character, ii, 423-429; his portrait, 428; symposium with him and the Abbé Betencourt, 426.

*Bridge across the Rhine*, near Strasbourg—importance of, iii. 8.

*Bright, Dr.*, his animated description of the Prater, at Vienna, iii. 586; his account of the present state of Nuremberg, *Supplement*, p. xvii.

*Brittany, John Duke of*, portrait of, ii. 225; Ann of Brittany—see *Ann*.

*Brunet Fils, I. C.*, bookseller at Paris, ii. 397; character of his publications, 398-400; interview with Earl Spencer, 400.

*Burgmair Hans*, fine pictures by, at Augsburg, iii. 212-215.

## C.

*Cabinet des Medailles*, at Paris, ii. 136; des Estampes, ii. 138-144.

CAEN; approach to the town, i. 259. Account of its soil, manufactories, population, and environs, i. 261-267; costume of the common women, with vignette, and copper-plate of the Fille-de-Chambre, 268; desperate duel fought there, 269-273; antiquities of the town, 273; streets and houses of, with copper-plate vignettes, 275-8; fountains of, 279; abbey of St. Stephen, with view of, 280-288; tomb, portrait, and palace of William the Conqueror, 284-292; supposed figure of do, 293; church of St. Darnetal, with copper-plate view, 295-7; portrait of Bourguerville, the historian of Caen, with extracts from his work, 294-299; account of the Abbaye aux Dames, or of the Holy Trinity, 301-5: castellated buildings, 306; the Abbé de la Rue, 309; Memoirs of the Academy at Caen, 308;

- Mons. Lamouroux, 310; Pierre Aimé Lair, 311; printers, and Manuals of instruction, 316-321; booksellers, 321-4; description of the Public Library, with account of the books, 324-340; list of portraits in the same, 327; protestant church and preaching, 341; courts of justice, 342.
- Callot Jacques*, original portrait of, in the collection of Mr. Q. Craufurd, ii. 479.
- Calvinists*, ravages committed by — at Rouen, i. 49, 56, 82, — at Caen, 281, 287, 335,—at Bayeux, 355.
- Cambacérés*, *Archbishop*, of Rouen, i. 68.
- Campbell*, Mr. his Poem of “Hohenlinden” alluded to, iii. 325.
- Canova*, specimens of his sculpture in the collection of the Marquis de Sommariva, ii. 485-489, in the palace at Stuttgart, iii. 168; his tomb of the Duchess Albert, at Vienna, iii. 558, &c.
- Canstadt*, near Stuttgart, description of, iii. 177.
- Capuchin convent*, at Vienna, iii. 563; in the suburbs of, called the Rossau, 619.
- Castlerwalls*, remains of, at Rouen, i. 154; — at Caen, i. 306; at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xviii.
- Catechisms*; see *chap-books*,<sup>g</sup> and BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.
- Catharine*, *Mont Ste.*, at Rouen, view from, i. 116-120.
- Catharine*, *Ste.*, chapel of, in Strasbourg cathedral, with copper-plate of a group of women at prayers, in the same, iii. 32.— engraving of the Saint, from an illuminated MS. in the Imperial Library, at Vienna, iii. 469.
- Catholics and Protestants*, controversy between, at Strasbourg, in the xvth and xvith centuries, iii. 5-10.
- CATHEDRAL—of Rouen, with a plate, i. 50; of Caen, with a plate, i. 282; of Coutances, with a plate, i. 409; of Paris, ii. 95; of Strasbourg, with a plate, iii. 12; of Ulm, with a plate, 191; of Munich, 242; of Freysing, with a plate, 325-7; of Vienna, with a plate, 547; of Ratisbon, *Suppl.* viii.
- Caudebec*, village near Rouen; i. 206-215; copper-plate view of, 208; church of, 209-10; description of a ready furnished house to let at, 212-14; appearance of the tide coming in, 212.
- Cerny*, *forest of*, in Normandy, i. 392.
- Chalons sur Marne*, town on the road to Strasbourg, ii. 530.
- Chamilli M.*, instrumental to the surrender of Strasbourg to Louis XIV. iii. 8-10.
- Champ de Drap d'Or*, basso-relievo representation of, with engraving, i. 100-2.
- Chap-books*, at Rouen; including Catechisms, Romances, Manuals of instruction, &c. i. 134-148, 410.
- Chaplet of the Virgin*, Hymn so called, ii. 531.

- Chardin, Mr.* bookseller at Paris ii. 400.—portrait of, with some particulars relating to, 400-403.
- Charlatan*, at St. Lo, vignette of, i. 394—account of, 395.
- Charlemagne*, book of prayers belonging to, in the Private Library of the King of France, with fac-simile of the figure of Christ therefrom, ii. 372-6.
- 
- , a similar book in the Library of Chremsminster Monastery, iii. 378.
- Charles the Bald*, his Latin Bible, Psalter, and Prayer Book, in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 156-163.
- Chateaugiron, le Marquis de*, president of the Society of Bibliophiles at Paris, ii. 449.
- Chesne, Du, M.*, curator of the print room in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 140; his opinion respecting the supposed original wood-cut of St. Christopher, of the date of 1423, ii. 143.
- Chevalier, M.*, Librarian of Ste. Geneviève library, ii. 343.
- CHREMSMINSTER, TOWN and MONASTERY of, account of a visit paid to the latter, with a description of the Monastery and of its Library, iii. 370-381. Journey from Chremsminster to Linz, 381-3.
- Christopher, St.*, wood-cut of, of the date of 1423—at Paris, ii. 143 — disquisition upon its genuineness, 143-145; ancient wood-cut of at Munich, iii. 277.
- Clock, at Strasbourg*—formerly much celebrated, iii. 33.
- CLOSTERNEUBURG MONASTERY, near Vienna, account of a visit to, with a description of the Library of, iii. 613-619.
- Clovis*, figure of, on Strasbourg Cathedral, iii. 15-17.
- Chung, Hôtel de*, at Paris, ii. 118.
- Colbert, le Ministre*, his book passion: portrait of, in the collection of Mr. Q. Craufurd, ii. 477.
- Colmar*, a town near the Rhine, supposed place for early typographical productions, iii. 96.
- Colonnies, Hôtel des*, rue de Richelieu, ii. 128.; *Supplement*, lxii.
- Condé*, village of, between Vire and Falaise, ii. 3.
- Coney, Mr.* his graphic talents alluded to, *Pref.* viii :—iii. 42.
- Confessionnal* in the Abbey of St. Ouen, i. 72-3; in the Abbey of St. Stephen, at Caen, i. 283; at Granville, 419.
- Conrad de Lichtenberg*, the founder of Strasbourg cathedral, iii. 17.
- Corneille*, plaister figure of, at Rouen, i. 163.
- bust of, at Mr. Q. Craufurd's, ii. 471.
- Cotman, Mr.* references to his engravings of the architectural antiquities of Normandy, i. 199, 281, 301, 397; ii. 13.
- Cotta, M.* bookseller at Stuttgart, iii. 119.
- COUTANCES; approach to, i. 403; the town, 403; the Cathedral, and view

- from thence, 404-406; number of young clergy, and college, 403-413; comeliness of the women, 408; ancient aqueduct, 408; copper-plate view of the aqueduct and cathedral, 409; market-place and general bustle, 409; the Public Library, 411; booksellers, 413; ms. collections relating to, ii. 231-236; ancient tapestry belonging to the cathedral, 237.
- Crapelet, Mr.* celebrated printer at Paris, ii. 406-410; his *Souvenirs de Londres*, 407; bibliographical symposium, 409; Madame, mention of, *ibid.*
- Crucifix*, at Dieppe, with copper-plate, i. 7; at Falaise, ii. 22; at Vilisburg, near Landshut, iii. 340; at St. Pölten, 419; near Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xl. old copper-plate engraving of, bought of Baron Derschau at do. xxxiv.
- Crypt*, in the church of St. Gervais, at Rouen, i. 85; of Bayeux cathedral, 349; of the Abbaye aux Dames, at Caen 303; of Strasbourg cathedral, iii. 37; of the cathedral of Freysing, with copper-plates, iii. 324-7.

## D.

- Dannecker*, sculptor, at Stuttgart, iii. 172-176; observations upon his bust of Schiller, *ibid.*
- Danube*, the river, from Linz to Vienna, appearance of, near the Monastery of Molk, iii. 407; near that of Göttwic, 422; near that of Closterneuburg, 613-14; at Straubing, *Supplement*, iv.-v.
- David*, a Parisian artist, his picture of Cupid and Psyche, ii. 482; his supposed skill in drawing, 502; remarks upon his picture of the Horatii and Curatii, 503-4.
- Debure, Messrs.* booksellers to His Majesty, at Paris, ii. 387-9.—*Madame*, her very choice collection of books, ii. 388.
- Denon, M.* (now Baron); his anecdote about the Bayeux Tapestry, i. 386; a guest at the Roxburghe banquet, 442; account of his collection of curiosities, prints, and pictures, 453-461; of his library, 462-464; his portrait, from the bust of Bosio, 459.
- Derschau, Baron*, his curiosities at Nuremberg, *Suppl.* xxxii-v.
- Desnoyers*, celebrated engraver at Paris, ii. 504-5.—His opinion of the British school of engraving, ii. 511.
- Diane de Poitiers*, anecdotes of, at Rouen: i. 62-5: several books belonging to, in the Public Library at Caen, i. 338-40, in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 291-2; 293, 315, 316, 317, in the Library of Ste. Geneviève, ii. 366; her case-knife, with engraving, ii. 493; engraving of her bust, 497; her portrait, in the collection of Mr. Q. Craufurd, ii. 478.
- Didot, Firmin*, celebrated printer at Paris, ii. 405; his letter-foundery, *ibid.*
- DIEPPE**: passage from Brighton to, i. 1-8: fisheries at, 11-13: rise and progress of the town, 13: want of good police, 15: engravings of market women, 17-25: engraving of wax crucifix, 20: engraving of wooden crucifix



- on entrance of the harbour, 8; church of St. Jacques, 19; service therein, 21; church service at St. Remy, 23; engraving of Fille de Chambre, 32; local advantages of Dieppe, 34-3.
- Dietmayr, Bertholdus*, Restorer of the Monastery of Mlk, account and copper-plate engraving of the portrait of, iii. 415.
- Diligence*: at Dieppe, i. 16, 37, 38; in Germany, iii. 201.
- Diptych*, ancient, in the Royal Library at Paris, with two copper-plate engravings, ii. 146, 147; in the Imperial Library at Vienna, with a copper-plate engraving of St. Jerom, upon the same, iii. 460.
- Dizier, St.*, town in the road to Strasbourg, anecdote of Bonaparte when there, ii. 532.
- Douce, Mr.*, in possession of a bronze medal of Louis XII., ii. 135.—his collection referred to, *Supplement*, xxxv.
- Dreux*, between Falaise and Paris, ii. 65; churches and ruins of castles, 66-7.
- Drolleries, in sculpture*, on the outside of Strasbourg cathedral, iii. 25-29.
- Drury, Rev. Henry*, in possession of a MS. of the cathedral service at Rouen, of the xiiii<sup>th</sup> century, i. 170; of a copy of *Cicero's Offices* of 1465, UPON VELLUM, from a private collection in the Vosges, iii. 70.
- Duclair*, village of, i. 194; anecdote of the innkeeper and his daughter, 194-6.
- Duel*, desperate one fought at Caen, i. 269-272.
- Duputel, M.*, a book-collector at Rouen, i. 155; specimens of his poetical compositions, 155-8, 182-3.
- Durand de Lanon, M.*, an active member of the Society of the *Bibliophiles*, at Paris, ii. 447.

## E.

- Earthquakes*, frequency of at Strasbourg, iii. 39.
- Ebner Family*, and *Codex Ebnerianus*, at Nuremberg, *Suppl.* xxxvi.
- Eckius*, the celebrated antagonist of Luther—his chair, cap, and collection of tracts by, preserved in the Public Library at Landshut, iii. 336.
- Emmeram, St.* Monastery of, at Ratisbon, *Suppl.* x.
- Engelhardt, M.* at Strasbourg, his work connected with the Minne-Singers, iii. 90, 91, 120.
- Engraving, French school of*, preceded by notices of a few of the more celebrated engravers, ii. 504-511.
- Engravings*, number and value of, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, iii. 451; in the private collection of the Emperor of Austria, 598; in the collection of the Duke Albert, 549.
- Ens*, a post town between Linz and Vienna, iii. 404-5: suffered during the advance of the French to Vienna. *ibid.*

## H

*Epernay*, distinguished for its champagne wine — anecdote of the Prussians, when passing through this town, ii. 529.

*Evelyn, John*, his description of Havre, i. 242: of Honfleur, i. 253; of Mont Ste. Catherine, at Rouen, i. 116.

*Eugene, Prince*, his book benefactions to the Imperial Library at Vienna, iii. 452, &c.

*Eustache, St.*, church of, at Paris, ii. 97.

## F.

FALAISE; approach to, ii. 9: Hôtel of the *Grand Turc*, 9-10; copper-plate view of Falaise castle, 10; copper-plate vignette of the castle, as it appeared two centuries ago, 11; copper-plate vignette of one of the capitals of the pillars in the same, 13; general description of the castle, 13-19; church of Ste. Trinité, 21-5; return of Louis XVIII. celebrated, 23; manufacture of wax candles, 25; mansion and hospitable treatment of the Comte de la Fresnaye, 25-30; church and fair at Guibray, in the neighbourhood, 28-31; supposed head of William the Conqueror, with engraving, 33-36; church and place of St. Gervais, 36-40; account of M. Langevin, the historian of Falaise, with copper-plate vignette, 40-46; temperature and situation of, 47; fountains, *ib.*; printers, 48-56; booksellers, 56; celebration of the fête-dieu, 59-62; Hôpital Général, 62; departure in a diligence for Paris, 63.

*Faustus (the) of Goethe*, account of, with fac-simile wood-cuts from, iii. 120-130: reference to a more particular account of in Mr. Baldwin's Magazine, iii. 121.

*Fétit, Abbé*, librarian to the Chapter Library at Bayeux, i. 370.

*Fille de Chambre*, at Dieppe, engraving of, i. 32; at Caen, engraving of, i. 268; at Nuremberg, engraving of, *Supplement*, lxiv.

*Fire-works*, at the Prater, near Vienna, iii. 588.

*Fischeim, Von*, bookseller at Munich, purchases from, iii. 303-5.

*Flocon, M.*, head librarian of Ste. Geneviève, ii. 343.

FLORIAN, ST., MONASTERY OF — visit to, and account of the building, — church, library, saloon, and picture gallery, iii. 387-404; description of the Abbot, 388-9; antiquity of the monastery, 397.

*Font*, in a church at Salzburg, iii. 349; in the church of St. Sebald, at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xx.

*Fontaine, de la*, village of, near Rouen, i. 193.

*Forest*, in the neighbourhood of Baden, iii. 103; in the neighbourhood of Heilbronn, *Supplement*, xlvi.

*Forster, Mr.*, celebrated engraver at Paris, ii. 507.

*Fossard, M.*, sub-librarian at Rouen, i. 161.

*Fountains*, at Falaise, ii. 10-47; at Paris, ii. 110-114; at Augsbourg, iii. 186; at Vienna, iii. 542.

*Franks*, (Franks) *Madame*, banker at Strasbourg, iii. 745—hospitality and liberal conduct towards the author, 75, 77, 97-8.

*Francis I.*, his VELLUM copy of the Commentaries of Budæus (his tutor) upon the Greek language, in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 295; his copy of the *Aldine Greck Bible* upon thick paper, ii. 313; portrait of, in the Louvre, and in the collection of M. Q. Craufurd, ii. 472; engraving of the bust of, ii. 496,

*Franciscan Convent*, at Vienna, iii. 564.

*Freemasonry*, account of its rise and progress at Strasbourg, iii. 88, 90.

*French*, national character of, ii. 517, 520.

*Freses*, Messrs. booksellers at Rouen, i. 149.

*Fresnage*, *Comte de la*, residing at Falaise—his literary amusements and kind attentions to the author, ii. 19, 25, 30, 37.

*Freysing*, visit to; the church, crypt, (with copper plate engravings of pillars in the latter) and adjacent library, iii. 325, 329; M. Mozler, bookseller at, *ibid.*

*Furth*, a town near Nuremberg, excursion to, *Supplement*, xli.

*Fust and Gutenberg*, original depositions relating to the lawsuit between them, at Strasbourg, iii. 53.

## G.

*Gaertner Corbinian*, librarian of the monastery of St. Peter, at Salzburg, iii. 354-5.

*Gail*, M., one of the curators of the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 150; his literary character, and editions of Thucydides and Xenophon, 430, 433; his verses recited at the Roxburghe banquet, 445.

*Gallery of Pictures*, at Rouen, i. 162-4; of portraits at Caen, i. 327; at Augsbourg, iii. 203, 206; at Munich, 249; at Vienna, 571; at Nuremberg, xxviii.

*Gascon*, ancient book-binder at Paris, ii. 412.

*Geisler*, M., beautiful engraver at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, i. xl.

*Geislingen*, town near Ulm, curious adventure at, iii. 182.

*Geneviève*, *Ste.*, *nouvelle Eglise de*, ii. 99, 100; library of, 342, 362.

*Gerard*, M., portrait painter at Paris, remarks upon some of his pictures, ii. 503.

*Gernain*, *St. des Près*, ii. 97; *aux Auxerrois*, 98; destruction of the old library, ii. 234.

*German character*, friendliness of disposition of, iii. 198; 622.

*Gervais*, *St.*, church of, at Rouen, i. 85; at Falaise, ii. 36; at Paris, ii. 96.

- Geyler, John*, a celebrated reformer at Strasbourg, iii. 5, 35.
- Gilgen, St.*, village near Gmunden—night adventure at, iii. 363.
- Gilles, St.*, village between St. Lo and Coutances—adventure there, i. 401.
- Gmunden*, lake and village of, iii. 367-9; journey from Gmunden to Chremsminster, iii. 370.
- GÖTTWIC MONASTERY; approach and visit to—with an account of the church, library, saloon, and hospitable reception at, iii. 422, 440; copper-plate engraving of halt of pilgrims, in the approach to, 421-2; the same, of a portion of the same party, on their nearer approach to the monastery, 433.
- Goujet*, account of his bibliographical labours, with portrait, ii. 378-9.
- Gourdin*, Mr., chief librarian of the public Library at Rouen; i. 161.
- Grahame*, Mr., commendation of his poem called "*the Sabbath*," ii. 105.
- Grammont, Comtesse de*—portrait of, in the collection of Q. Craufurd, ii. 473.
- Granville*, town in Normandy, i. 417, 419.
- Grenville, Right Hon. T.*, his library alluded to, i. 337; ii. 262; 264; 316; iii. 68; 616.
- Griffiths, Dr.*, about to establish a stereotype press at Vienna, attention to the author, *Supplement*, vii.
- Grolier*, books formerly in the library of, ii. 312, 314.
- Grosier, Abbé*, chief librarian of the library of the Arsenal, ii. 320.
- Grotius*, portrait of, in the collection of Q. Craufurd, ii. 472.
- Gruber, Antonius*, M., librarian to Count Apponi—his bibliographical aid, iii. 601-3.
- Guerin*, M., his picture of Diana and Endymion, ii. 483.
- Guibray*, in the vicinity of Falaise—church and fair, ii. 28, 31.
- Guides*, publications, rarity of, upon the continent, iii. 178.
- Gurney, Mr. (Hudson)* his dissertation on the Bayeux tapestry, i. 382.
- Gutenberg*, spot at Strasbourg, where his first operations with the press are supposed to have been carried on, iii. 78; see *Fust*.

## H.

- Haffner*, M., a protestant clergyman, at Strasbourg—his library, iii. 77, 80.
- Halles de Commerce*, at Rouen, i. 89, 92.
- Hammer*, Mr. a celebrated orientalist, at Vienna, iii. 604.
- Hamilton*, Mr., chargé d'affaires at Stuttgart—his kind attentions to the author, iii. 134, 168.
- Hapsburg, Rudolph Count of*, one of the benefactors towards the building of Strasbourg Cathedral, iii. 17.
- Harfleur*, in the route to Havre, i. 239.
- Hartenschneider*, M., Professor—in the monastery of Chremsminster—

- his kind attentions to the author, iii. 374, &c. ; his opinion of our more celebrated writers, 380.
- Haslewood*, Mr. *J.*, historian of the Roxburghe Club, ii. 445.
- HAVRE, road from Rouen to—and view of the latter from, i. 187-8; approach to the town, 239, &c. ; description of the town and environs, 242, 250.
- Heber*, Mr., his library alluded to, iii. 381.
- Hébert*, M., public librarian at Caen, i. 324, 328.
- Heerdegen*, M., bookseller at Furth, visit to, and purchases from, *Supplement*, xli.
- HEIDELBERG, description of the palace, or castle, with engravings of, *Supplement*, xlvii; of the great Tun, xlix. ; visit to the public library, i.
- Heilbronn*, near Heidelberg, *Supplement*, xlvii.
- Henry II.*, King of France, his triumphal entry into Rouen, i. 63-4; his death, *ibid.*; books in the public library at Caen, i. 338, &c. ; at Paris, ii. 311, 317; bronze bust of, in the collection of the late Q. Craufurd, 471.
- Henri IV.*, College de, near Ste. Geneviève, ii. 353.
- Herarde*, Abbess of *Landsberg*, account of a ms. by her called *Hortus Deliciarum*, iii. 52.
- Herman*, King of Hungary, sec. xii. his psalter in the private library of the King of Wirtemberg, iii. 159.
- Hermann*, M., a literary gentleman at Strasbourg, iii. 77; See BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.
- Hess*, M., Professor of design, and engraver, at Munich, his amiable character, iii. 313, 316.
- Hibbert*, Mr. *George*, his copy of the *Sforziada* alluded to, ii. 291.
- Hohenlinden*, plains of—seen from the top of Freysing cathedral, iii. 327.
- Holbein*, John, father of Hans Holbein—pictures by, at Augsburg, iii. 207, 211.
- Hommartin*, village in the road to Strasbourg, ii. 548.
- Honfleur*, passage thither from Havre—and departure from thence to Caen in the Diligence, i. 251-5; description of the country from Honfleur to Caen, i. 256, 260.
- Hook*, Abbé, late librarian of the Ste. Geneviève library, ii. 363-4.
- Hotel de Ville*, at Paris, ii. 89; de Soubise, at Paris, ii. 90; de Cluny, at Paris, ii. 118; at Stuttgart—with copper-plate, iii. 136.
- Houdan*, between Dreux and Paris, with copper-plate vignette of the castle, ii. 69, 70.
- Houses*, old, at Caen, i. 277; at Strasbourg, iii. 81-2.
- Hulmandel*, M. C., the excellence of his lithographical publications, iii. 319.

## I.

*Illyricus Quirinus*, Pope and Martyr, copper-plate of, iii. 223.

*Institute at Paris*, description of the library of, ii. 370; sitting of the society, ii. 429.

*Inderlambach*, near the lake Gmunden, iii. 366.

*Isabey*, M., his painting in a copy of Ossian, formerly belonging to Bonaparte, ii. 376.

*Ischl*, near the lake Gmunden, iii. 365.

*Ivory manufactures*, at Dieppe, i. 18; at Geislingen, iii. 182.

J.

*Jacques*, St., church of, at Dieppe, i. 21.

*Jacques*, head waiter at the Hôtel-Vatel, at Rouen, i. 185.

*Jaquotot*, Madame, her eminence as a painter in enamel, ii. 500-502.

*James*, St., monastery of, at Ratisbon, *Supplement*, xii.

*Jeux*, at Bischofsheim, iii. 102; at Furth, *Supplement*, xlii., &c.

*John*, King of France, original portrait—with copper-plate of, ii. 140.

*Joseph II.* Emperor of Austria, character of, iii. 564.

*Joubert*, M. bookseller at Coutances, i. 413.

*Judges*, at Rouen, i. 106; at Caen, 343-4.

*Jumieges*, description of the abbey of, i. 196-205.

K.

*Karlsruhe*, near Rastadt, iii. 116.

*Kensingtonian acquaintance*, met at Strasbourg, iii. 84.

*Keux*, I. and H. Messrs., their graphic talents commended, *Pref.* ix. iii. 42.

*Klein*, M. librarian of the monastery of St. Florian, iii. 388, &c.

*Klein*, M., distinguished artist at Nuremberg, with copper-plate fac-similes of his drawings and engravings, *Supplement*, xxxviii-xl.

*Koberger*, Anthony, the famous printer at Nuremberg, his office, &c. *Suppl.* xxii-iii.; bronze head of his nephew *John*, in the possession of the author, xxiii.

*Koch*, late, one of the celebrated literary characters of Strasbourg, iii. 47.

*Koch*, M., a book-collector at Manheim, *Supplement*, lv.

*Kopitar*, M. one of the librarians of the Imperial Library at Vienna, iii. 448-9; his opinion of the antiquity of a German version of the Bible, 462.

*Kopff*, village near Landshut, iii. 361.

*Kraemer*, M. *Augustus*, librarian to the Prince of Tour and Taxis, — kind attentions of to the author, *Supplement*, x-xv.

L.

*Laquis de Place*, at the Hôtel Vatel at Rouen, i. 43-183.

- Lair Pierre Aimé*, M., at Caen; his patriotic zeal, and kind attention to the author, i. 311-315; his parting farewell at Bayeux, i. 356.
- Lamouroux*, M., botanical professor at Caen, i. 310.
- LANDSHUT**, arrival at, with anecdote of its capture by the French, iii. 329; account of the books in the Public Library, removed thither from the University of Ingoldstadt, 330; copper-plate engraving of street scenery seen from the library, 333; the chair and doctor's bonnet of the celebrated *Eckius*, kept in the Public Library, iii. 336; opinion of a professor of botany at Landshut, respecting Shakspeare, iii. 338; church of St. Martin, the highest in Bavaria, 339.
- Langlès*, M., one of the head librarians of the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 151; his literary and social qualities, 438, &c.; his praise-worthy conduct during the revolution, 441.
- Lasnes*, late Marshal, anecdote of and Bonaparte, iii. 308.
- Laugier*, a distinguished engraver at Paris, ii. 508.
- Laurent*, M., distinguished painter at Paris, ii. 520.
- Lays*, M. an Opera singer at Strasbourg, iii. 83.
- Lecréne*, l'Abbé, printer at Rouen, i. 133.
- Lemonadier*, at Rouen, engraving of, i. 109.
- Lenoir*, M. keeper of the monuments in the *Rue des Petits Augustins*—commendation of his work upon the same, ii. 107-9.
- Lesné*, M., book-binder and poet, at Paris, ii. 412-421.
- Levrault*, M., a celebrated printer at Strasbourg, iii. 95.
- Lewis*, Charles, bookbinder; his talents alluded to, i. 367; ii. 189, 245, 262, 399, 421.
- LIBRARY, PUBLIC**; at Rouen, i. 161-179; at Caen, i. 324-340; at Bayeux, i. 371; at St. Lo, i. 396; at Coutances, 411; at Vire, 446; at PARIS — the Royal, ii. 128-318; the Arsenal, 318-341; of Ste. Geneviève, 342-362; the Mazarine, 362-368; private library of the King, 371-380; at Strasbourg, iii. 50-69; at Stuttgart, 136-165; at Ulm (the Chapter Library), 187; of Augsburg, 227-235; at Munich, 257-297; at Freysing, 327; at Landshut, 331-3; at Salzburg, (monastic) 354; at Chremsminster monastery, 374; at St. Florian Monastery, 391; at Mülk monastery, 409; at Göttwic monastery, 427; at Vienna, 451, &c.; at Closterneuburg, 614; at Ratisbon, *Suppl.* xiv. at Nuremberg, *Suppl.* xxiii-v.
- LIBRARY, PRIVATE**; of Messrs. Le Prevost, Duputel, and Reaux, at Rouen, i. 153, 155, 158; of a gentleman near Bayeux, i. 361; at Strasbourg, iii. 70-77; of Professor Veesenmeyer at Ulm, 193; of Professor May at Augsburg, 229; of the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna, iii. 589-599; of the Duke Albert, at ditto, 599; of Count Fries, at ditto, 600; of Count Apponi, at ditto, 601; of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, *Suppl.* x.

- Lichtenberger*, M., the typographical antiquary, at Strasbourg; his book donation to Earl Spencer, iii. 79, 80.
- Lignon*, M., celebrated engraver at Paris, ii. 506.
- Lillebonne*, town of, in Normandy, i. 217; ancient castle, 217, 221; inn of the Three Negroes, 222.
- Lintz* or *Linz*, a town in Austria, brief description of, iii. 383-4; journey from Linz to St. Florian, iii. 386-7.
- Lithography*, as practised at Paris, ii. 513; at Munich—its excellence there, iii. 317, 320.
- Lo*, *St.*, between Bayeux and Coutances, i. 393; anecdotes of itinerary charlatans, with a copper-plate vignette, 394-5; library of the hotel de ville, 396; principal parish church, 397; ancient strength and history of the town, 399.
- Louis XII.*, gold medal of, in the Cabinet des Médailles at Paris, ii. 133; portrait of, from an illuminated MS., 214.
- Louis XIV.*, manner of taking possession of Strasbourg, iii. 10.
- Louis XVIII.*, homage paid to, at Rouen, i. 182-3; his return to France, celebrated at Falaise, ii. 23; his patronage of Madame Jaquotot, the enamellist, ii. 500.
- Loup*, *St.*, visit to, in the neighbourhood of Bayeux, i. 359.
- Lotharius*, *Emperor*, his copy of the Gospels, ii. 163-6.
- Louvre*, description of, ii. 84-5.
- Lucas Cranach*, extraordinary specimens of his painting, in the citadel at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xxviii.
- Luther*, *Martin*, his hymn sung by children at Strasbourg, iii. 54; his monument by Ohmacht, iii. 98; collection of tracts relating to his controversy with Eckius kept in the public library at Landshut, iii. 336; portrait of his wife at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xxviii.
- Luxembourg gardens*, and palace of, ii. 94, 427.

## M.

- M\**, *Lieutenant*, meeting and parting with, 416, 417.
- Mack General*, his treachery or cowardice, in the surrender of Ulm, iii. 184.
- Maclou*, *St.*, church of, at Rouen, i. 80-2.
- Mackenzie*, Mr., his beautiful drawings of the Cathedrals of France, Preface, viii-ix.
- Matherbe*, view of his house at Caen, i. 278; medal struck in honour of him, 312.
- MANHEIM; arrival at the Golden Fleece, now so called: visit to *Dom. Artaria*, and friendliness of his reception; his collection of paintings, &c., and extensive business; book-collectors there; the public gardens, and old



- palace; culture of grapes in the neighbourhood; journey from Manheim to Paris; *Supplement*, lii-lxii.
- Magdalen*, statue of the, by Canova, ii. 487, &c.
- Manoury, Sen. and Jun.*, booksellers at Caen, i. 322-3.
- Mansion Colard*, books printed by—in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 280.
- Marivaux*, village of, near Rouen, i. 197.
- Marmion, Robert de*, his arms, ii. 240.
- Martin, François*, a singular bibliomaniac at Caen, i. 325; his copy of the *Athenæ Normannorum*, 326-6.
- Mary, Queen of Scots*, portrait of, ii. 477; altar of gold, belonging to, now in the palace at Munich, iii. 248.
- Massard*, celebrated engraver at Paris, ii. 505.
- Mauffer*, an ancient printer at Rouen, i. 123.
- Maximilian the Great*, adventure of, upon the top of Ulm cathedral, 191; his own copy of the *Tewrdanckh* in the Imperial Library at Vienna, iii. 529.
- May, Professor*, public librarian at Augsbourg, iii. 226; purchase of books from, 229.
- Mazarine Library*, description of, ii. 362, 368.
- Mazarin, Cardinal*, portrait of, in the collection of Q. Craufurd, ii. 477.
- Meaux*, cathedral of, ii. 526.
- Mégard, M.*, printer at Rouen, i. 129, 132.
- Melanchthon*, his portrait when young, from an original picture by Christ. Amberger, at Augsbourg, iii. 215-6; literary pieces of, collected at Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xxvi.
- Mercator, Guido*, book printed by, in the public library at Vire, i. 447.
- Mercier, St. Léger, Abbé*, some account of, with engraving of his portrait, ii. 353, 362.
- , his posthumous labours, ii. 360, 378.
- Metz*, briefly described, on the road from Manheim to Paris, *Supplement*, lix.
- Millin, M.*, one of the curators of the royal library at Paris; his dissertation upon the medal of Louis XII., ii. 134; his literary character, 433, 438; library, 434; symposium at Paris, 435; preservation of national antiquities, 437; writes the account of the Roxburghe banquet, 444; his death, and portrait of, 522, 524.
- Minne-Singers*, or love poets, history of, at Strasbourg, iii. 90.
- Missal*, MS., several in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 202; in the collection of M. Denon, ii. 462; in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, iii. 152; in the Royal Library at Munich, iii. 270; in the Imperial Library at Vienna, iii. 465.
- Missals, printed*, copies of at Rouen, i. 165; at Caen, 336; at Bayeux, 373, 375; St. Sever, 421; in the Library of the Arsenal, ii. 323.

- MÖLK, in Austria, MONASTERY OF—account of a visit to the same, with a description of the interior, (including the library and church) and a copper-plate engraving of a view of the exterior, and of the portrait of Berthold Dietmayr, the restorer of the monastery, iii. 406, 418; anecdote of the French here, on their march to Vienna, 414; monastery revisited, on return from Vienna, *Supplement*, v.
- Moll, *Baron Von*, one of the curators of the Public Library at Munich, iii. 306, &c.; excursion to his villa, 307.
- MONASTERIES: St. Peter, at Salzburg, iii. 349, 356; of Chremsmünster, 370, 381; St. Florian, 387, 404; Mölk, 406, 418; Göttwic, 422, &c.; Klosterneuburg, 613-9; Capuchins, 619, &c.; Sts. Emmeram and James, Ratisbon, *Supplement*, x-xiv.
- Montausier, *J. L. duchesse de*, portrait of, in the collection of Q. Craufurd, ii. 473.
- Montmorenci, *Castle*, at Tancarville; description, and copper-plate view of, i. 234-8.
- More, *Sir Thomas*, his copy of the work of *Rossei opus elegans*, &c., formerly belonging to Eckuis—in the Public Library at Landshut, iii. 337.
- Moreau, *late General*, commendation of by Baron Von Moll, iii. 308.
- Morin, ancient printer at Rouen—his device, i. 123-4
- Mortaux, *the Abbé*, public librarian at Vire, i. 445.
- Mouton, *M. Le*, Curé of St. Trinity Church, at Falaise, ii. 20, 25.
- Moysant, *Mr.* late public librarian at Caen—some account of, i. 328, &c., his mission to search libraries, 330; at Bayeux, 372; at Falaise, ii. 19.
- Mozler, *M.*, bookseller at Freysing, iii. 328.
- MUNICH; appearance of the city, population, &c., iii. 241; the cathedral, 242; fine monument in the choir, 242; church of St. Michael, 243; of St. Caetan, 245; palace of Maximilian, 246, 249; picture gallery, 249, 252; palace of Schleisheim, 252; public garden, 253; a threatening storm, 254; market women, with copper-plate, 255; the public library, 251—description of the MSS. and rarer printed books, 259—298; book acquisitions, and booksellers, 299, 306; curators of the public library, 306, 313; M. Hess, engraver, 314-5; M. Nockher, 316: Lithography, 317.
- Mystèrious interview*, with *Stranger*, at Bayeux, i. 357, 363.

## N.

- NANCY; approach to, ii. 537; description of, 537, 545; copper-plate views of the old and new gates, 538; public garden, by moonlight, 539; the cathedral, 539; churches, 540; booksellers, 541; Le Dragon Rouge, 542; public library, 543.
- Neander, Michael*, the friend of Budæus, portrait of, iii. 353.

*Neümarkt*, a post town between Landshut and Altötting, iii. 340; between

Ratisbon and Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xvi.

*Ney*, late Marshal, spot where he was shot, ii. 427.

*Nicholas*, St., village near Nancy, ii. 545.

*Nockher*, Mr., banker at Munich—his kind attentions to the author, iii. 316-7, 355.

NUREMBERG; approach to, *Supplement*, xvii—copper-plate vignette of a portion of the walls, xviii—of a townswoman met in the vicinity of, xix; appearance and population of the town, xx; description of the churches, with copper-plate views of the interiors of St. James and St. Mary, xix, xxii; of the public library, xxiii; of the citadel, xxvi, xxx; of the town hall, xxx; decay of art and commerce, xxxi; writers upon the antiquities and customs, &c., of the town, xviii, xx; supposed residence of *Anthony Koberger*, the famous printer of Nuremberg, in the xvth century, xxii, &c.; the curiosities of Baron Derschau, xxxii, xxxv; negotiation for the *Codex Ebnerianus*, a Greek ms. of the New Testament of the xiiith century, xxxvi; present state of the fine arts at, xxxviii, xl; antiquity of some of the bookselling-establishments, xli; excursion to *Furth*, in the neighbourhood of, and purchase of books of Heerdegen, a bookseller there, xli-ii; gaiety of sabbath costume, xliii; departure from, to Manheim, xliv.

## O.

*Oberlin*, one of the celebrated literary characters of Strasbourg, iii. 45-6, 90.

*Odilo*, *Klama*, Mr., librarian at the monastery of Göttwie, iii. 422.

*Ohmacht*, sculptor, at Strasbourg, iii. 47, 97.

*Olivier Basselin*, price of a copy of his Vaudevires, i. 322; copies of that work in the public library at Caen, 337; some account of that work, and of its author, 433, 444; original MS. of, in the possession of a private gentleman at Bayeux, 364; copy of, presented to the author at Vire, 433, &c.

*Organ*, in the church of St. Godard, at Rouen, i. 83; in the abbey of St. Ouen, i. 75; in the abbey of St. Stephen at Caen, 288; at Coutances, 404; at St. Germain des Près, at Paris, ii. 98; in the cathedral of Strasbourg, iii. 36; in the church of the monastery of St. Florian, 399.

*Otley*, Mr. W. Y., his fine collection of engravings alluded to, iii. 600; *Supplement*, xxxvi.

*Ouen*, St., abbey of, at Rouen, i. 69, 78; refectory attached to, 77.

*Ouilly*, *Pont*, village between Vire and Falaise, ii. 5.

## P.

*P \* .*, *Captain*, R. N., pleasant fellow-traveller—met at Nancy, ii. 539; and at Strasbourg, iii. 98.

*Painted*—see *Windows*.

*Palais de Justice*, at Rouen, i. 103, 5; Palais Royal, at Paris, ii. 81-2.

*Palissi Bernard*, Faïence plate by, ii. 494.

*Pallas*, Mr., Vice Principal of the monastery at Mœlk—his kind attentions to the author, iii. 413, &c.

*Paper and printing*, ordinary, at Paris, ii. 410; at Vienna, iii. 610.

PARIS; approach to, ii. 73-5; the Boulevards, with a copper-plate view of the *Boulevards Italiens*, 76, 80; the Thuilleries, 80, 84; Champs Elysés, 81; Palais Royal, 81-2; Caffé des mille colonnes, 82; Jardin des Plantes, 83; Louvre, 84-5; Bridges, 87; Halle aux Blès, 88; Exchange, 89; Hotel Soubise, 90; Street Scenery, 91, 94; Notre Dame, 95; St. Gervais, 96; St. Eustache, 97; St. Germain des Près, 97; St. Germain aux Auxerrois, 98; the Sorbonne, 99; the new Ste. Geneviève, or Pantheon, 99, 100; St. Sulpice, 100; the Oratoire, 103; St. Roch, 103; l'Assomption, 104; St. Philippe du Roule, 104; a Farisian sabbath, 105; monuments in the Rue des Petits Augustins, 107; Fountains, 110, 114; topographical works upon, 115, 117; Hotel de Cluny, 118; old and modern Paris, 119, 120; ancient manners, customs, and locality of Paris, 120, 127; general description of the Royal Library, 128, 148; the public librarians, 131, 150, 151; Cabinet des Medailles, 136, 137; Cabinet des Estampes, 138, 144; account of the illuminated MSS., 155, 245; of the early printed books in the royal collection, 246, 318; library of the Arsenal, 318, 341; Library of Ste. Geneviève, 342, 353; Abbé Mercier Saint Léger, late librarian, 354, 362; the Mazarine Library, 362, 368; Library of the Institute, 370; private library of the King, 371, 376; some account of the late Abbé Rive, 381, 385; booksellers, 387, 404; printers, 405, 411; book binders, 413, 422; men of letters, Dom Erial, the Abbé Bétencourt, 423, 430; Messrs. Gail, Millin, and Langlès, 430, 440; a Roxburghe banquet, 443, 452; collection of M. Denon, 453, 467; of M. Quintin Craufurd, 468, 480. of the Marquis de Sommariva, 481, 490; notice of M. Willemins Monumens Inédits, 491, 493; miscellaneous national antiquities, 495, 502; of the Fine Arts, 502, 515; national character, 516, 520; departure from, 524.

*Pascal, Blaise*, portrait of, in the collection of Q. Craufurd, ii. 473.

*Paul*, St., church of at Rouen, i. 86-7.

*Payne*, Mr. *John*, his purchase of the second edition of Shakspeare, from the public library at Augsbourg, iii. 231; his purchase of the *Codex Ebnerianus*, Supplement, xxxvii.

*Percegrinus, B. G.*, vision of, to Count Albert, with copper-plate, iii. 221.

*Périaux*, M., printer, and member of the Academy at Rouen, i. 127-9.

*Pfister*, tracts printed by— in the Royal Library at Paris, ii. 260; the *Four*

- Histoires, Biblia Pauperum, Lat. and Germ.* 261 ; *Fables*, 1461 — formerly in the Royal Library, now restored, to the Wolfenbuttle library, ii. 261.
- Phalsbourg*, a fortified town near the Vosges, ii. 549.
- Picard, Guerin, Mr.*, vendor of chap-books at Caen, i. 317-8.
- Pichon, Mr.*, founder of the Public Library at Vire, i. 446.
- Pictures*, see *Gallery*.
- Pilgram, Anthony*, architect of Vienna cathedral, iii. 548-553.
- Pilgrims*, halt of, in the road from St. Pölten to Göttwic Monastery, with a copper-plate engraving of the same party, on their nearer approach to the same monastery, iii. 421-2, 433.
- Pisani*, portrait of, from the painting of Antonello da Messina, ii. 457-8.
- Plochingen*, curious old town, near Stuttgart, iii. 181.
- Pluquet, Mr.* an apothecary and book vendor at Bayeux, i. 363.
- Pölten, St.*, post-town between Mölk and Vienna, iii. 419.
- Pont L'Eveque*, between Honfleur and Caen, i. 257. — *Ouilly*, between Vire and Falaise, ii. 5.
- Portraits*, list of, in the Public Library at Caen, i. 327.
- Portraits, engraved*, number of, in the collection of the Emperor of Austria, iii. 598.
- Postillion*, in the Dieppe diligence, i. 37 ; at Tancarville, i. 236 ; in the duchy of Baden, iii. 101 ; in the territory of Bavaria, iii. 200 ; in Austria, iii. 369.
- Prater, the*, at Vienna, description of, iii. 582, &c.
- Prevost Le, Mr.* his drawings of the Abbey of St. Ouen, i. 77 ; his antiquarian knowledge, 152 ; list of some rare books in his library, 153 ; attentions to the author, 187.
- Printing, ancient and modern*, at Rouen, i. 123-152 ; at Vienna, iii. 608. ; see *Stereotype*.
- Printselling and Print shops*, at Paris, ii. 512.
- Protestant church at Caen*, i. 341. See *Catholics*.
- Prudhon*, Parisian painter, character of his pictures, ii. 483.
- Pucelle d'Orleans* ; see *Arc, Jeanne d'*.
- Pulpit*, in Bayeux cathedral, i. 349 ; of stone, in Strasbourg cathedral, iii. 35 ; of marble and gilt in the church of the monastery of St. Florian, 400 ; entirely of gilt, in the monastic church of Mölk, iii. 416.

## Q.

- Quays*, at Rouen, i. 108.
- Quillebeuf, Mr.*, his preaching in Rouen cathedral, i. 67.
- Quillebeuf*, fishing village in Normandy, i. 219.
- Quintin Craufurd*, late Mr., his collection of pictures, ii. 468-480.

## R.

- Radcl, Petit, Mr.*, librarian of the Mazarine Library, ii. 364-369.

- Rambouillet, la Marquise de, portrait of*, in the collection of Mr. Q. Craufurd, ii. 474.
- Ramparts of Vienna*, remarks upon, iii. 610.
- Rammer, Mr.*, Public Librarian at Nuremberg, *Suppl.* xiii., &c.
- RATISBON**: account of the town, cathedral, monasteries, and public collections, *Suppl.* vii.-xv.
- Redouté, Mr.*, his drawings of flowers — collection of, in the King's Private Library at Paris, ii. 376.
- Reformation, at Strasbourg*, anecdotes connected with, iii. 87.
- Rembrandt, M. Denon's* collection of prints by, ii. 460.
- Renaudiere, M. Lanon de la*, at Vire—his bibliomaniacal ardour and library, i. 431-46; society 458; his love of, and translations from, Thomson's Seasons, 459, &c.; opinion of our reviews, 460; afternoon's ramble with the author, 460; friendly attentions to the author, ii. 2.
- Renouard, Mr.*, bookseller at Paris, ii. 392; character of his publications, 392-3; his choice library, 394-7.
- Reposoirs*, what—at Falaise, ii. 60.
- Reviews, Edinburgh and Quarterly*, opinion upon, i. 460.
- Revolution, late, in France*, direful effects of, i. 88, 180, 204, 362, 371, 405, ii. 360; iii. 50.
- Rheims*, its cathedral, &c. briefly described, *Suppl.* lx.
- Riaux, Mr.*, at Rouen—his library, i. 105-158.
- Rive, Abbé*, the late — account of, with copper-plate of his portrait, ii. 381-385.
- Robec, Rue de*, at Rouen, i. 114-5.
- Robertsau*, place so called near Strasbourg, iii. 13.
- Rob Roy*, read for the first time at Strasbourg, iii. 76.
- Roger, Mr.* stippling engraver at Paris, ii. 509-
- Rohfritsch*, a valet—hired at Strasbourg, iii. 99; — his expedition from Mannheim to Stuttgart, iii. 171-2.
- Rollin, Mr.*, protestant preacher at Caen, i. 341.
- Rollo*, the monument of, in Rouen cathedral, i. 52, his patronage of ecclesiastical architecture, 198; 274.
- Romain, or Romanus, St.* and the dragon—at Rouen, i. 66.
- ROUEN**: approach to the city, i. 38-40; general impression from appearance of the streets, i. 40-2; old copper-plate views of the town, and of its vicinity, 40-1; Hôtel Vatel 42; Boulevards, 43-4; population. 45; cathedral, 47; copper-plate view of the exterior of the south transept, 50; chapel of our Lady, 51; Monuments (with engravings) in the cathedral, 51-64; ancient library attached to it, 65; ancient feast on Ascension Day, 66; confirmation, seen by the author, 67; the abbey of St. Ouen, 69-78; churches of St. Maclou, St. Vincent, St. Vivien, St. Gervais, and St. Paul, 80-88;

revolutionary depredations, 88, 180; Halles de Commerce, 90-2; cattle-market, 93; Rue de la Grosse Horloge, 94; Place de la Pucelle, 95; representation of the Champ de Drap d'Or, 100-2; Palais de Justice, 103-5; Judges in the Tribunal of Commerce, 106; Quays, 108; Bridge of Boats, 110; Rue du Bac, with engraving, 111-2; manufactories, 113; Rue de Robec, 114; Mont Ste. Catharine, 116-122; old and modern printing at Rouen, 123-151; chap-books, religious, moral, and amusing, 134-148; booksellers, 149 151; book-collectors, 152-160; account of the MSS. and early printed books in the Public Library, 161-184; departure from, and distant view of, with engraving, 185-8; picture gallery, 162.

*Roxburghe Club*, alluded to, i. 184; iii. 302; iii. 446; *Roxburghe banquet*, given by the author at Paris, ii. 441-451.

*Rue, Abbé de la*, his Treatise upon the Armoric bards, i. 282; description of his person, i. 309; appreciation of his talents, i. 363.

## S.

*Sabbath, the*, at Dieppe, i. 19-24; at Falaise, ii. 59; at Paris, ii. 105; at Vienna, iii. 584, &c. at Nuremberg, *Suppl.* xliii.-iv.

*Sacy, Silvestre de*, Mr., his high character as an Orientalist, ii. 438.

*Saloon*, in the monastery of St. Florian, magnificence of, iii. 402, &c.

*SALZBURG*, approach to, iii. 322, 329, 343, 346; the hotel of the Golden Schiff, 346; the Citadel, with copper-plate engraving, 347; *Place*, near the cathedral, 348; diminished population of the town, 348; churches of *Ste. Trinité and Sebastien*, *ibid.*; monastery of St. Peter, with an account of the library and book purchases therefrom, 349-356; mountainous country in the vicinity of Salzburg, 357; height of the principal mountains, *ibid.*; departure from Salzburg, 361.

*Salzburg marble*, commendation of, iii. 403.

*Sandart*, his chef d'œuvre, as a painter, at Nuremberg, *Suppl.* xxix.

*Sarcander, P. I.* librarian of the Capuchin convent, in the Rossau, near Vienna; his Latin bill of parcels, of books bought from thence, iii. 621.

*Saverne*, entrance into — and mountainous country in the vicinity of, ii. 551-3.

*Saudrupt*, village on the road to Strasbourg, ii. 533.

*Saxe, Marshal*, account of his monument, in the church of St. Thomas, at Strasbourg, iii. 43.

*Schalbacher*, a bookseller at Vienna, purchase of books from, iii. 607, &c.

*Scherer, Mr.*, head librarian of the Public Library at Munich, iii. 312-3; kind assistance of, in the translation of a German metrical ms. of Sir Tristrem, 264.

*Schiller*, colossal bust of, by Dannecker, iii. 173-5.

*Schlichtegroll*, Mr., one of the curators of the Public Library at Munich, iii. 310; kind attentions of, *ibid.*

*Schlosser*, Mr. Professor at Heidelberg, his "Universal Biography," *Suppl.* l.-li.

*Schoepflin*, among the celebrated characters of Strasbourg, iii. 45.

*Schönbrunn Palace*, near Vienna, 575.

*Schweighæuser*, *I. sen.* Mr., his talents alluded to, iii. 79-20; his edition of Herodotus, 95; interview with, at Baden, iii. 105, &c.; his portrait, 110; evening walk with, iii. 114.

*Schweighæuser*, *jun.* Mr., his kind attentions to the author, iii. 25, 50, 97; his Memoirs of Koch, iii. 47.

*Sebastian*, *St.*, sculptured figure of, in the church at Falaise, ii. 22.

*Seguin*, Mr. account of his publications at Vire, i. 449. See BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

*Sever*, *St.*, between Ville-dieu and Vire, i. 421.

*Sevre*, near Paris, ii. 72.

*Siebenkees*, Mr. Professor, public librarian at Landshut — kind attentions to the author, iii. 330-332.

*Society of Belles Lettres*, at Rouen: sitting of, i. 180.

*Soleinne*, Mr., his fine dramatic library, ii. 301.

*Sommariva*, *Marquis de*, his collection of paintings and sculpture, ii. 480-490.

*Sorbonne*, neighbourhood of, and College Royale, ii. 386.

*Specklin*, *Daniel*, his plate of Strasbourg cathedral, iii. 41.

*Spencer*, *Countess*, prints from her designs in a private house near Bayeux, i. 362.

——, *Earl*; his purchase of the Valdarfer Boccaccio, i. 236; his visit to Paris, and confrontation of his own impression of the wood-cut of St. Christopher, with a supposed similar impression at Paris, ii. 143-145; his library alluded to, i. 433; ii. 263, 265, 266, 273, 311, 314, 316, 317; iii. 56, 79, 132, 140, 192, 288, 306, 381, *Suppl.* x., xxv, xxxiv.; his opinion respecting a copy of Ulric Han's edition of Servius in Virgilium, in the Mazarine library, ii. 366; is toasted, with the Roxburghe Club, 443; fêted by the Society of Bibliophiles at Paris, 449-450.

*Spire*, on the banks of the Rhine, near Manheim, desolated state of the cathedral, *Suppl.* lviii.

*Steinbach*, *Ervin de*, one of the architects of Strasbourg cathedral, iii. 15-17.

*Stereotype printing*, ancient—in the Public Library at Augsbourg, iii. 235; modern, about to be established at Vienna, iii. 608.

*Stoeger*, Mr., bookseller at Munich, iii. 299-303.



*Stothard, Mr. jun.*, his labours connected with the Bayeux tapestry, i. 366, 383.

STRASBOURG; approach, and entrance into, ii. 554; the Protestant Religion, iii. 5; treacherous surrender of the city to Louis XIV., 8; the cathedral, with account of publications and prints relating to, 11, 41; church of St. Thomas, 41; the Public Library, 49; booksellers, 71; society, 74; environs of Strasbourg, 81; manners and customs, 85; Free-Masonry, 89; literature, &c. 91.

*Strattman, Abbé*, the a resident in the Monastery of Mölk, and late public librarian of the Imperial Library of Vienna, iii. 408-410, &c.; urges the author to visit the monastery of Göttwic, 411.

*Straubing*, town near Ratisbon, *Suppl.* vi.

*Students*, in the Public Library at Rouen, i. 175.

STUTTGART; arrival at, iii. 116; crucifix at, with a plate, 117; booksellers, 119; M. Le Bret, public librarian, 131; the Public or Royal Library, 134-157; copper-plate view of the street scenery near, 136; Private Library of the King of Wirtemberg, with a fac-simile of the Trinity, of the xixth century, iii. 157-165; description of the Royal Palace, iii. 166; description of the late Queen, 168-171; attendance at the levee for a bibliographical negotiation, 168.

## T.

*Tancarville*, village of, in Normandy; route thither from Bolbec, i. 231; Augergiste, 232; Montmorenci castle, and neighbourhood, with vignette and separate view of, 233-4; anecdote of the postillion, i. 236.

*Tapestry*, at Bayeux, account of, with wood-cuts and copper-plates, i. 376, &c. in the cathedral of Strasbourg, iii. 30.

*Thou, De*, was an eye witness of the fatal wound received by Henri II. from Montmorenci, i. 64; numerous copies of books, from his library, in the royal collection at Paris, ii. 317.

*Thouvenin, Mr.*, book-binder at Paris, ii. 416-418.

*Thunder-storm*, over the city of Rouen, i. 112; over the town of Baden, iii. 108; over that of Munich, iii. 254.

*Thuileries*, description of, ii. 80-84.

*Tombstones in Germany*, brief description of their general character, iii. 369.

*Toul*, town on the road to Strasbourg, ii. 535.

*Traiteur, Mr.*, a book-collector at Manheim, *Suppl.* liv.

*Travelling*, dearth of fellow-travellers in France, ii. 555.

*Treuttel and Würtz*, booksellers at Paris, ii. 389; excursion to their country villa, ii. 390; benevolent character of Madame Treuttel, 390; booksellers at Strasbourg, iii. 72.

## K

*Turner, Dawson*, Mr., his antiquarian taste and love of virtù, alluded to, i. 152-3; character of his *Tour in Normandy*; Preface, x.

ULM; approach to, iii. 183-4; hôtel of the *White Stag* commended, 184, 193; visit to Professor Veessenmeyer, iii. 185; description of the cathedral, and of the library within it, 186, 188, 192; of the choir, 189; view from the tower of the cathedral, 190; adventure thereupon, 190; copper-plate view of the exterior, 191; market place, and credulity of the common people, 199; departure from, 200; date of the completion of the cathedral, 237.

*Ursula, St.*, legend of, ii. 199.

*Valliere, Duchesse de la*, portrait of, in the collection of Mr. Q. Craufurd, ii. 474.

*Van Praet*, M., one of the public librarians at Paris, ii. 131; a guest at the Roxburghe banquet, 442, &c.; at M. Millin's dejeuner à la fourchette, 435; his kind attentions to the author, 132; his forthcoming catalogue of books printed upon vellum, in the Royal Library, 247; his purchase of the morality of the *Blasphémateurs du nom de Dieu*, ii. 301; his lamentation at the departure of the *Fables printed by Pfister* in 1471, 450; his print of St. Bernardinus, 514.

*Veessenmeyer, Professor*, at Ulm; visit to, and account of his library, farewell salutation of, iii. 185, 193-6, 197.

*Vernet*, M., his lithographical productions, ii. 513.

*Versailles*, ii. 71.

VIENNA; approach to, iii. 442-3; arrival at the hotel called the Crown of Hungary, 444; description of the Imperial Library, and head librarians, 447, &c.; number and value of the volumes in the same library, 451; copper-plate view of the interior of the library, 454; description of some of the MSS. in the library, 455, 485; description of the rarer and earlier printed books in the same, 483, 533; population and general description of Vienna, 536; number of Jews at, 537; national character and society at, 539; the streets, 541; fountains, 542; mode of living, 544; carriages, 545; description of the cathedral, with copper-plate view of the exterior, 547, 555; monuments in the cathedral, 553; church of St. Mary, 555; publication descriptive of ecclesiastical edifices at Vienna, 556-7; church of the Augustins, and monument by Canova, to the memory of the Duchess Albert of Saxe-Teschen, 558; convents, 563; Capuchin and Franciscan, 563-6; the two Belvedere Palaces, 567, 573; the young Bonaparte, 574; Palace of Schönbrunn, 575; the Treasury, 577; Theatres, &c., 578; the Prater, 583, 586; fire works, near the same, 588; account of the Emperor of Austria's private library, &c., 589, 599; of the collection of drawings, &c. of Duke Albert, 599; of the libraries of Counts Fries and Apponi, 600; literature, 603; booksellers, 605; printing, 608; the

ramparts, 610; monastery of Closterneuberg, in the vicinity of, 613; of the Capuchins, in the Rossau, 619; departure from, *Supplement*, v.  
*Ville Dieu*, post town, between Granville and Vire, i. 420.

*Vincent*, St., church of, at Rouen, i. 82.

*VIRE*; approach to, i. 422; the town, 423; hôtel of the Cheval Blanc, 423, 436; market place and old castle, with copper-plate view of, 424; vignette of the castle, 425; bibliography, 428, 458; account of the Vaudevires of Olivier Basselin, 433, &c.; of the Public Library, 446; founder and history of the Public Library, 447; manufactories, manners and customs, 449, &c.; history of printing at, 455.

*Virgil*, two ancient editions of—procured from the Royal Library at Stuttgart, iii. 170, 171-3.

*Virgin Mary*, wretched representation of at St. Lo., i. 397; price of plaster images of, at St. Lo, 398; figure of, in the cathedral at Coutances, 404; wood cut of, i. 320.

*Vitalis*, M., president of the society of belles-lettres at Rouen, i. 180.

*Vitry*, a small town, on the road to Strasburg, ii. 531.

*Vivien*, St., church of at Rouen, i. 82-4.

*Voiture* to Ville Dieu, i. 419: from Dreux to Paris, ii.

*Voltaire*, his bust by Houdon, in the collection of Mr. Q. Craufurd, ii. 471; his figure, in the Library of the Institute, ii. 370.

*Vosges*, mountainous country near Strasbourg, iii. 20; number of baronial castles in the same, *ibid.*; libraries in the same, iii. 70.

## W.

*Waterloo*, print representing the effects of the battle of, ii. 510.

*Watts*, Mr., about to establish a stereotype press at Vienna, iii. 608.

*Wellington*, *Duke of*, his portrait by Gerard, ii. 507; in aquatint, 511; anecdote relating to, at Phalsbourg, 550; at Strasbourg, iii. 85; at Vienna, 606; at Neümarkt, between Ratisbon and Nuremberg, *Supplement*, xvi; his military character appreciated, *ibid.*; ii. 467; sale of his portrait, engraved by Bromley, from Sir T. Lawrence's painting, at Manheim, *Supplement*, liii.

*Wenceslaus*, *Emperor of Bohemia*, his MS. Bible (with three copper-plate engravings of his person) in the Imperial Library at Vienna, iii. 461, 463.

*Wilkie*, D., R. A., engravings from his pictures in the collection of M. Langlès, ii. 439; his talents complimented by M. Bénard, ii. 510.

*Willémin*, M., his antiquarian labours commended, ii. 491-4.

*William the Conqueror*, his tomb and supposed portrait in the abbey of St. Stephen, at Caen, i. 284, 294; Palace of, at Caen, 289; collection of chartularies, granted by, ii. 236.

*Windows*, *painted*, in the abbey of St. Ouen, i. 71; in the churches of Saints

Vincent and Godard, at Rouen, i. 82-3; in the church at Dreux, ii. 66; in the church at Toul, 535; in the cathedral at Strasbourg, iii. 31; in the church attached to the Public Library at Strasbourg, iii. 49.

*Wirtemberg, late Queen of*, description of her person and manners, at court, iii. 168, 170; her funeral, 175.

Y.

*Young, Mr.*, Librarian to the Emperor of Austria, and Secretary to the Privy Council of State—his kind attention to the author, iii. 599.

Z.

*Zeiner, J.* printer at Ulm, supposed place of his residence, iii. 192.

## ADDENDA.

Vol. i. p. 309. The History of Caen by the Abbé de la Rue, has just appeared in two small octavo volumes (not quarto—as here specified—and as I had been previously informed) under the title of *Essais Historiques sur la Ville de Caen et son Arrondissement. Caen*, 1820. With the exception of two or three indifferent plates of relics of sculpture, and of tiles, with armorial bearings, this work is entirely divested of ornaments. There are some useful historical details in it, taken from the examination of records and archives: but a HISTORY OF CAEN is yet a desideratum.

Vol. i. p. 444. The new edition of the *Vaudevires* of OLIVIER BASSELIN, here alluded to, has recently appeared under the editorial care of Mr. Louis Dubois, under the title of “*Vaux-de-Vires d’Olivier Basselin, Poète Normand, de la fin du xiv. Siecle*,” &c. *Poisson, Caen*, 1821. 8vo. pp. 264: Papier ordin. 7 fr. Pap. vélin 15 fr.

Vol. ii. p. 59. FALAISE. The Sabbath-preparation, and procession therefrom, here recorded, denoted the celebration of the FETE DIEU. I happened to be at Paris, two years afterwards, on the celebration of the same fête; and walked between the famous Goblein tapestry, extended on either side, for at least 100 yards, towards the Louvre. The grandest procession in Paris, on that day, was from the *Thuilleries* to the parish church of *St. Germain aux Auxerrois*. The Duchesse d’Angouleme walked in this procession; and it happening to rain, several umbrellas, from the bystanders, were offered for her acceptance—but she declined receiving one. These processions are moving in all parts of Paris, by times in the morning: but the people, generally speaking, heed them very little.

Vol. ii. p. 313. The first *Aldine Aristotle* UPON VELLUM. Notwithstanding I deferred to the opinion of Mr. Van Praet, and had even supposed, from the evidence here adduced, that there was *no*

*copy* of the *first* volume of this edition upon vellum, yet it had always appeared to me strange and unaccountable, that a printer, like ALDUS, should have struck off copies upon vellum, of the *remaining* volumes of an edition, of which there had been no similar impressions taken of the *first*: and thereby rendering *every* membranaceous copy incomplete. It has at length turned out that there *does* exist a copy of the *first* volume upon vellum: and the library of New College, Oxford, boasts of this *unique* treasure in its way. This discovery, I learn, was made by the Rev. Mr. Gaisford, the Greek Professor of that University. It is probable that some accident had attended the impressions of the *first* volume upon vellum; as it is otherwise impossible to account for its general non-appearance.

Vol. iii. 455. *MSS. in the Imperial Library at Vienna*. In the xlvth number of the *Classical Journal*, for March 1821, there appears a very particular account of the THEODOSIAN MAP, or *Tabula Peutingeriana*, (it having belonged to an individual of the name of *Desiderius Ignatius Peutinger*, in 1714) the two Greek MSS. of Dioscorides, and some Greek MSS. of Homer, &c. together with slighter notices of a few other similar curiosities. The author is DR. NOEHDEN.

*Supplement*, p. xx, note. THE SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD. I am favoured by Mr. Boosey, jun. with a translation of that part of the *Guide of Nuremberg*, printed in the German language, which relates to this very curious and splendid shrine, and which is as follows: "The *shrine of St. Sebald* was began in 1506 by Peter Fischer, and his five sons, and was finished on the 19th June 1519; it required one hundred and twenty hundred weight of metal, and cost twenty-six thousand four hundred guldens, which was paid by voluntary contributions. The part which is covered with gold and silver, is five feet ten inches long, and one foot seven inches broad inside the coffin. It was built in 1397, and cost five hundred and six guldens in gold. Fischer's work measures fifteen feet in height, eight feet seven inches in length, and four feet eight inches in breadth. It has this inscription upon it: "Peter Fischer, citizen of Nuremberg, per-

formed this work with his sons, and brought it to a completion in the year 1519. To GOD ALONE is the praise, and to *St Sebald*, the heavenly prince, the honour, with the assistance of the charity of pious persons.”

## CORRECTIONS.

### VOLUME I.

<i>page.</i>	<i>line.</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>read.</i>
67.	13.	choir.	altar.
159.	21.	Saint Palaye,	Barbasan.
221.	12.	vastly pretty,	extremely picturesque
261.	4.	Dernetal,	Darnetal.

(This error has been introduced in the inscription of the copper-plate of the church so called.)

291.	1.	ancients,	so ancient.
—	11.	fine,	five.
315.	20.	a vastly,	rather a
361.	20.	1712,	1753
408.	15.	en bon point,	embon point.
412.	32.	librarian,	bookseller.
512	7	<i>of Denon</i>	<i>of Denon</i>

### VOLUME II.

		<i>for</i>	<i>read</i>
62.	last but 6.	feature,	features.
122.	2.	indea,	iudea.
448.	17.	Transdentals,	Transcendentals.
457.	6.	inventor,	restorer.

467. the reference, to the “OPPOSITE PLATE” at the bottom of the page, is erroneous: the head of Denon being introduced at page 459, after the previous leaf was cancelled.

478.	8.	Marmontel,	Montmartel.
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### VOLUME III.

		<i>for</i>	<i>read</i>
67.	20.	Lavargna,	Lavagna.
68.	19.	Attium,	Attius.
74.	20.	FRANCS,	FRANKS.
228.	24.	<i>Fisner,</i>	<i>Frisner.</i>
285.	4.	MEINRAT.	MEINART.
464.	21.	Vrwine,	Vniverso.
512.	last but 2.	et,	etc.

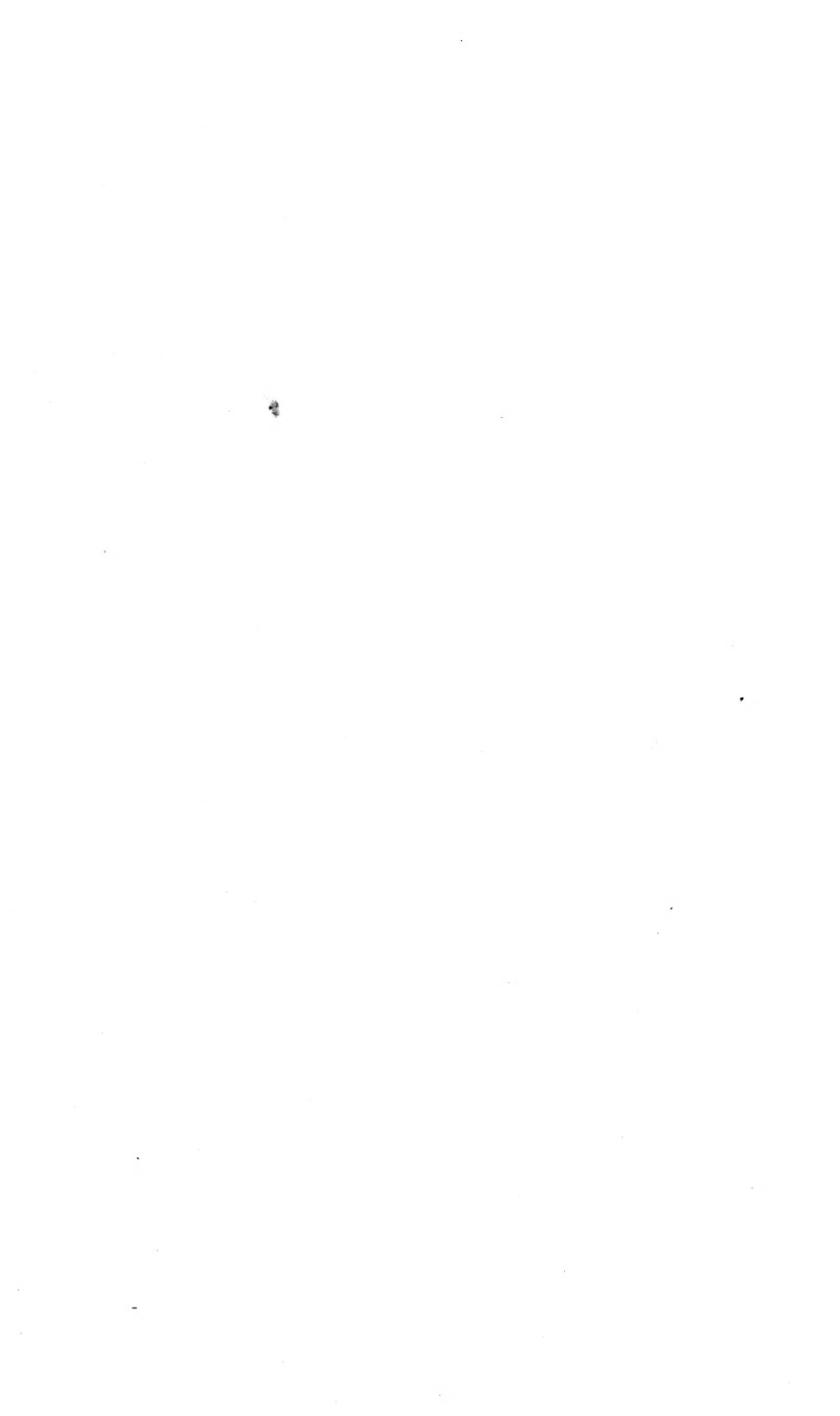












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